

★ April 15, 1950

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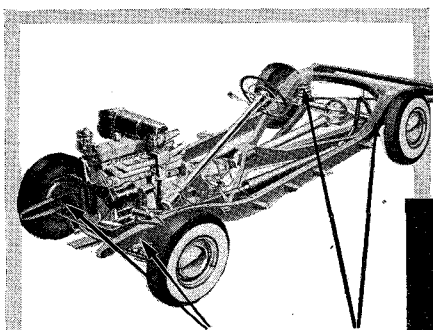
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AS YOU LIKE IT—Katharine Hepburn is a vivacious and decorative Rosalind in this handsome revival of one of Shakespeare's more complex and clown-ridden comedies. Others in the cast are William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Judy Parrish, and Bill Owen. A Theatre Guild production. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—The play, of course, is one of Shaw's most engaging, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lilli Palmer are splendid in the title roles. Among the other characters disporting themselves on the Nile are Arthur Treacher, John Buckmaster, Ralph Forbes, Francis L. Sullivan, and Bertha Belmore. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CLUTTERBUCK—Benn W. Levy's comedy involves three British couples and their complicated, rather disreputable, but often very amusing sexual relationships. Arthur Margetson gives a brilliant performance as a retired rubber planter, and Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Tom Helmore do nicely, too. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE COCKTAIL PARTY—T. S. Eliot's superior play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Alec Guinness is magnificent as a semi-supernatural psychiatrist, and Irene Worth, Robert Fleming, and Eileen Peel, as three of his most bothersome patients, are also impressive. Winner of the Drama Critics' foreign award. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

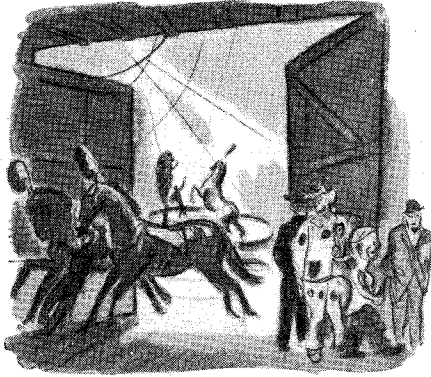
COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—There is so much that is true and moving in this play about an elderly couple who have more or less ruined their lives that it seems a pity the author so often slips into bathos. Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer are superb in the leading roles, and they are capably supported by Joan Lorrin, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE—Maurice Evans, Marsha Hunt, Dennis King, and Victor Jory figure prominently in this revival of Shaw's comedy. Not to be compared with "Caesar and Cleopatra," but still more entertaining than most of our native products. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE HAPPY TIME—This comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy is somewhat in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

I KNOW MY LOVE—The Lunts contribute their usual animation and S. N. Behrman his usual polished complexity to this play about a marriage that goes on for fifty years. A standard brand, no doubt entirely acceptable to those who admire the product. With Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, Katharine Bard, and Henry Barnard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE INNOCENTS—William Archibald has reduced Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" to a simple ghost story, but there are still moments that ought to chill your blood. Ex-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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cept for two spooks, who don't talk, the cast consists of Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, and two startlingly precocious children named Iris Mann and David Cole. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING—The Drama Critics Circle has very intelligently chosen Carson McCullers' adaptation of her own novel as the season's best play. Ethel Waters is enormously compelling as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and seven-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE VELVET GLOVE—Grace George's return to the New York stage is a welcome event, but it is too bad she couldn't have chosen something a little more stimulating than this quiet comedy of life in a Catholic college for girls. With Walter Hampden, Jean Dixon, and John Williams. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER

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THE WISTERIA TREES—Admirers of Chekhov may consider Joshua Logan's version of "The Cherry Orchard" something of a desecration, but it still has its affecting moments, thanks largely to a superlative performance by Helen Hayes. The Russians who now appear as residents of Louisiana include Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**DEATH OF A SALESMAN**: The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Gene Lockhart plays the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **DETECTIVE STORY**: Sidney Kingsley's roughhouse in a New York police station, with Ralph Bellamy cast as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **MISTER ROBERTS**: Henry Fonda, Henry Hull, and William Harrigan still patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

CRY OF THE PEACOCK—Cecil Robson's adaptation of a play by Jean Anouilh, with Oscar Karlweis, Lili Darvas, and Raymond Lovell. Directed by Martin Ritt, and produced by James Colligan and Donald Medford. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

WITH A SILK THREAD—Claire Luce and Philip Huston in a play by Elsa Shelley. Produced by Irving Kaye Davis and directed by Miss Shelley. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

ARMS AND THE GIRL—Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Rouben Mamoulian are mainly responsible for this adaptation of "The Pursuit of Happiness," which is at least as entertaining as the original. Morton Gould wrote the music, and the cast is headed by Nanette Fabray, Georges Guétary, John Conte, and the incomparable Pearl Bailey. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, April 16.)

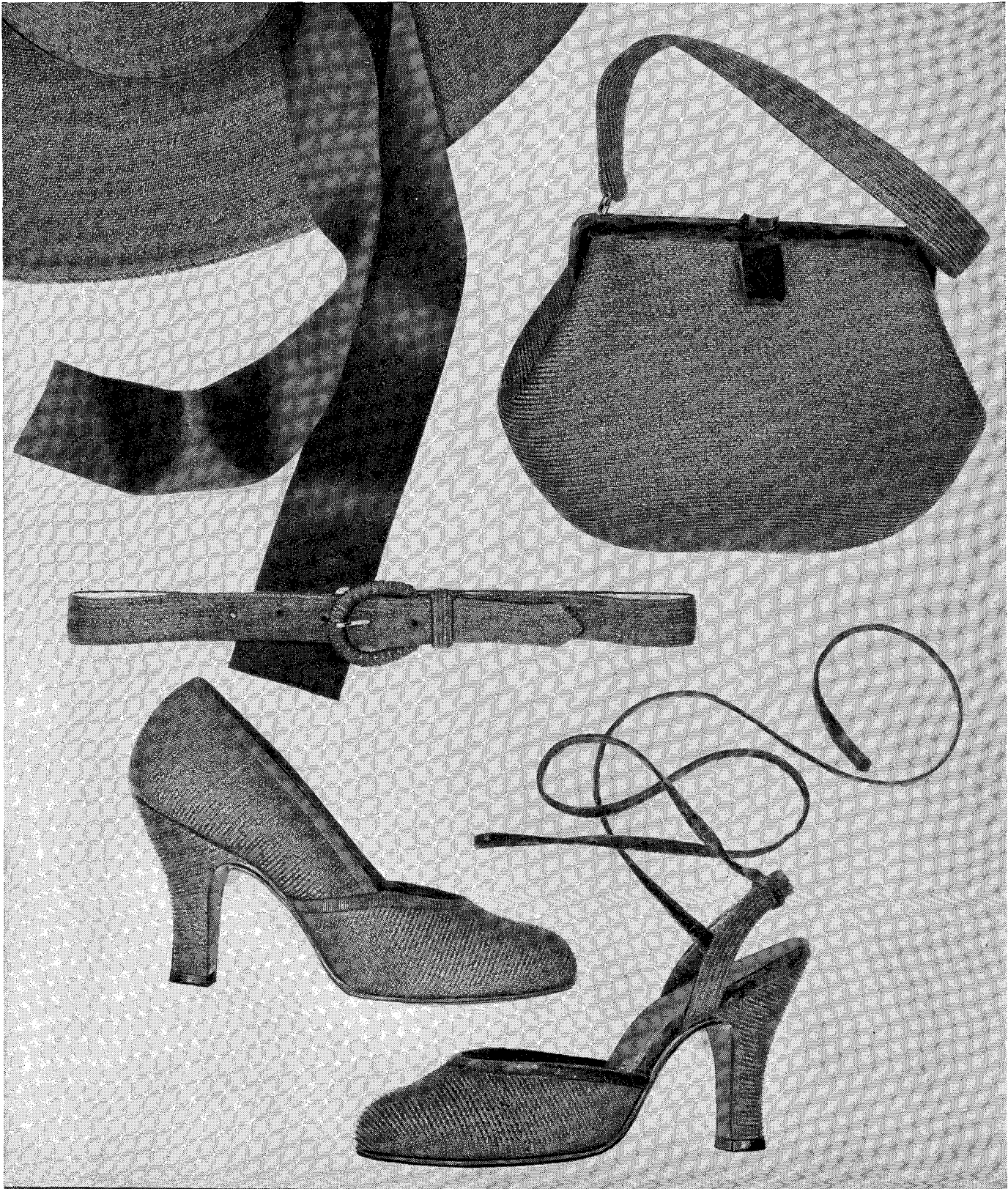
THE CONSUL—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word, and has been chosen by the Drama Critics Circle as the season's best musical play. Neither the score nor the libretto, which concerns the desperate efforts of a woman to rejoin her husband, a political refugee from a Central European country, is particularly distinguished by itself, but in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Marie Powers, Gloria Lane, and Patricia Neway. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinee performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GREAT TO BE ALIVE!—This piece, dealing with

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 8, April 15, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year \$7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, \$7.50; Canada, \$8.00; Other Foreign, \$10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ghosts, homicide, and love, has its appealing moments, but on the whole it is too crowded to make much sense. Walter Bullock and Sylvia Regan wrote the book, which keeps people like Valerie Bettis, Vivienne Segal, and Stuart Erwin in a state of perpetual commotion; Abraham Ellstein produced the music; and Stewart Chaney designed the funny and admirable sets. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LOST IN THE STARS—Perhaps too much of the spirit and atmosphere of Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country" has been lost in this adaptation for the stage, but Maxwell Anderson's libretto is frequently moving and the score, by the late Kurt Weill, is a superior one. With Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TEXAS, LI'L DARLIN'—This musical about the editor of a magazine that might well be *Life* and a political campaign in Texas is intended to be a satire, but the authors are never quite witty enough to bring it off. However, Johnny Mercer has written some bright lyrics, and Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, Fredd Wayne, and Mary Hatcher turn in pleasant performances. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—KISS ME, KATE: "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. With Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Still with Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) ... **WHERE'S CHARLEY?** Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET Russe de Monte Carlo—Thursday evening, April 13: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." ... Friday evening, April 14: "Ballet Imperial," "Mort du Cygne," "Paquita," and "Graduation Ball." ... Saturday matinee, April 15: "Coppélia," "Mort du Cygne," and "Graduation Ball." ... Saturday evening, April 15: "Les Sylphides," "Mort du Cygne," "The Mute Wife," and "Gaité Parisienne." ... Sunday matinee, April 16: "Pas de Quatre," "The Nutcracker," "Cirque de Deux," and "Prince Igor." ... Sunday evening, April 16: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." ... Tuesday evening, April 18: "Ballet Imperial," "Romeo et Juliette" (New York premiere), "Cirque de Deux," and "Gaité Parisienne." ... Wednesday evening, April 19: "Giselle," "Madroños," and "Prince Igor." ... Thursday evening, April 20: "The Mute Wife," "Les Elfes," "Romeo et Juliette," and "Raymonda." ... Friday evening, April 21: "Coppélia," "Mort du Cygne," and "Prince Igor." ... Saturday matinee, April 22: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." ... Saturday evening, April 22: "Giselle," "Mort du Cygne," "Paquita," and "Graduation Ball." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2:15.)

KATHERINE DUNHAM—With her company, presenting "La Bamba," "Afrique," "Jazz in Five Movements," and other dances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd. CI 7-2887. Wednesday, April 19, through Saturday, May 6. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MATA AND HARI—With their group of dancers. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, April 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.... Kaufmann

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Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, April 16, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 15.)

THE CIRCUS—Almost two thousand people and animals, but no canvas top. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30; through Sunday, May 7. The doors open at 1 and 7, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado," for the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 15, at 2:30. For tickets, call SA 2-8338.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—William Scott's men and Nino de Moraes' rumba band play for dancing in the Trianon Room, except Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra at dinner in the Madison Room, and for cocktails and after dinner "under the clock," except on Sundays. No dancing.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Through Wednesday, April 19, Josh White's intense folk music, Dinah Washington's rowdy songs, and dance music by J. C. Heard's slightly overwrought band. Next evening, a new show bows in. The perennial Cliff Jackson plays piano during the interludes.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A long and energetic old-time strutters' ball, involving such skilled Early Americana as Walter Dere Wahl, the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, and Harry Armstrong.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where Park Avenue intersects Hollywood and Vine. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.



LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Through its portals pass some of the most beautiful evening dresses in the world. The bands of Bernie Dolen and Artie Arturos unleash a continuous flow of dance music. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Jimmy Carroll sings of some familiar subjects, and the youthful Talbots dance. On Tuesday, April 18, Myrus, the mental magician, along with Betty Jane Watson and Jerry Austen, who sing, will replace them. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band turn out dance music. Closed Mondays. ... Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest noises every afternoon in the Café Pierre for tea dancing, and also during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Evelyn Knight, far more beautiful than some of the songs and accompaniment she is given, and Beatrice Kraft's subtly comic parody of Oriental dancing. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras are on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. ... The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximilian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. ... Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Jan Engels' orchestra imparts a *vin rosé* atmosphere to the Oval Room at dinner-time, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's men substitute. ... The Palm Court echoes mildly to Mr. Sandler's pleasant cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either place.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th (MU 6-9200): Rudy Vallée tells a rambling life story that could be called "And Then I Sang..." interspersed with some of his old songs and some older jokes. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, a tall and shimmering mermaid, is in the Maisonette at dinner and supper, singing a set of very wayward ballads. Les Crosley, at the piano, is her right-hand musician. Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the Carnival Room, a patrol of Lester Lanin's coming-out-party music-makers and a group of Jan Brunasco's gypsies for dancing. Closed Sundays. ... Don Abney plays piano in the Café from seven to one, except on Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Our small fry going through some rather exuberant growing pains. Downstairs, every night, Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra, a rumba band, and Suzy Mulligan's songs; upstairs, on Fridays and Saturdays, more dance music.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Kay Thompson, as svelte, as glittery, and often as puissant as Excalibur, singing and kicking her way through her new vaudeville show, which is sometimes diverting and sometimes just nervous energy. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band are also on hand.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At supper in the Wedgwood Room, Morton Downey, in whose ditties you can often sniff the aroma of peat cut from the Ould Sod. Eddy Duchin's dance music at dinner and, spelled by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. On Sundays, no show, and the Borr band works until ten only. ... Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, and Dr. Sydney Ross performs his parlor magic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except on Sundays, Les Crosley's bland, witty cocktail and early-dinner piano sets a brisk pace for his eminent co-worker, Cy

Like a smooth, cool breeze...

That's one way of
describing travel on
Union Pacific's daily

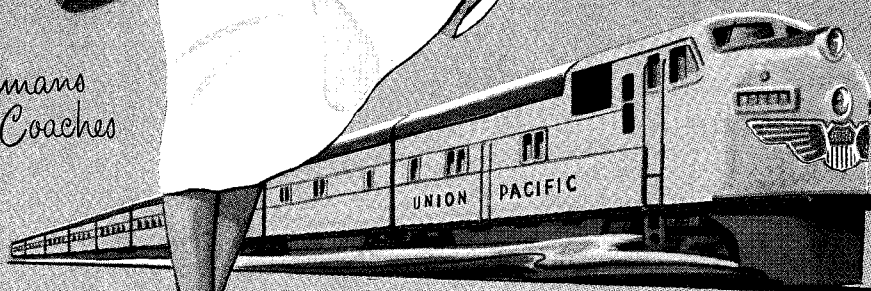
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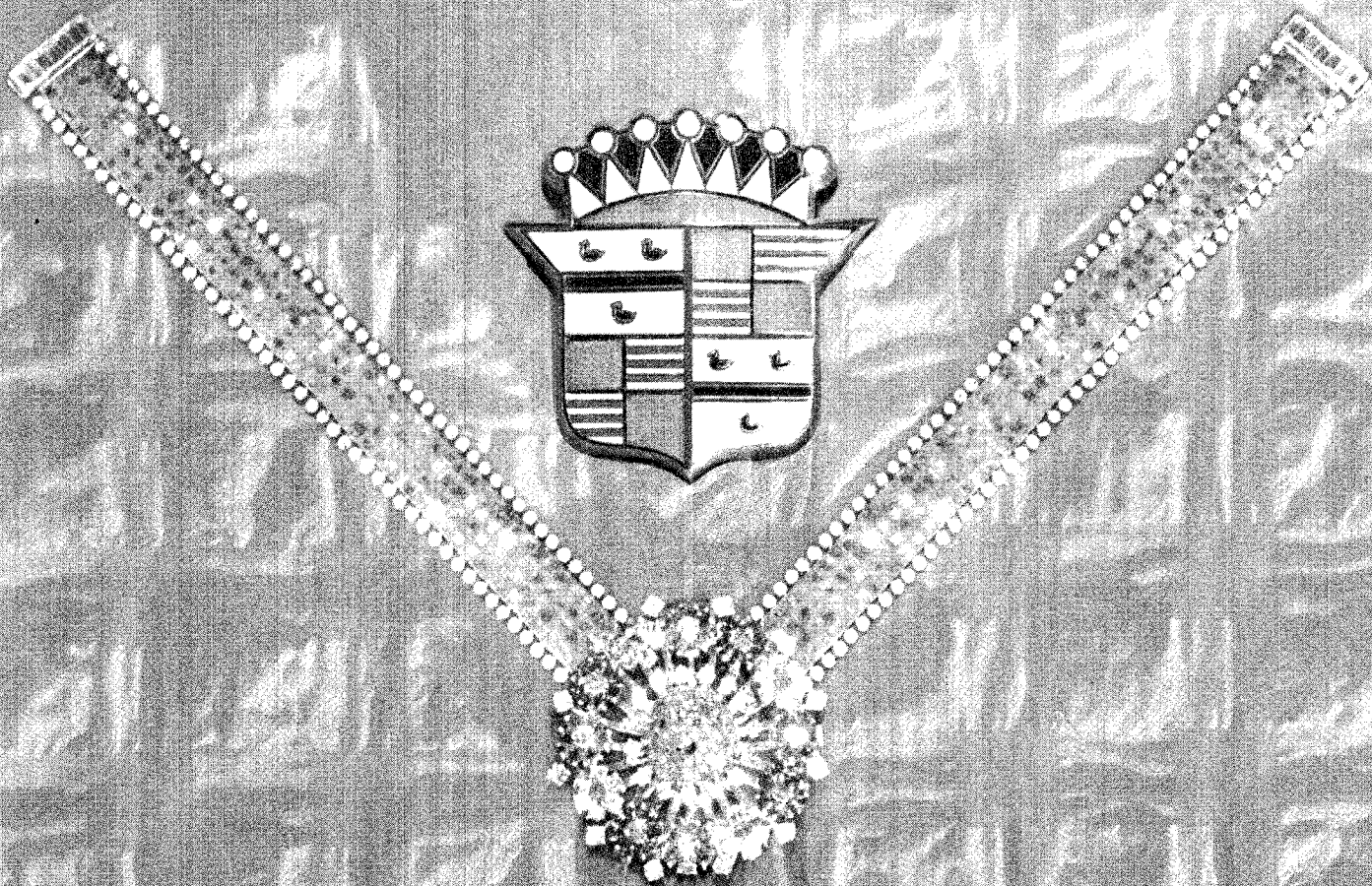
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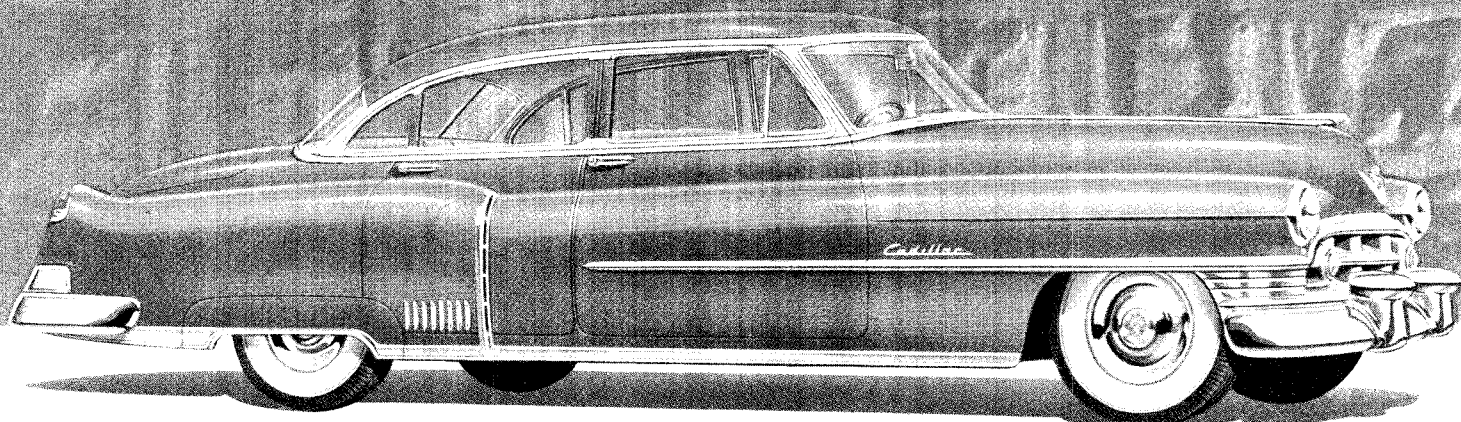
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Walter, who takes over later. On Sundays, Graham Forbes does the chores for both men. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio helps out. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Out in the bar, Mary McNally plays piano at cocktail time, and Harry Taylor and Page Morton alternate there all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin music, after nine-thirty, for a frenetic group of midtowners. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): After ten-thirty, the Allan Logan Trio starts work in this knowing reminder of the mostly merry twenties. Harold Sandler plays table-hopping violin from dinnertime on. Dining to piano music on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, along with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Two new humorists, Walling and McHugh, have the floor here. In the background, the piano of those old reliables, Hazel Webster and the team of Harold Fonville and Bob Downey. There are Rudolph Valentino movies on Sunday nights; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar of this example of gift-wrapping décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONTÉ CARLO**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): One of Dick Gasparre's bands and the Playa Sextet work almost all night in this sumptuous drawing room. Closed Mondays. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Peter Walters' piano Mondays through Fridays at cocktail time, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **SHELburne LOUNGE**, Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Juanita Hall looks in after "South Pacific" to sing, Louise Howard clowns, Lucille and Eddie Roberts do their mind-reading act, and Cy Coleman plays impassioned but absorbing piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Mabel Mercer, every night except Monday, upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot Bar, doing the ballads that bright young men like Alec Wilder and Bart Howard think up for her. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **L'AIGLON**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except on Mondays, in the Empress Room upstairs, the amiable Louis Hawkins at the head of his conservatory of the piano and the conversational arts, from eight o'clock on. . . . **PERROQUET ROOM**, Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): After dinner, Norene Tate plays piano and sings in her thoughtful fashion. Addison Bailey also plays piano, from dinnertime well into the next day, and goes it alone Mondays. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Documentary proof that corn grew thick and high in Grandfather's day. It is interlarded with old movies, old songs, old singing waiters, old sawdust, and old etc. Paul Killiam peppers this mélange with jokes. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): This placid dining room gets quite a lift when, along about ten-thirty, Jimmy Daniels and Babe Hines start singing. Ellis Larkin and Isaac Royal play double piano from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Frank Sinatra, a rather small troubadour who can sing well enough for his supper. Larry Storch impersonates a few celebrities, and the Copa girls (bless them all) just impersonate themselves. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, weekdays at dinnertime, John Kelley, Jr., is at the keyboard; from suppertime on, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack do their subtle piano nocturnes for the theatrical profession. . . . In the back room, Charles Trenet, the French elf, who seems much more at home in this small arena. Eadie and Rack

accompany him and do a sparkling turn themselves; Nancy Andrews sings gay and raffish ditties; and Portia Nelson sings beautiful sad ones. Background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. Sunday nights, guests are added to the proceedings. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Another of Julius Monk's light-as-a-feather soufflés, involving Ronnie Graham's introspective songs about the pursuit of slap-happiness. Kirkwood and Goodman's frenzied fantasies, Estelle Loring's perky soprano, and Daphne Hellman's harp. Norman Paris, that infant prodigy, puts his trio through some captivating paces, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A festive seminar in folk music, done to a turn by the Weavers, a collection of balladeers and instrumentalists headed by Pete Seeger. Dance music by Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Carl Lynch's jovial guitar. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, knocking down the walls of Jericho with his little trumpet every hour on the half hour. Also around are Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton rattles off some splendid piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by eager-beaver visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, dishing out those old riverboat shuffles. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet and cohorts, including Vic Dickerson on trombone and Ken Kersey on piano, make the sort of music for which this store front is famous. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Sarah Vaughan, weaving her clever way through bebop balladry, and Woody Herman's sizable band. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Savannah Churchill, Georgie Auld's band, and Bud Powell's trio will be around through Wednesday, April 19. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Those now legendary Friday-night shivarees. On April 14, the crew will consist of Wild Bill Davison, Edmond Hall, Joe Sullivan, James P. Johnson, Baby Dodds, and Jimmy Archey. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Ray Anthony's band. Closed Sundays.

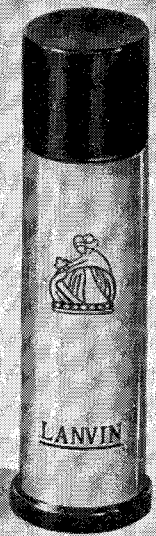
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

GIFFORD BEAL—Chiefly New England scenes, in oils, painted with an Impressionistic interest in color and light. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)
GEORGE BIDDLE—Paintings, ranging in subject from South America to the circus and treated with adroit restraint of color. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; through April 29.)
ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Recent paintings by one of the most sensitive of the American non-objectivists. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through April 21.)
JAMES BROOKS—First one-man show of paintings, done in sweeping abstract color patterns. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St.; through April 22.)
JOSEPH DEMARTINI—Craggy-looking studies, many of them depicting seaside and storm, that show an excellent feeling for striking simplifications. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 15.)
ARSHILE GORKY—A small but carefully selected group of paintings in a memorial show to this American abstractionist, who died in

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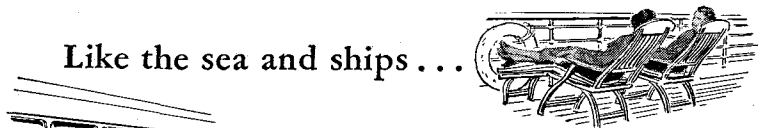
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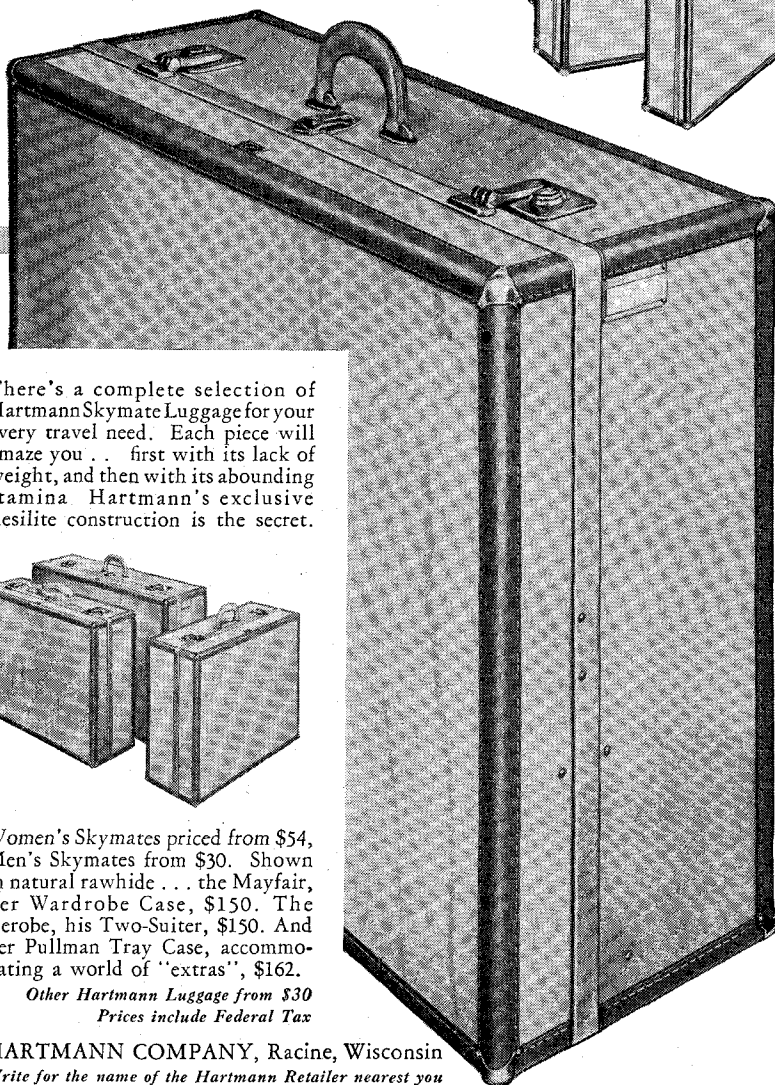


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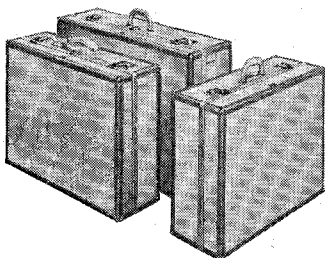
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1948. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through April 24.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Paintings done since 1947, which show an unusual technique of interwoven, light-colored masses and heavy shadows. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

GROUP SHOW—A small showing of paintings by American artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including Winslow Homer, Arthur B. Davies, Sol Wilson, and Jean Liberte. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.; through April 29.)

BUFFIE JOHNSON—Wraithlike non-objective designs that make good use of texture and color. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 15.)

HENRY KOERNER—New paintings by one of the more provocative of the younger American Surrealists. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through April 15.)

YASUO KUNIYOSHI—New paintings, continuing his recent explorations into brighter color and slightly more abstract design. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through April 22.)

RICO LEBRUN—First New York showing of oils, most of them extremely competent, by an artist from California, known until now chiefly for his black-and-whites. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

JOHN MARIN—A small but important retrospective of oils that includes a batch of very early pieces, painted around 1903, that have never before been exhibited. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through May 6.)

EDWARD MELCARTH—New paintings, applying a baroque style to vivid and dramatic subjects. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

MODERN FRENCH—The second half of this gallery's annual two-part show of paintings by members of the Paris school. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through April 29.)

RICHARD POUSSETTE-DART—Cabalistic and occasionally confused paintings by one of the leading American Abstract-Expressionists. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 15.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—Brilliant color and tightly patterned, segmented design, in a number of his new paintings. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

RENOIR—A large and handsome showing of paintings, for the benefit of the New York Infirmary, that includes no fewer than forty-three oils that have never been shown here before. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through April 29.)

YVES TANGUY—New oils and gouaches by this admirer of lonely vistas and Surrealist rock-and-bone accumulations. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

JOAQUIM TORRES-GARCIA—The first exhibition in this country of paintings by an influential Uruguayan abstractionist who died last year. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—An unusually comprehensive and detailed exhibition of lithographic works, from the Ludwig Charrell collection. For the benefit of the Musée d'Albi, France. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through April 15.)

ABRAM TROMKA—Expressionist paintings that include scenes of Monhegan, Maine, and Kingston, Jamaica. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through April 15.)

JOHN WHORF—Water colors, showing skillful treatment of the atmospheric effects of snow and rain. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through April 22.)

WOMEN ARTISTS OF FRANCE—Water colors by some twenty women contemporaries, most of them little known on this side of the Atlantic. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St.; through April 15.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Abraham Harrington; through April 29. . . . **BUCHHOLTZ**, 32 E. 57th St.: Lyonel Feininger; through April 29. . . . **CARLBACH**, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Castera Bazile, Rigaud Benoit, and Wilson Bigaud; through April 22. . . . **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: A group of younger French artists; through May 31. . . . **REHN**,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield; through May 10. . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Mirko; through May 6.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's fourth exhibition of prints, an annual event that has already become recognized as one of the best surveys of contemporary American work in this field; through May 21. . . . ¶ A display of the religious art of Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism; through June 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A memorial showing of paintings by Leon Garland; through April 23. . . . ¶ The seventh annual show of paintings, sculptures, ceramics, and crafts by children in twenty-six Jewish schools in the metropolitan area; through April 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Austrian government's loan exhibition of art treasures from Vienna collections. An impressive affair, though not up to the recent Berlin show in scope or quality. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; through May 21.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large, comprehensive, and curiously spirited showing of works by the late American watercolorist Charles Demuth. . . . ¶ An illuminating retrospective (1922-48) of paintings by the Philadelphia artist Franklin C. Watkins. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; both through June 11.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The museum's 1950 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings, in a compact and lively showing. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through May 28.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, April 13: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 14: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 15: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 15: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 16: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 16: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 18: "Turandot." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 19: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 20: "Turandot." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 21: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 22: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 22: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, April 13, at 8:45, and Friday, April 14, at 2:30 (both with Leonard Rose, cello); Sunday, April 16, at 2:45; Thursday, April 20, at 8:45; and Friday, April 21, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, April 22, at 8:45 (with Leonid Hambro, piano).

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Arturo Toscanini conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK LITTLE SYMPHONY—Joseph Baroné conducting, with Henry Aaron as guest conductor; Abba Bogin, piano; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

KINOR SINFONIETTA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Bracha Zehra, folk singer, and others. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, April 15, at 8:40.) . . . ¶ Siegfried Landau conducting, with Regina Resnik, so-

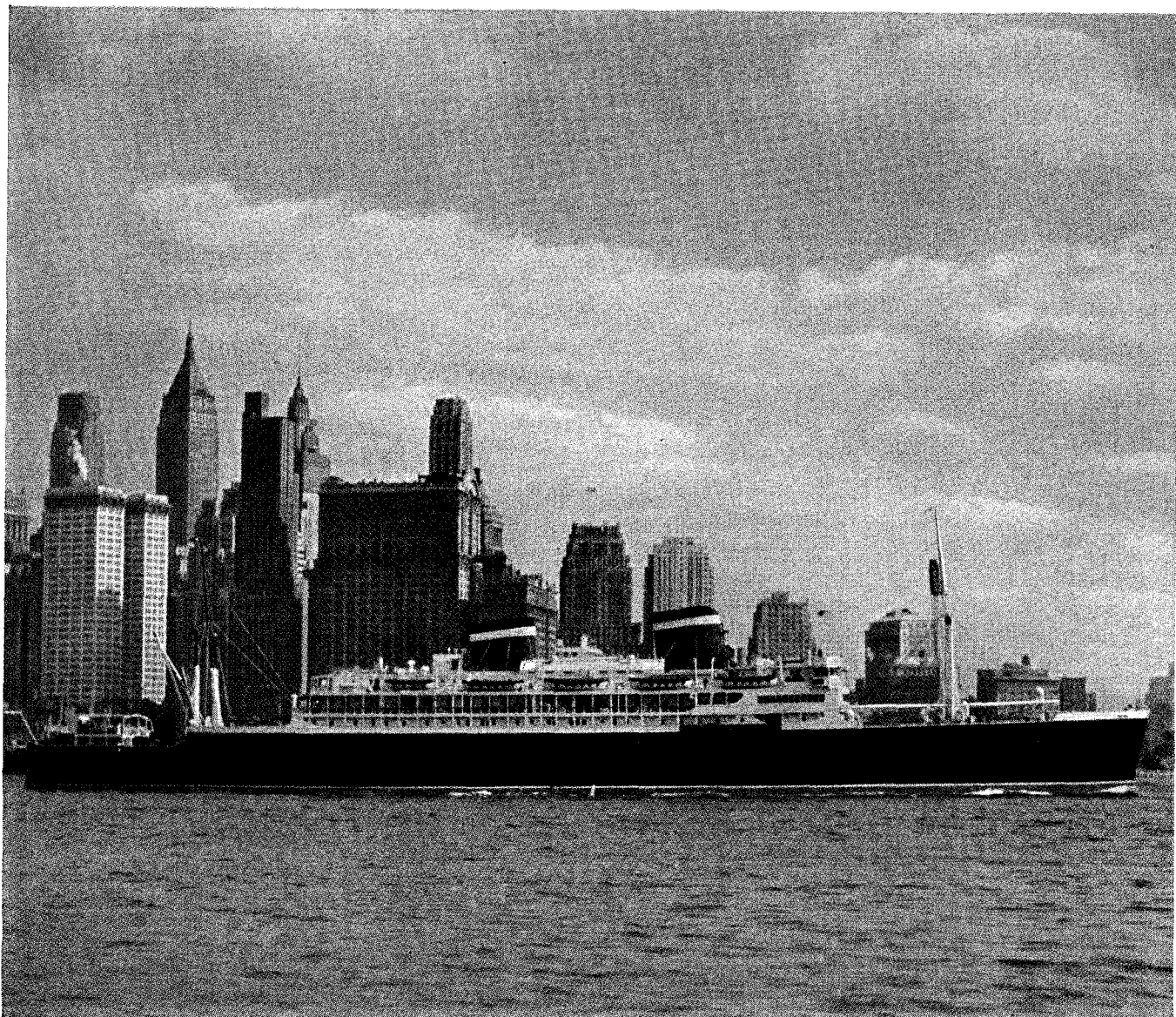


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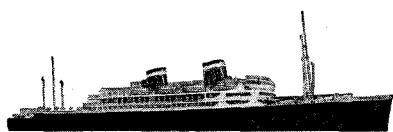
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

prano, and Reuben Vargas, violin. For the benefit of the Town and Village Conservative Synagogue. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 8:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, in a program presenting the 1949 winners of the Music Education League's concerto and vocal competitions. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 2:45.)

NEW YORK MANDOLIN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Ignace Strasfogel conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

UPSALA COLLEGE CHOIR—Gladys Grindeland directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 15, at 3.)

FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK GLEE CLUB—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 21, at 8:30.)

DE PAUR INFANTRY CHORUS—Leonard de Paur directing. (Great Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 139th St. Friday, April 21, at 8:40. For tickets, call PL 7-2963.)

RECITALS

JEAN GRAHAM—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 13, at 8:30.)

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

MARO AJEMIAN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 5:30.)

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Piano, in the last of six all-Chopin recitals. For the benefit of the Chopin Scholarship Fund. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. Tuesday, April 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 4-2130.)

MAGGIE TEYTE—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 19, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Yankees (exhibition game), Friday, April 14, at 1:30. ... ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants (official league games), Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 1:30. ... **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Dodgers (exhibition games), Saturday, April 15, at 2, and Sunday, April 16, at 2:05. ... ¶ Yankees vs. Washington (official league games), Friday, April 21, at 2:30, and Saturday, April 22, at 2. ... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Boston (official league games), Tuesday through Thursday, April 18-20, at 2:30.

CREW—Stevenson Cup Regatta: Columbia and Navy. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 15.) ... ¶ Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 22.)

HORSE SHOW—Squadron A. Horse Show. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, at 9, 2, and 7:45.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturdays, April 15 and 22.) ... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 15.) ... ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 22.)

RACING—At **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15. The Experimental Free Handicap No. 2, Saturday, April 15, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.) ... **HAVRE DE GRACE**: Weekdays at 1:45. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 15. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track weekdays at 10.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 15, at 11.)

PLAYS—By the **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE**: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Thursday, April 13, and Saturday and Sunday, April 15-16, all at 2:30. For tickets, call PE 6-5536.) ... **JUNIOR THEATRE**: "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall, CI 7-7460. Friday, April 14, at 2:15.) ... **"Y" JUNIOR THEATRE**: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Kaufmann Auditori-

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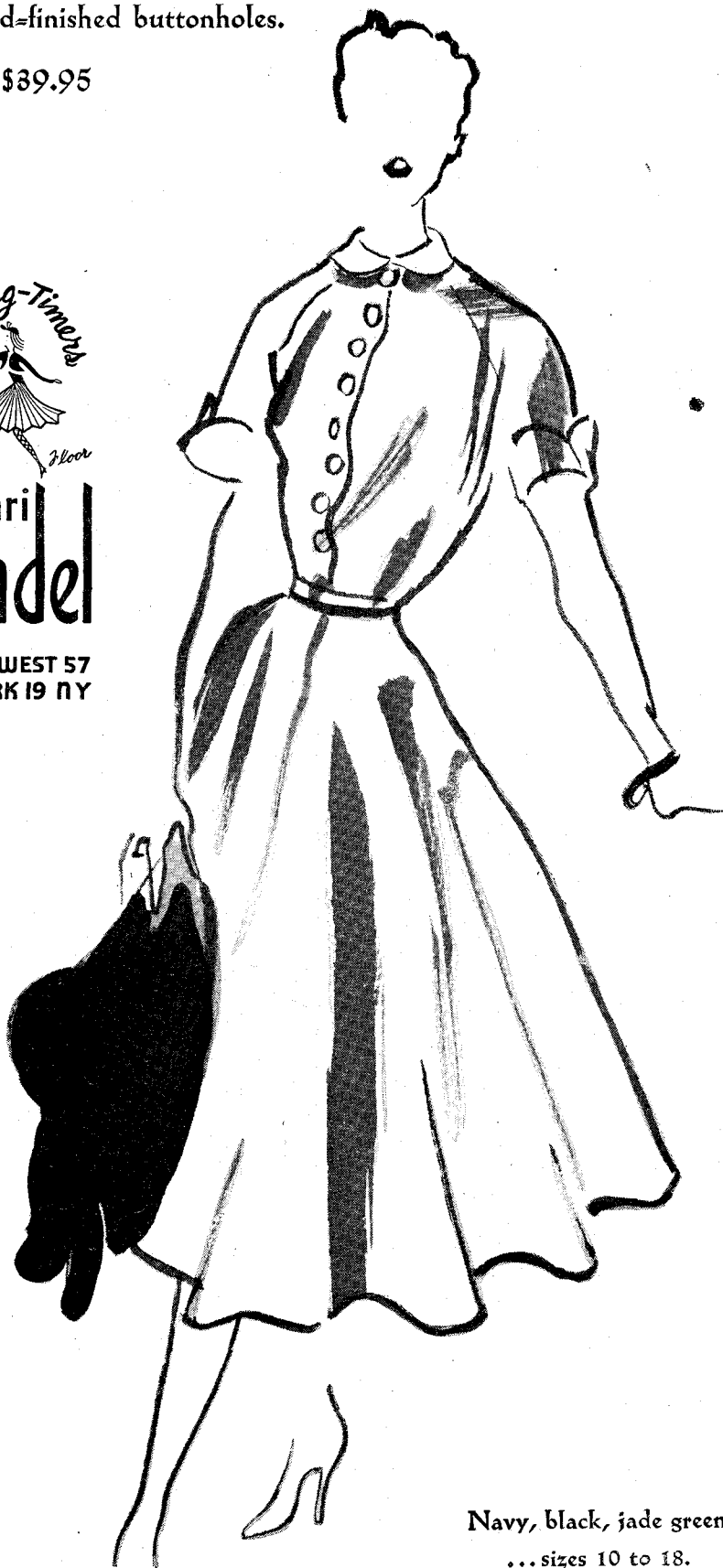
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

um, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 3.) ... **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Marco Polo." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 15, at 3.)

MARIONETTES—The TIBOR NAGY MARIONETTES: "Fire Boy," Saturday, April 15, at 11 and 3. ... **☛ "Mozart and the Blackamoor" and "The Frog Prince,"** Saturday, April 22, at 11 and 3. (Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. For tickets, call AL 4-1075.) ... **SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES:** "Winnie the Pooh." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 15, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.) ... **SUZARI MARIONETTES:** "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Friday, April 21, at 3:30.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Commission on Human Rights. For tickets, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, any hard questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Avenue, at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

COUNTRY ANTIQUES FAIR—About two acres of cobblers' benches, chiffoniers, Toby jugs, and other relics. This year, a display provided by the New York Central will be featured, with pictures and models of some of its more ancient trains, roundhouses, and the like. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 15, from 1 to 6.)

BRITISH AUTOMOBILE AND MOTORCYCLE EXHIBITION—Around a hundred imported cars, representing twenty-two makes, as well as a number of oddities, such as a turbo-jet convertible and an automobile reported to have done 400 m.p.h. Some antiques here, too. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Saturday, April 15, through Sunday, April 23. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 11.)

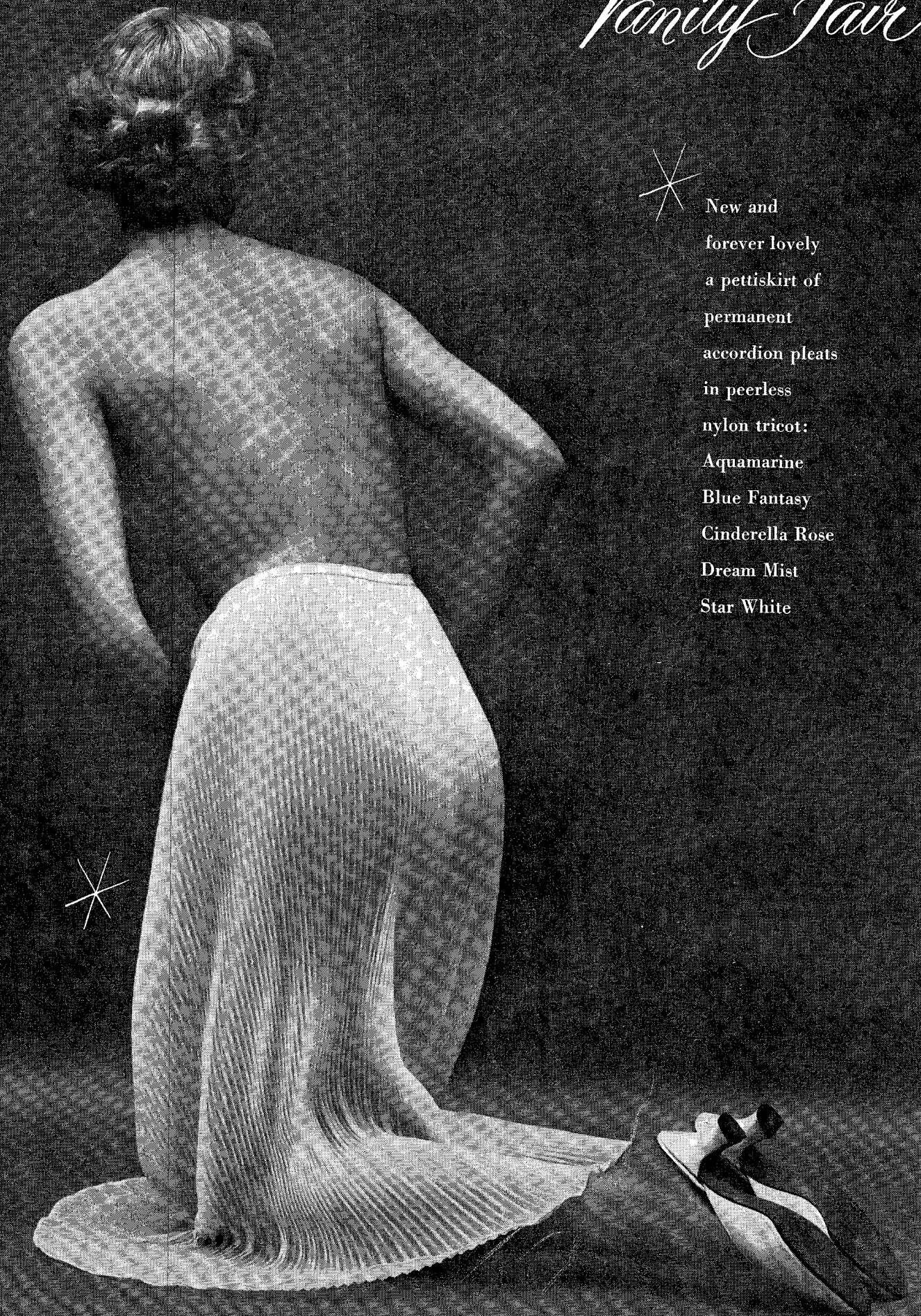
STRANGER IN MANHATTAN—A tourist's-eye view of New York. The exhibit includes written accounts, dating as far back as 1524, by visitors to the city, pictures by transient artists, and items recalling events held in honor of distinguished guests. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 30.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Objects of art, including Gothic and Renaissance wood sculptures, enamelware, miniatures, and porcelains, from the collection of the late Baron Max von Goldschmidt-Rothschild, of Frankfurt-am-Main. (Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 2.) ... **☛ English furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, English silver, and decorations, the property of Richard C. Paine and others.** (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Saturday, April 15, at 1:30.) ... **☛ Paintings by French artists of the Impressionist and post-Impressionist schools, among them Monet, Utrillo, and Braque, and by other moderns, including Boldini and Grandma Moses, owned by Marie Ballentine and others.** (Exhibition, Saturday, April 15, and Monday through Thursday, April 17-20, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday, April 20, at 8.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Conquest of Space." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 11, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturdays, April 15 and 22, at 11, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, April 16, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday through Friday, April 17-21, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

ALL THE KING'S MEN—An excellent adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel about a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. Broderick Crawford's portrayal of the would-be dictator is superb. Winner of the New York Film Critics' 1949 Award and a number of Hollywood Oscars. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; April 13.)

THE AMAZING MR. BEECHAM—Gentle English political satire, with A. E. Matthews registering a flawless performance as an addled old earl. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 13.)

THE ASTONISHED HEART—There's wit enough in this one, which presents Noel Coward as author and actor, to make you overlook some threadbare notions about extra-marital love among the middle-aged. An English film. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 16.)

BATTLEGROUND—The Battle of the Bulge, as interpreted by M-G-M in a film that is often stimulating, although not conspicuously different from previous celluloid descriptions of the war. The cast includes Van Johnson, John Hodiak, and George Murphy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through April 14.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF—An Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

CINDERELLA—Disney's interpretation of the popular fairy tale. Fine for the children. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through April 15.)

THE FALLEN IDOL—A brilliant English job about a small boy's muddled attempts to prevent his hero, a butler, from being charged with the murder of his wife. Bobby Henrey is marvellously apt as the boy, and Sir Ralph Richardson is impeccable as the butler. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE GOLDEN TWENTIES—The good old lunatic days, in a documentary prepared by the editors of the "March of Time." Diverting stuff. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

THE RED SHOES—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday evenings at 11:30, and daily, through April 15, at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY—Alec Guinness in an English film concerned with the adventures of a couple of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A spotty affair, but Mr. Guinness, of "The Cocktail Party" fame, is worth seeing. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

SAINTS AND SINNERS—A merry romp through a

modern Irish village with the Abbey Theatre Players. Written by Paul Vincent Carroll and made in England. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 15.... Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting April 19. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5 P.M.)

SANDS OF IWO JIMA—John Wayne and other amphibious types charging the beaches of the South Pacific. Frequently exciting, despite occasionally inflated dialogue and some absurd romantic sequences. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through April 18.)

THE THIRD MAN—A sporadically interesting melodrama about postwar Vienna. Written by Graham Greene and directed by Carol Reed, the film features Joseph Cotten, Valli, and Orson Welles. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND—An extremely funny English film about Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. Wet or dry, the cast, led by Basil Radford, is wonderful. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through April 19, tentative.)

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH—Daylight bombing and other Army Air Forces problems of the Second World War, described in rousing style in a picture that gets in its best licks with actual combat shots. Gregory Peck is the top brass. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; April 14-17.)

THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA—Romance in Genoa, with Jean Gabin registering an excellent performance as a Frenchman whose charm overwhelms a handsome mother and her growing daughter. Isa Miranda and Vera Talchi are superb as the ladies involved. A French-Italian production. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

WHEN WILLIE COMES MARCHING HOME—Dan Dailey being quite amusing as a would-be hero in the Second World War who can't manage, for quite a spell, to get anywhere near the fighting fronts. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting April 17.)

THE WOMAN OF DOLWYN—Dame Edith Evans contributes a memorable performance as the heroine of a doomed Welsh village. Emlyn Williams not only wrote and directed the thing but is on hand with a stunning piece of acting. An English picture, formerly known as "Dolwyn." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 15.)

REVIVALS

ANIMAL CRACKERS (1930)—The Marx Brothers on a houseparty. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 17-18.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

"Mad About Opera" (in Italian), Beniamino Gigli, Tito Gobbi.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Guilty of Treason," Charles Bickford.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through April 19: "The Great Ruppert," Jimmy Durante.

BACK STREET (1941)—Fannie Hurst's familiar old tale of love and tears. Margaret Sullivan and Charles Boyer. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; April 18.)

BEAU GESTE (1939)—The Foreign Legion and Gary Cooper in the desert. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; April 19.)

BLITHE SPIRIT (1945)—The Noel Coward romp with ghosts and mediums. An English picture, with Rex Harrison. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 13.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously on the loose in a big town. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 19, tentative.)

DUCK SOUP (1933)—The Marx Brothers, this time in nightgowns and at war. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 14-15.)

THE IDIOT (1948)—A French interpretation of one of Dostoevski's novels. With Gérard Philipe. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 13.)

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER (1935)—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell, facing the hazards of India. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; April 19.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER (1943)—Housing problems in wartime Washington. With Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 16-18.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 18.)

PYGMALION (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 13.)

QUARTET (1949)—Four of Somerset Maugham's short stories pasted up together in an English film. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 15.)

REBECCA (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Sir Laurence Olivier. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 17-18.)

SHOE-SHINE (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 14.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 16-17.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 16-18.... Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; April 18.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through April 16: Four experimental films, three of them made in the early thirties.... Starting April 17: "Song of Ceylon" (1934), "The Spanish Earth" (1937), and "The Window Cleaner" (1945). (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

AMBASSADOR, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Scandals of Clochemerle" (in French).

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE GOLDEN TWENTIES.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Escape into Dreams" (in Italian), Vittorio de Sica, Aldo Fabrizi.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Reformer and the Redhead," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Love Happy," the Marx Brothers.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Riding High," Bing Crosby, Coleen Gray.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Comanche Territory," Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy, Jeanne Crain.

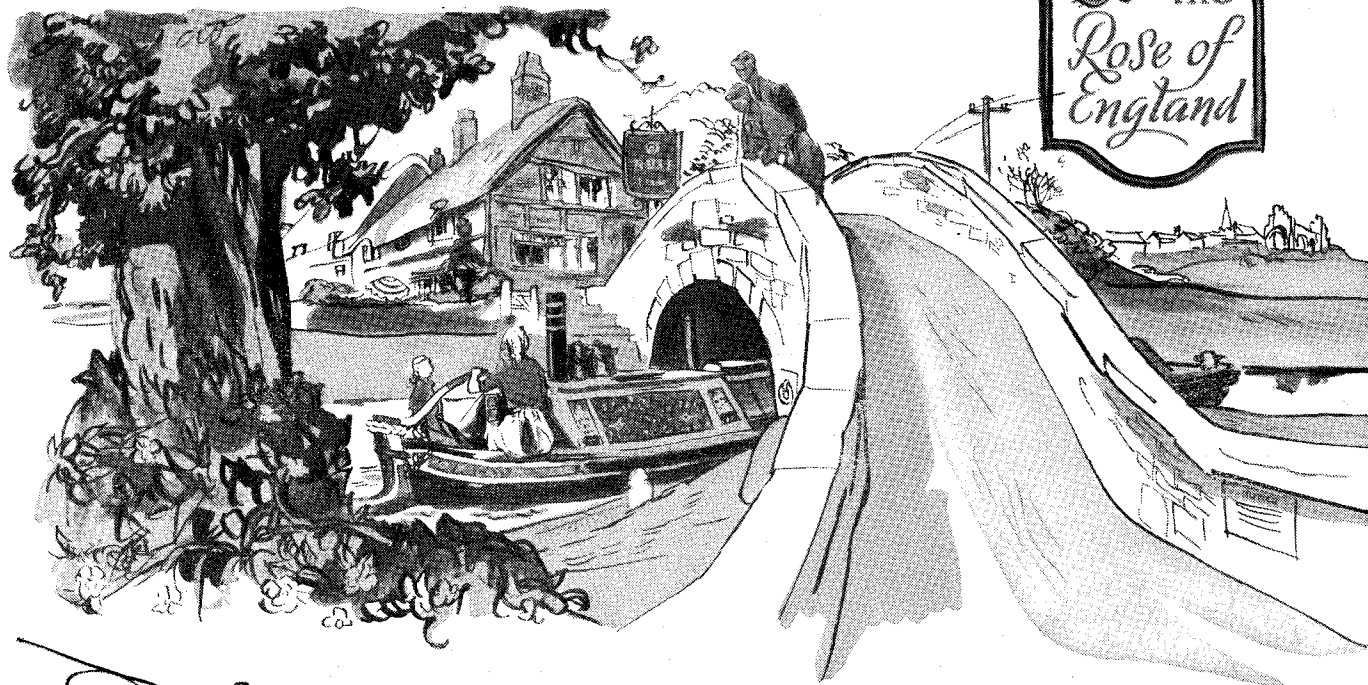
STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).

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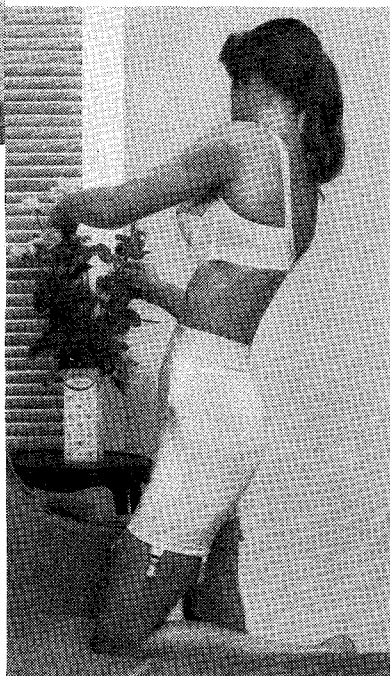
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SINCE I come from Boston, I couldn't understand something I saw today while going by the Grand Central in a taxi at Forty-third Street," a Mr. Cromwell writes us, and continues:

It was cold and rainy. Two men were crossing the street away from the station. Both were carrying suitcases. The hat of one of the men blew off and went toward Forty-second Street. The hatless man reached the curb and turned around. About fifty feet away on the Grand Central side, another man picked up the hat and held it up so the hatless one could see it. Hatless just waved back, then turned and walked up Forty-third Street. The finder of the hat looked puzzled. I got a glimpse of the hat—it was pearl gray and looked new.

Why, perfectly simple, old boy. The hat was a Herbert Johnson number from Brooks Brothers and cost seventeen dollars before the devaluation of the pound. It wasn't as new as it looked. Its owner is covered by insurance for loss of property, both in and outside the home. When his hat blew off, he decided, thinking fast, to let it go, collect insurance on it, and, since spring is here and he has another hat for occasional rainy days, wait until next fall before buying a new one, which, with the pound down, he can probably lay in for twelve or thirteen dollars. There is also a lot of arson going on in New York, and the harbor is alive with barratry.

A GENTLEMAN has handed us a flossy envelope with a lining of greenback green bearing scrolls and other ornamental devices that look something like those on federal currency and even more like those on stock and bond certificates. The man told us that the envelope came to him enclosing a letter from a wealthy aunt. Recogniz-

ing her handwriting, he opened it hurriedly, extracted the letter, and, with thoughts of his custody account at the Chase National Bank, was about to extract the lining when he came to his senses. His fancy thus turned toward finance, he read without much relish his aunt's message—something about her having heard that he was smoking



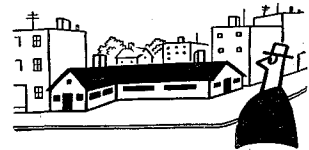
too much. He advises us that he doesn't like the envelope, and we don't, either. False hopes are rampant enough as it is, without any nudging from the manufacturers of stationery. We plan to turn the envelope inside out, take it to a good restaurant, and ostentatiously light our cigar with it.

THE aged are increasing two and a half times as rapidly as the rest of the American population, and by 1975 will be five or six times as numerous as they were in 1900, and a real power at the polls. We found these figures in an article called "Pension Politics in California," by Carey McWilliams, in the *Nation*, and McWilliams' prediction is that the old-age-pension high jinks in California are merely a foretaste of the kind of selfish bloc voting by the elderly that the whole nation will soon be experiencing. The obvious solution, which we think had better be enacted into law while the citizens with their own teeth are still in the majority, is a maximum voting age, set perhaps at sixty-one. The theoretical basis for disfranchising everyone under twenty-one is that citizens who have not reached that age cannot be assumed to know what is good for them. The theoretical basis for disfranchising everybody over sixty-one would be that citizens beyond that

age know what is good for them entirely too well.

El Rancho

WE made a trip to the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn the other day to investigate a ranch-style house nearing completion over there, possibly the first ever built in that borough. It stands at the corner of Fourteenth Avenue and Seventy-fourth Street, and is to be the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Casabona, who now live a few doors away, at 1435 Seventy-fourth Street. We first stopped and gaped at the new house, as passersby have been doing for several months now, and it's ranchy, all right—low and rambling, and all



the more hopalong-looking because the neighborhood is one of old-fashioned multi-family houses of shingle and brick, three stories high. The Casabonas themselves live on the second floor of a three-story three-family house, and there we luckily found them both. Mrs. Casabona told us that they've been at that address for five years and in the neighborhood for ten, and that she and Mr. Casabona are a couple who know their own minds. "We decided last year that what we wanted was a ranch-style house," she said. "We drove all around Garden City, Kew Gardens, and other places out here on the Island, but couldn't find one we liked. Besides, our boy, Noel, who's fourteen, has lived in Bensonhurst all his life, and he didn't want to move away. The only solution was to build a ranch-style house right here."

Mr. Casabona, who is head of the Tri-City Barber School, at 204 The

Bowery, interrupted to say that their architect, Casper Colla, an old Brooklyn man, had never before designed a ranch house but had got right into the spirit of the project. Their contractor proved less adaptable; from the start, he was afraid people would stare at him and his men with more than the usual curiosity. He was right. People have been staring and passing remarks ever since the men self-consciously staked out the plot. The plot measures fifty by a hundred feet, and the house measures thirty-two by ninety feet. "That gives us eighteen feet of ranch in front and five feet of ranch at each side," Mr. Casabona said. "Inside, we have a living room twenty-five feet wide by thirty-five feet long, with a fireplace ten feet wide and a picture window eighteen feet wide, giving us a nice view of Fourteenth Avenue. Then there's a dining room, a kitchen, three bedrooms, three bathrooms, and, in the basement, a recreation room with a bar and a little television theatre." The place will set the Casabonas back about fifty thousand dollars, they figure.

The Casabonas said that the public reaction to the house has been, in a word, terrific. On weekends (when, fortunately, the contractor and his crew are absent), crowds have been so big that traffic has been impeded. "Goodness knows where they all come from," Mrs. Casabona said. "Half of them aren't from around here." Mr. and Mrs. Casabona fell into the habit of mingling incognito with the Sunday crowds and listening to comments. They report that opinion is about evenly divided. Half of the gazers admire the Casabonas for their courage and the other half think they're crazy. "It's generally the men who mumble about our being crackpots," Mrs. Casabona said. "The women stand there oohing and aching. They turn absolutely green over that picture window." Recently, a relative of the Casabonas reported that a taxi-driver who drove him past the new house

jerked his thumb at it and said, "Somebody is bughouse." On the other hand, several people have offered to buy the place at a profit to the Casabonas. "That shows we're not the only crazy people around," said Mrs. Casabona. "As for that taxi-driver, he was expressing one man's opinion." "I don't know whether we're crazy or not," Mr. Casabona said. "Some of the neighbors look at us in a funny way lately, but we've got what we want where we want it." "Come back in five years," Mrs. Casabona said. "Mark my words, by that time Bensonhurst will be looking just like Arizona."

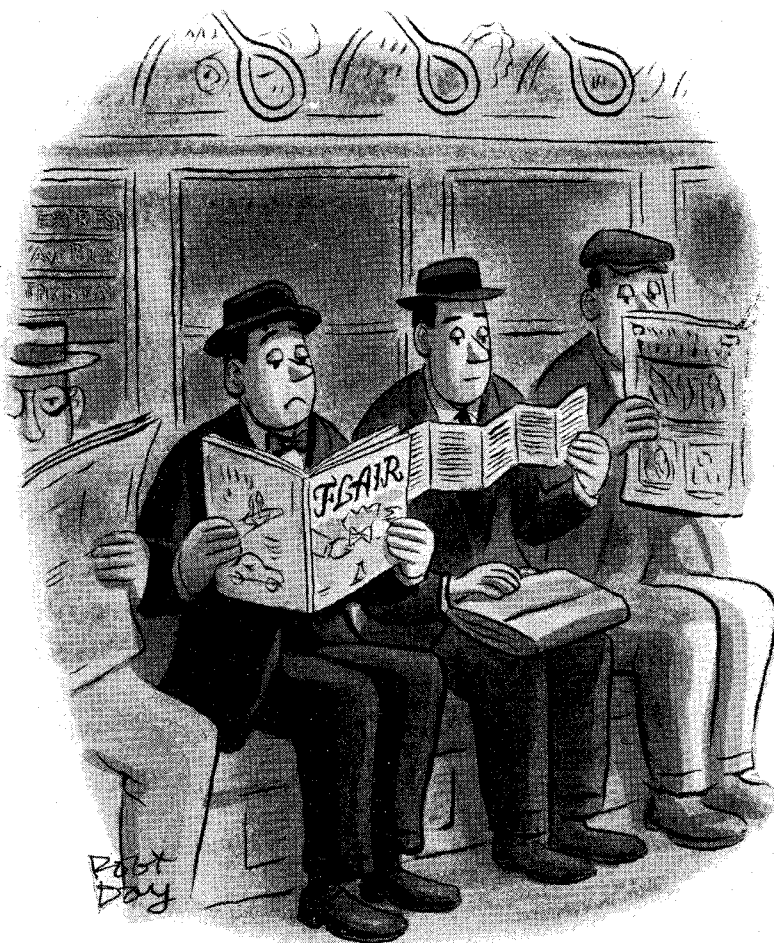
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: One of the volumes on a Macy-bookstore rack marked "Practical Money-Saving Books for the Home" is "How to Get a Husband," by Cora Carlyle.

The School of Education of New York University offers a course in "The Theory and Practice of Revolutions."

Motor Magnate

WE'VE had a talk with Sir William Rootes, of the British Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders,

the organization that is running the British Automobile and Motorcycle Show, which opens this Saturday at Grand Central Palace; Sir William is head of the so-called Rootes Group and chairman of all the fifteen companies that compose it. We found him, flanked by two secretaries, in his suite at the Waldorf, a clean-shaven, powerfully built man in his middle fifties, with a cordial smile and an air of authority befitting the employer of twenty-five thousand persons and the manufacturer of Humbers, Sunbeam-Talbots, Hillman Minxes, and Commer-Karrier trucks, buses, ambulances, and fire engines. The show, he told us, will be the first all-British motor-vehicle exhibit ever held here. In it will be displayed some fifty motorcycles and about a hundred cars and commercial vehicles, among them Old Faithful, a Humber touring car that Field Marshal Montgomery used throughout the war, and the Railton Special, which holds the world's automobile record for speed—400 m.p.h. "England exports more cars than America does," Sir William told us. "Last year, she sent three hundred and fifty-one thousand overseas. That's more than half her output. My companies alone send around two thousand a month to the United States and Canada. My chief company, Rootes Motors, has just opened a showroom on Park Avenue and has distributors all over America, and we've set up basic depots for service and parts on Long Island and in Chicago and Los Angeles. The Rootes Group is attacking the problem of repairs and parts in a very energetic way." Sir William, a frequent traveller to the States, every one of which he has visited, is no chauvinist. "Last year, when we were here," he said, "my wife and I drove a Cadillac to Florida and back. A wonderful car! I'll tell you what amazed me on the trip—nearly all the cars we saw contained only one or two passengers. Yet you have these enormous big motorcars. You're



a rich country. But we in England have to be economical. We've developed small cars that hold the road splendidly."

Sir William, whose companies turn out an average of four hundred private vehicles and one hundred commercial ones every working day, was born in Kent, the son of an engineer and bicycle manufacturer. He learned engineering in an automobile factory in Coventry, served as an engineer with the Royal Naval Air Service in the First World War, and then, with his younger brother Reginald (now Sir Reginald), began to sell Ford and General Motors products in England. Later on, the brothers switched from selling to manufacturing. "I used to sell American cars in England, and now I sell British cars in America," Sir William said. "Just the reverse, eh? My son Brian—he married a lovely girl, a Miss Barclay, of the Barclay's Bank family—lives in New York, handling our Western Hemisphere interests, and my other son, Geoffrey, is managing director of our factories in Coventry, which is the Detroit of England. Reginald's boy is one of our directors, too. Five Rootes in the business altogether. It's a family concern, privately owned. You can't quite say there's no private enterprise left in Britain, can you, now?"

During the recent war, Sir William, who was knighted in 1942, served as chairman of the Supply Council. "Same thing as your War Production Board," he said. "I was the Donald Nelson of the United Kingdom." He has a four-thousand-acre farm, Stype Grange, in England and a thirteen-thousand-acre one, Glen Almond, in Scotland. He raises sheep and cattle on both places, and won both the English and the Scottish supreme championships for Angus bulls this year. We besought him for some livestock statistics. "My Guernsey cattle have the biggest milk production per head in Great Britain," he said. "I have eighty-five hundred head of sheep, and I sell rams to ranchers and to agricultural colleges. I don't breed cattle and sheep just in or-



"How much do you make?"

der to kill them—I want to help other people improve their herds. I'm a countryman; I shoot and I ride, and I like animals. Animals know you, you know; they know your voice. It's quite wrong to think that an animal doesn't know an individual." On previous stays here, Sir William has inspected the livestock of Marshall Field, Allan Ryan, and Francis B. Davis, Jr., but this time he's been too busy, so far, with his new outlet and the show for such pleasures. "I hope to get to Colonel Whitney's on Long Island next week, though," he said. "He has a fine Aberdeen Angus herd."

Breach of Security

A RENOWNED authority on air power, preparing a book on same, called at the Pentagon to get the figures on the number of tons of matériel needed to support a beachhead in the last war. After visiting quite a few offices, he finally found a Wac captain who answered his question. He returned to his hotel an hour later and was given a message to call the Wac captain. "Urgent," the message read. He got the lady on the wire and she said, "For God's sake, destroy those figures I gave

you! Burn them! I gave you the ones for the *next* war."

No Complications

AFTER a suspension of nearly eight years, that antic service of Western Union, the singing telegram, was revived a week or so ago, and we've been down to the Western Union headquarters to see how it is coming along. Mr. George P. Oslin, the company's publicity director and the inventor of the singing telegram—and a dead ringer for Conrad Nagel—advised us that for a while, at least, it will be limited to the rendition of birthday greetings by telephone, with seventy-seven cities being accommodated. W.U. hasn't enough talented messenger boys at the moment to permit a revival of the personally delivered singing telegram. The original musical boys all cleared out in 1942, for military reasons, and have now, of course, grown up. One of them, who became widely known because he could sing like Donald Duck, is at present working for a manufacturing company on Long Island. None of them, so far as Mr. Oslin knows, took up singing as a vocation. W.U. is confining itself to one song,



"But, Charles, the Cudlips said a square dance!"

the old, standard "Happy Birthday to You." Before the war, it offered three tunes for birthday greetings: "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "Yankee-Doodle," and "Happy Birthday to You." One "Yankee-Doodle" lyric, for use by tardy senders, went:

Happy birthday, Willie dear,
I send you my best wishes.
Sorry it is kind of late,
But here are love and kisses.

"We had all sorts of special lyrics before the war," Mr. Oslin recalled. "For Thanksgiving, we had one to 'Good Night, Ladies.' For Father's Day, we had one to 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.' Everything folksy. In those days, customers with a flair for it could bat out a whole new set of lyrics if ours didn't suit. This time, though, no complications."

Mr. Oslin got the idea for the singing telegram when, in the summer of 1933, he was casting about for a means

of instilling a cheery reaction in people receiving telegrams. "I figured there must be *some* way to give them a lift," he said. "Then it struck me. Hell's bells! Sing it! I sent the first one to a comedian. His name escapes me, but I remember that the operator I asked to sing it was a big, strapping girl. She laughed. She thought it was the funniest thing. But she sang it, and the comedian thought it was great. The idea caught on. It was in '38 that we started the messengers singing."

Twenty operators, all volunteers, handle the New York birthday traffic, Mr. Oslin told us, in addition to their regular work, which consists of taking messages that come in by phone. He then escorted us to the scene of operations, on the way remarking that before 1942 a good many musical greetings were phoned to well-known singers, such as John Charles Thomas and Lily Pons, as a gag. These people were always

gracious about the renditions, but some of the girls got jumpy beforehand. One who was particularly flustered rounded up three of her pals and they sang as a quartet. Went over big. Mr. Oslin led us into a large room containing long rows of tables, at which girls wearing telephone headsets were writing out messages on silent typewriters and dropping them onto moving belts that bore them away, and introduced us to a gray-haired lady with rimless glasses at a desk in a far corner—Miss Georgiana Priestley, the assistant supervisor. She informed us that most of the girls selected to sing telegrams are members of the W.U. glee club and that the rest all had prewar experience at singing. "We favor contraltos," Miss Priestley said briskly, "on account of the vibrations. The girls are supposed to croon rather than sing. Have to get the lyrics across." W.U. sings only from eight in the morning till eleven at night. "No

use getting people up out of their beds," Miss Priestley explained. "Our girls are quick-witted. Once, one of them had a birthday greeting for a Pekinese. Didn't know what to do when she found she was supposed to sing to a dog. Finally she went 'Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow' while the owner, a lady, held the receiver to the dog's ear. The lady was delighted. Told all her friends. I guess the Peke was delighted, too." "Probably gave him a lift," said Mr. Oslin.

Intricate

WE'RE told of a local man who beats the parking problem in the following involved wise: Parking in front of his house is prohibited on weekdays between 8 A.M. and 6 P.M. His office, a ten-minute ride away, is on an avenue where he can park if he arrives early. He gets up at seven-thirty, dresses with the speed of a fireman, drives his car to the office, takes a bus back home, breakfasts, reads his paper, looks out of the window at the cop tying tickets on the cars on the block, congratulates himself upon his resourcefulness, and, about nine, takes another bus to the office. His colleagues leave at five, but he hangs around fifty minutes longer, finishing things up, and then drives home. Occasionally, he and his wife use the car to call on friends or go to the movies in the evening, and it's always right there on weekends.

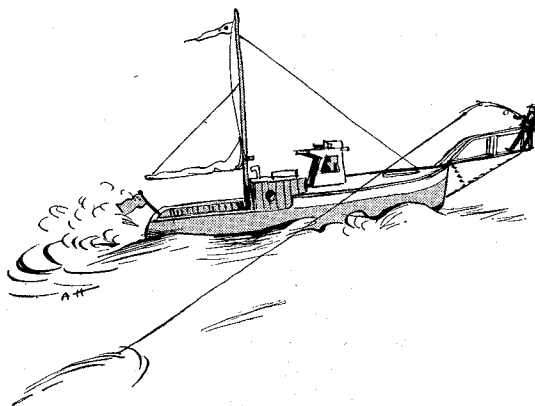
Family Affair

TEX and Jinx, whose celebrity as a husband-and-wife radio team is beyond our descriptive powers, made a personal appearance at Stern's, which is only a step from our office, one day last week, to demonstrate a new line of Arrow colored shirts. For the occasion, the store had erected a platform on its main floor, between Men's Ties and Men's Socks. On this were a microphone, a cash register, and a display board with ten shirt-and-necktie combinations attached to it—five white shirts and five in assorted colors. By the time Tex and Jinx arrived, a couple of hundred people were clustered around the dais. Jinx, wearing a print dress and a white orchid, was the first of the dashing couple to mount it. Tex, wearing a brown suit and a light-brown shirt, was right behind her. His shirt looked brand-new; its cuffs were still sharply creased. "Where's Paddy?" a lady in the audience called to them. "He's

coming," said Jinx. This exchange, unfathomable to us at that moment, turned out to be a reference to the couple's three-and-a-half-year-old son, who did indeed come. Jinx announced that she was going to ask a Stern's salesman how to sell shirts and then try to sell some. A salesman climbed smartly up to her perch and she began to question him, but her lesson was broken up by the arrival of Paddy. "What kind of shirt do you have on, Paddy?" asked his mother, unbuttoning his jacket. "Arrow," he answered mechanically.

Jinx invited a husband and wife to come up from the crowd, so that she could test her salesmanship on them. As if expecting a rash of customers, four Stern's salesgirls climbed onto the platform; three held order books at the ready and the fourth was poised at the cash register. Nobody came up. Jinx smiled gamely and asked for *anybody* to step forward. She finally bagged a husband without wife, who bought one white shirt. He was followed by a man whom Jinx introduced as a wartime comrade of Tex's, a former sergeant in the Eighth Air Force. "You really want to buy a shirt or just say hello?" Jinx asked him. The sergeant gallantly said he wanted a shirt, and bought a white one. "Tex is wearing an Arrow tie," observed Jinx. "He's been wearing it all week." A salesman at the tie counter gasped audibly. "We might as well get in some commercials," went on Jinx. "Now, Paddy, what kind of butter do we use at home?" Paddy mumbled a name that we didn't catch, and added, under his parents' vigilant gaze, "The best butter in town." They didn't throw him a fish.

At that point, the proceedings were enlivened by the arrival of Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney, a ventriloquist and a dummy, respectively. Winchell gave a diverting exhibition of his skill, with annotations (e.g., "The art of ventriloquism has a definite educational value, like trigonometry or geometry.



It's a mental calisthenic"). This seemed to be by way of arousing interest in a doll Winchell had brought along, cast in the image, coincidentally, of Jerry Mahoney. Then Tex tried his hand at selling. He got off some prefatory remarks on the desirability of wearing colored shirts in spring, and invited a husband-and-wife team to sample his chromatic wares. He netted only a wife without husband, who agreed to take two shirts. "What spring colors would your husband like?" he asked, beaming. "White," she said. "Only white?" he asked, and continued persuasively, "Let's split the difference—one white, one colored." "Only white," the woman said firmly. "My husband's a salesman." "Isn't there any woman here with the courage to buy a beautiful colored Easter shirt for her husband?" cried Tex. One courageous woman volunteered. She bought a pale-pink one. "Any husbands and wives?" pleaded Jinx. No response. "Well," said Tex resignedly, "we never did get a husband and wife. I'm afraid we haven't been as good salesmen as we'd like to be. But thanks, and remember, they don't climb up in back." The crowd began to melt away, a few people lagging behind to watch Paddy filially permitting his picture to be taken with a 15½-collar, 33-inch-sleeve, light-blue shirt draped outlandishly over his small, brave frame.

Cured

LADY who is undergoing psychiatric treatment and pays her analyst in cash after each session was told by him, at the end of one such, that she had given him five dollars too little. This, he said, was extremely significant, money being a basic symbol of something or other. The omission not only might indicate her unconscious feelings toward him but might damn well shed some light on those toward her husband, children, parents, in-laws, friends, and countrymen, and the Marshall Plan. A considerable discussion followed, in which the lady's uncertainty about currency was deviously tracked clear back to early childhood. At its conclusion, she handed over five dollars and, feeling more self-assured and onto herself than she had in a long time, took the elevator downstairs. As she was about to leave the building, the doorman stopped her, with a message he'd just received on the house telephone: The doctor had found the missing five dollars under his desk.

COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY

ALL told, the psychiatrist at the hospital gave us about half an hour—a pretty long time, considering it was Sunday and he had a string of other visitors to see. He was one of those resident doctors. I guess he knew his job, but I wished he didn't have to look at Burt's record as often as he did. He kept turning the pages and talking, mostly to Betty. He must have figured that because she was Burt's sister, the decision would be made by her, and I was just the husband who had come along. Then he must have noticed in the record that I'd spent a couple of years in the same platoon with Burt, so he asked me a few questions and started talking to the both of us. I thought he was trying too hard to put things into simple language, to make sure we'd understand. If he had read everything that Burt's other doctors had put into the record, he could have seen that Betty was a college graduate and that I didn't have to sign my name with a cross, either. But I guess he knew his job, and he seemed to have Burt's interests at heart.

"Burt is one of fifty-two thousand mental patients in hospitals run by the Veterans Administration," he said. "One-third of those fifty-two thousand have not been visited by friends or relatives in a year or more."

I didn't know what he was getting at. Betty and I take turns visiting Burt, and we haven't missed more than a couple of Sunday afternoons since the end of the war. The times Betty was in hospitals herself, having our babies, she made me go to see Burt even when it meant we couldn't see each other. I was about to say so, but the doctor raised his hand.

"I know," he said. "The point I want to stress is that many of these neglected patients are now capable of returning to normal life. They can't, because nobody wants them. Nobody wants them, and they feel it. So they begin to deteriorate, and pretty soon we couldn't let them go even if somebody did suddenly decide to want them. Now, I'm not prepared to say that Burt is ready to leave here. It depends partly on him and partly on you. How old did you say your children were?"

"Four, three, and one," Betty said.

He looked at me. "Your wife and I have been over this ground once before. She's afraid of the effect that one of Burt's attacks might have on the

children, and she has good reason to be. An adult in the family is a kind of god to a small child. To see your god in a state of helplessness or worse—well, it could be harmful. It's something for all of us to think about."

"We *have* been thinking about it," said Betty. "We wanted to know what you thought."

"My mind is open," the doctor said. "I want to make sure just how badly he wants to leave here, and just how ready you are to take the chance. You're the only people he has in the world. If he's ever going back to a normal life, it'll have to be through you. Of course, one thing we should avoid is to let him try before he's ready. If he had to be hospitalized again, it might prove to be a critical setback. And you have the children to consider. You're the only people *they* have, too. As I say, it's something for all of us to think about. At this point, our main job is to make him feel wanted."

"We've tried to do that," Betty said.

"I know you have. In general, your visits tend to have a good effect, though at times I've wondered." He turned to me. "You say he insists on talking to you about those places—Cape Gloucester and the other place?"

"Pavuvu. Yes, he does insist."

"Let him talk, then. Don't encourage him to, but let him. You're the one who shared the experiences with him, and perhaps it's with you he can talk them out of his system. I think it may be significant that he's never had an attack during one of your visits." He looked at Betty. "You've witnessed two, was it?"

"Three."

"We've observed them," the doctor said. "The pattern remains the same. A few successive days of rain will do it.

Not always. But he's yet to have an attack on a clear day. And as far as we've been able to tell, there's no connection between thunder and these periods of panic. He's not frightened by sounds, but

rain will usually produce one degree or another of depression. If the depression is profound but still short of panic, he'll go off by himself and brood. If it's comparatively slight, you can get him to talk about Cape Gloucester or the other place—"

"Pavuvu," I said.

"Yes. I know it rained a great deal at those places, and that's revealing. Revealing but not conclusive. After all,

you got just as soaked, and you're all right." He grinned at Betty. "Or is he?"

"He's all right," said Betty. She hasn't been through the hands of as many doctors as I have, and she doesn't like them to make jokes.

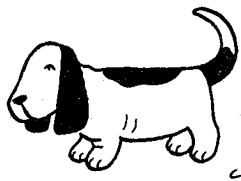
He caught her tone of voice and the look on her face. He said, "When Burt does talk, he shows good insight. Better than good, I'd say, excellent. That's the most encouraging feature. He knows what happened to him, when, where, and to some extent even why. He remembers what he does during the worst of his attacks. And he's still trying very hard to fight them off. 'Still' is the important word there. We must keep alive his desire to get better. That's our main job, yours and ours here."

He closed Burt's folder. He didn't have to stand up or look at his watch for Betty and me to know what he meant. We stood up and thanked him, though neither of us felt much the wiser. About the only new thing I had learned was that over seventeen thousand mental patients, veterans, had not been visited for more than a year, and I couldn't see what that had to do with Burt. The doctor told us to stop by again for another talk, and we went out through the crowded waiting room.

Practically everybody in that room was old. Mostly it's the old folks that come. They bring home-cooked food and try to get the patients to eat. They sit quietly on the wooden benches, and sometimes you can't make out who's the patient and who isn't. A few patients, like Burt, are allowed to come and go pretty much as they please, just so they don't wander off the grounds.

I never did like that walk from Burt's building to the parking lot. You have to pass some of the bad wards, and you get a lot of screaming and yelling. I don't seem to mind the men as much as the women. Maybe it's because the men's hair can't ever get into so many kinds of a mess, or because women do the worst of the screaming. Anyway, it sounds worse to me. There were days I spent in the Marine Corps when it must have looked like the English language was made up of two short words, but I never knew what those words could mean until I had them screamed at me by women from barred windows. Having Betty at my side made me want to walk even faster. I was glad when we reached the parking lot.

We hadn't expected to find Burt waiting at the car. We had said goodbye to him in the recreation room, and the idea was he'd play ping-pong with a man named Jackson. But I supposed





he followed us and saw we were going in for the interview. Or maybe he took a walk and noticed the car still parked. He was leaning against a fender, and on the ground he had an empty water bucket and a sponge and some rags. He had washed the car.

"You shouldn't have done that," I said.

"I didn't have anything better to do. It sure was filthy."

"I thought you were going to play ping-pong."

"We played a set. I saw your name on the nurse's interview list."

"I was going to wash the car to-

morrow. All that mud from last week."

He ran his hand over the hood. "You're about ready for a paint job," he said.

"I'm about ready for a new car."

"Thinking of another Chevy?"

"Thinking is as far as I've got. This one'll have to do me for another twenty thousand. Maybe prices will come down a little by then."

"I see more new cars pulling in here every month," Burt said. "I like the looks of the new Cadillac."

"That'll be the day," I said.

He was all through talking about cars. He said, "What's the pitch, Lou?"

"He thought you were getting better. He sounded as if he'd spent some time with you."

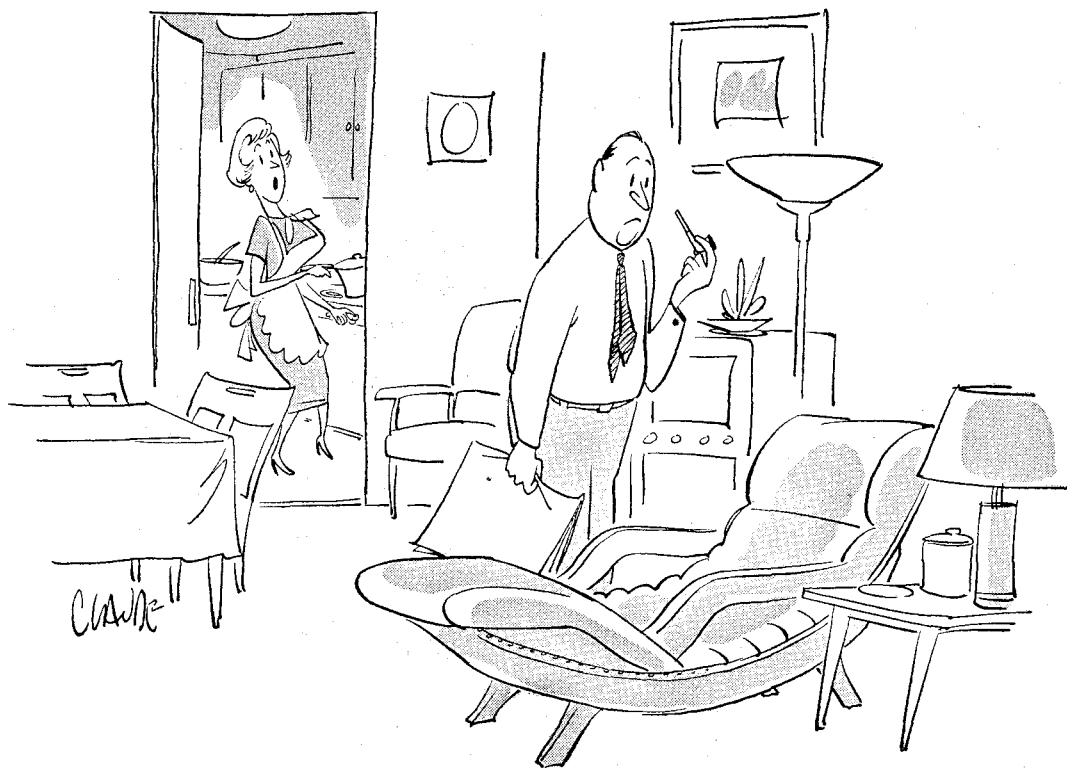
"He has. Getting better? Is that how he put it?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's always nice to hear good news about yourself."

"It was awful sweet of you to wash the car," said Betty, "but really, you shouldn't have done it. We thought you were going to play ping-pong."

"I was. This Jackson couldn't return anything. The only decent partner I had out here was a little girl used to be in the Waves. And she went



"Now, don't sit in that one. Dinner's almost ready."

Asiatic as hell. They got her in a strait jacket now. That's where this Jackson's going to end up if he thinks he can play ping-pong. How about you, Lou, will you be up to a few fast sets next Sunday?"

"Sure. I'll take you, too."

"That'll be the day," he said. He smiled. Burt can talk like that and look like that, no different from the way he looked and talked in the summer of '43, when our division was resting comfortably in Melbourne, Australia, and he had the prettiest girl of anyone in the platoon. In all that time, I can't see where his appearance has changed at all. He weighs the same and he smiles the same and he has no new lines in his face, which is more than I can say. I've never yet managed to beat him in a set of ping-pong, and I've tried.

"Darling, I wish we could stay and eat with you," Betty said. "But the baby-sitter has to leave at six."

He held the door of the car open, and rubbed a last smudge off a fender with his sleeve. Burt can be just like that.

IT'S little over an hour's drive from the hospital to our place. The Sunday traffic was heavy, but mostly in the other direction.

"What was the doctor getting at," I asked, "with all those numbers?"

"Which numbers?"

"About all the patients that don't get visited."

"I think he was trying to find out how badly we want Burt to come home," Betty said.

"He should have talked up and asked me."

"What would you have told him?"

"Just what I've told you. Burt's got to have his chance now."

"Not now," she said. "Not while he's still having attacks. I couldn't take it. Not with the children in the house."

"Maybe if he came home, he wouldn't get scared. If instead of being in that place, he had us around him."

"Us and the children. No. Lou, you haven't seen one of those panics. He whimpers. He crawls under the table and whimpers. The baby wouldn't know what it was all about, but the other two would be terrified, just as I was, the first time. You keep saying maybe this, maybe that. We can't go experimenting around with the children's lives."

"What about Burt's life?"

"Or with Burt's life, either. You heard what the doctor said. If Burt had to be committed again, it would be that much worse."

"So the deal is to let him rot in there."

"Burt isn't rotting," Betty said. "This doctor isn't like the others. He's been spending time with Burt. He'll let us know when Burt is ready."

"Burt is the same now as he was

three years ago. The same as he'll be three years from now unless we do something. There were men worse off than Burt on Pavuvu, but once they got home, they worked out of it."

"You don't know anything about how Burt is. If you haven't seen one of those attacks, you can't know."

"Can't I? There must be a reason why he doesn't have attacks around me."

"Maybe there is," she said. "Maybe he'd stay perfectly sane all the time you were around. That would take care of the evenings. That would leave only the daytime for me to look after him and the children. To be hanging diapers in the back and wondering what goes on in the house. Or are you thinking of changing places?"

"Changing places?"

"You could stay home with him," she said. "I could get a job. I wouldn't earn as much as you right off, but I bet I could after a while."

That was as near as I ever got to striking Betty. Driving the car and not slapping her mouth were all I could manage at one and the same time. There wasn't any of me left over to answer her.

"Oh, darling," she said. "I love you so. Please don't let's fight."

"I'm not fighting."

"I love him, too. I wouldn't hesitate a minute if you and I were alone. Honest, it's not me. Honest, it's the children. I plain can't see myself trying to handle the four of them. Not if he had an attack. I wouldn't have the strength. Not day in, day out, with the babies around. Every time it rained, every time he got started talking about those places, I'd wonder what was coming next and how to keep the children from seeing it. Couldn't we get him a room with some good people in the village, and I could run over and see him, and you could spend time with him evenings? Shouldn't we ask the doctor about that?"

"No."

I didn't say anything more all the rest of the way home, or if I did, I don't remember what. She surely got to me with that crack about money, because it's true. Betty has her high-school teaching certificate and she could step into a pretty well-paying job almost any

time. She had her certificate even before we got married, and our first plans were to settle down in Arizona and for her to teach and for me and Burt to run a dude ranch. That was only one of many plans but it was the one we kept coming back to. I'd still like to see my children grow up in Arizona.

"He was such a wonderful boy," she said. "The most wonderful boy in the world. When other boys chased their little sisters away, somehow he always managed it so I could stick around."

AT home, Betty and I got to feeling better. The baby was down for the night, and Mrs. Lehner, from across the road, had Chris and Nina in the bathtub. We paid Mrs. Lehner and let her go. Watching Chris and Nina in the water, we got to feeling better. Any time a man and his wife don't get to feeling better when they see their kids in the tub, they had best head for the nearest divorce court. After we'd hung around the bathroom longer than we should have, Betty read Chris his bedtime story and I sang Nina her bedtime songs, and we had our supper out of the refrigerator.

If on the day we got married, less than six years ago, someone had told us we'd have three children, one after the other, I wonder if we would have gone through with it. We'd have been crazy if we hadn't. This is the way we want it, but I don't know if you could have convinced us of that in the summer of '44.

I was fresh back in the States with a medical discharge, healthy as a horse except for a trick knee that hasn't given me any real trouble since. I had Betty's address from Burt and looked her up as soon as I could. Five days after we met, I asked her to marry me, and she only took about a week making up her mind. We sent Burt the announcement. He didn't answer, and that was the first we knew that something had gone wrong. I had left him in pretty good shape on Pavuvu, but by the time I reached State-side, they had him in the Navy mobile hospital on Banika. I'd put in a couple of weeks in that hospital myself, with my knee. There were more than fifty thousand men on Banika at that time, and less than a hundred American women—nurses and Red Cross girls, who lived behind a barbed-wire stockade and could leave it only under armed M.P. escort. Betty believed me when I told her about the stockade, but she thought I was piling it on a bit about the M.P.s.

I've always had a little trouble trying

to tell Betty how things were out there, I mean in the order they happened. She has asked me more than once to explain how Burt could have gone through the really rough months on Guadalcanal and then cracked wide open after the short blitz on Cape Gloucester, where our casualties were light, and a few weeks of Pavuvu, which was supposed to be a rest camp. She'll listen to me and look like she understands, and after a while she'll ask the same question again. I guess when you've spent twenty years looking up to your big brother, who's tougher and smarter and nicer than anybody else's big brother, it's hard to let go of the idea.

Once, she said, "But why didn't you crack?"

The answer, which didn't come to me at the time, is that I did. We all did, but some of us managed to keep it to ourselves.

The rains came down heavy on Cape Gloucester. The monsoon broke as we landed, the day after Christmas, and from then on we stayed wet through the whole operation, wet to the skin. I don't know how to describe it. The whole jungle turned into muck, from the forest roof down to the swamp underfoot. Your equipment would bog down, and while you'd be struggling to get it loose, miles from any Jap, a rotten tree would crash and kill the man in front of you. The wallet in your pocket turned bright blue with mold and so did your boondockers. If you had a pencil, it came apart at the seams. The blades of your pocketknife rusted together. Letters and pictures you had carried for a year rotted into a pulp after the first two days.

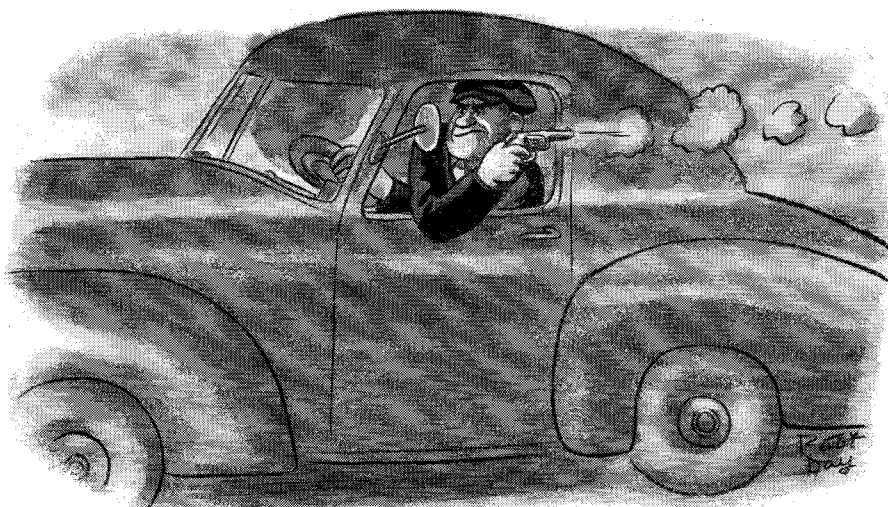
I don't know how to explain it. On Guadalcanal, except for the two lousiest days of naval shelling, you could fight back at somebody, or at least think about

fighting back. Once in a while, you might get to the rear and take a swim in the Lunga. On Cape Gloucester, our outfit had nothing to fight back at most of the time. I don't say it was worse than Guadalcanal or that I'd rather fight Japs than the humidity. But there's a kind of discouragement that gets to you. You couldn't even smoke your tobacco without getting sick.

Burt stood up as well as anybody. Better, I thought. He had a patch of jungle rot in one of his armpits, but we all had something. He and I tried to keep warm at night by sleeping together, with one poncho above us and one below. We slept right through some "Condition Red" sirens and talked right through some others. I don't remember anything peculiar about his talk. He told me a lot about his girl in Melbourne, but not in any peculiar way. He was thinking he might marry her and bring her to the States. That's when we first talked about running a dude ranch. He said his girl could cook for any number of people. The next day, he killed a Jap at long range, with a rifle, one of the cleanest shots I ever saw.

Everything I could remember about Burt I've told to one or another of his doctors. They keep asking me about Pavuvu, and I've told them. I don't know if they get it when I say we were all of us queer on Pavuvu, more or less. Asiatic, we called it. After Gloucester, we had all thought we'd be shipped back to Melbourne, and they sent us to Pavuvu instead. The way they happened to do that I found out only last year, when we got sent copies of the division history, with a picture of General Vandegrift in front.

Betty says there is no such place as Pavuvu listed in any dictionary or atlas. Maybe so. But it's a real island, all



right, about sixty miles from Guadalcanal, and it looked good to the staff officers of the III Amphibious Corps. They flew over the island and saw all the pretty palm trees in rows, and they thought it would be just the place for our division to rest and get reorganized. They were wrong.

The mud on Pavuvu was as deep as any we'd seen and it smelled worse. On our company street, which we had cleared ourselves, a jeep bogged down so you couldn't see the tops of the tires. The rainy season didn't know it was supposed to be over. And the first dry night we had, a rat gnawed its way through Burt's mosquito net and took a nip out of his ear. We fought those rats and the land crabs all the time we were on Pavuvu. And sometimes we got up at night to fight rats that weren't there.

As I told one of Burt's doctors, why go on about it? Everybody claims his outfit had the roughest time of all, just like everybody had the toughest first sergeant in the Corps. One fellow started chopping down a couple of palm trees because, he said, they shut off his view of the Southern Cross. Nobody stopped him. Another man, a corporal, said that if you could prove you'd been made impotent by Atabrine, you could get rotated back to the States. Well, that was a crazy thing to say, but nobody thought of asking a doctor to look the man over. The man kept his stripes, and after Peleliu he got another, so he must have done his job all right. Burt never said anything as crazy as that. He was no queerer than the rest of us, at that time. I don't know what cracked him up so soon after I left. All I know is, if it could happen to him, it could have happened to me. Inside, I had cracked as bad as Burt, or worse, but I was lucky and no one noticed.

I HAVE never once visited Burt without thinking how easily it could be me in there. That may have been one reason why I blew up at Betty after that session with the doctor a week ago. I blew up at her again on Friday, when she suggested that it might be a good thing if Burt was taken to a hospital in another part of the country, where it doesn't rain so much. She said if the doctor had it right, if rain really got Burt down, Arizona or New Mexico might be a better place. But I thought she was trying to get him farther away from us, so we wouldn't have to visit every week. That was in line with her idea that it might not be helping Burt to see me so often, because I reminded him of Gloucester and Pavuvu. So I blew,

WHAT IS BIBBIDI-BOBBIDI-BOO IN SANSKRIT?

When people tell me French is difficult, I show my dimple.
French is simple.

My pen is cosmopolitan, not parochial.

I am at home in French either classical or collochial.

I can pronounce *filet mignon* even while chewing it,

And I can and will fluently translate popular songs such as "Everybody's Doing It."

Tout le monde est faisant le, faisant le, faisant le,

Tout le monde est faisant le,

Faisant quoi?

Dindon pas!

Vois ce ragtime couple débonnaire,

Vois-les jeter leurs épaules en air,

C'est un hibou

Un hibou, un hibou,

Où?

I think that even Mr. Berlin would agree that this has life and movement,

And that the few changes are an improvement.

That ragtime couple, for example, instead of just being vaguely over there,

They are now obviously in some expensive club, they are debonair.

And the substitution of *c'est un hibou, un hibou, un hibou* (it's an owl, it's an owl, it's an owl) for *c'est un ours, c'est un ours, c'est un ours* (it's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear)—

That is a veritable *coup de tonnerre*,

That is a truly superior brand of merchandise,

Because in French *ours* (bear) might be confused with *oursin* (sea urchin) and what would a debonair owl-loving ragtime couple want with a fishy batch of sea-urchindise?

I feel I have built myself a monument of more than bricks and mortar,

And, having gained the gratitude of Mr. Berlin, I am now leafing through the works of Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Porter. —OGDEN NASH

and we had to patch things up again. Today, though, she fixed some apricot tarts for him, the kind their mother used to make.

I was glad it rained today, because it would give me a chance to show that the doctor had been wrong about Burt. I had spent rainy Sundays there before, and Burt hadn't gone whimpering under any tables. What I wanted was to have the doctor spend a couple of hours just talking it over with Burt and me, and see if we couldn't get somewhere that way. But I found another doctor on duty, and the nurse told me that our regular man wouldn't be around for several days. She said I'd find Burt in the ward; they weren't letting him roam when it rained this hard. I could take him to the recreation room, she said, and that's what I did.

We settled in some wicker chairs near a window. I opened the box and



showed him the apricot tarts. Burt didn't want any. He said he hadn't eaten his lunch, either. No appetite. I started to eat one of the tarts myself, thinking that would make him want them. Betty had packed six.

"These are good," I said.

"I bet," he said. But he made no move to take one.

One of the patients, an old man with white hair, stopped in front of us and looked inside the box. "Mmm," he said. "That's what I call cookies."

I was going to offer him one, but Burt said, "Beat it, Larkin. I'm telling you, beat it."

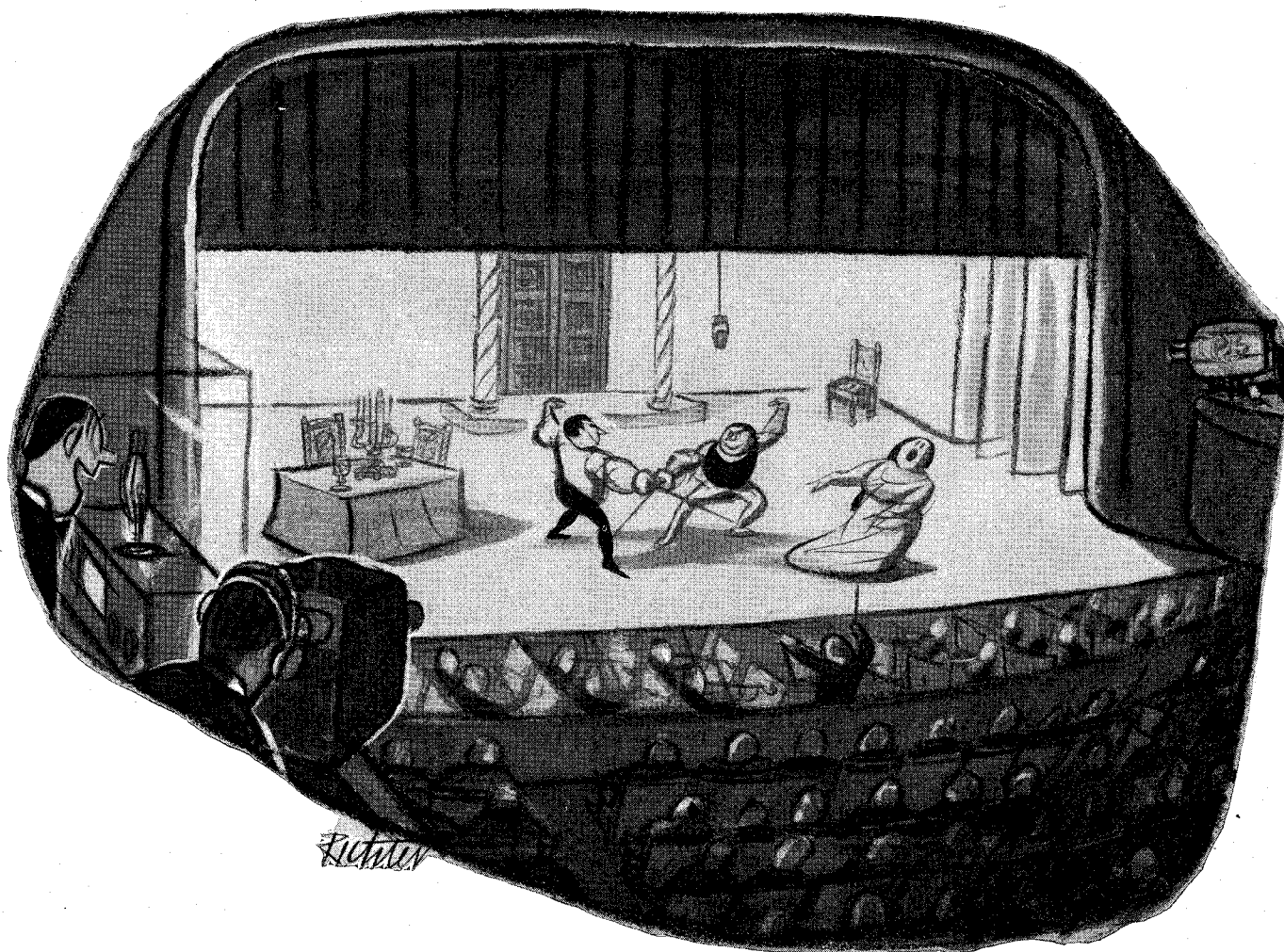
The old man laughed and backed away. At the door, he stuck his middle finger up in the air, and laughed again.

"Semper Fi," Burt said.

That wasn't like Burt. In the Marines, when you said Semper Fi, it meant The hell with you, Jack, I got mine. I hadn't heard anyone say Semper Fi for years. It wasn't like Burt not to share food with anybody any time. He looked nervous.

"Want to play some ping-pong?" I asked him.

"Not now. The guy's just a moocher."



"... and on the left, wearing purple tights—Giovanni Maricini."

Wouldn't give you the time of day. What time is it?"

"Ten after three."

"My watch rusted up on me. I paid eighty dollars for it in Melbourne, and it's shot. It was supposed to be waterproof."

"I can have it repaired."

He shook his head. "I'm telling you it's shot. I threw it away."

"I might've been able to get it fixed."

"No. Once they get rusted up like that... Can I see yours?"

I handed him my watch.

"Can I keep this one?" he asked.

"Well, it's the only one I got."

"I wish I could keep it. You can buy another. I'll give you the money."

"All right, Burt," I said. "It's not much of a timepiece."

He handed it back to me. "What the hell do I need a watch for? In weather like this. It would only rust up on me."

He had acted like that with Betty, but never with me.

I said, "You want to play some ping-pong now?"

"O.K."

I started across the room to hang my raincoat.

"Your belt's dragging," he said.

The belt was rolled up in my coat pocket. "Where do you see any belt?" I said.

He was looking at the floor. "Those ammo belts are dragging on the ground," he said. "You'll get the goddam receiver full of mud."

"Where do you see the machine gun?" I asked. "Show me where it is. Let me get ahold of it, Burt. Hand it to me."

Without looking at me, he walked to the window. I didn't want to follow him just then. I thought maybe he'd come out of it by himself. I went across the room and hung my coat. By the time I turned around, Burt was sitting under one of the ping-pong tables, with his knees pulled up to his chin. I went back and squatted down near him. His face was white, and he looked straight at the floor. I had to say something. I said, "What're you looking for?"

He turned his face toward me. "Just

taking a break. I'm all right. You all right, Lou?"

"Sure."

"You all right?"

"I'm fine."

"You got an extra pair of socks?"

"Plenty of socks," I said.

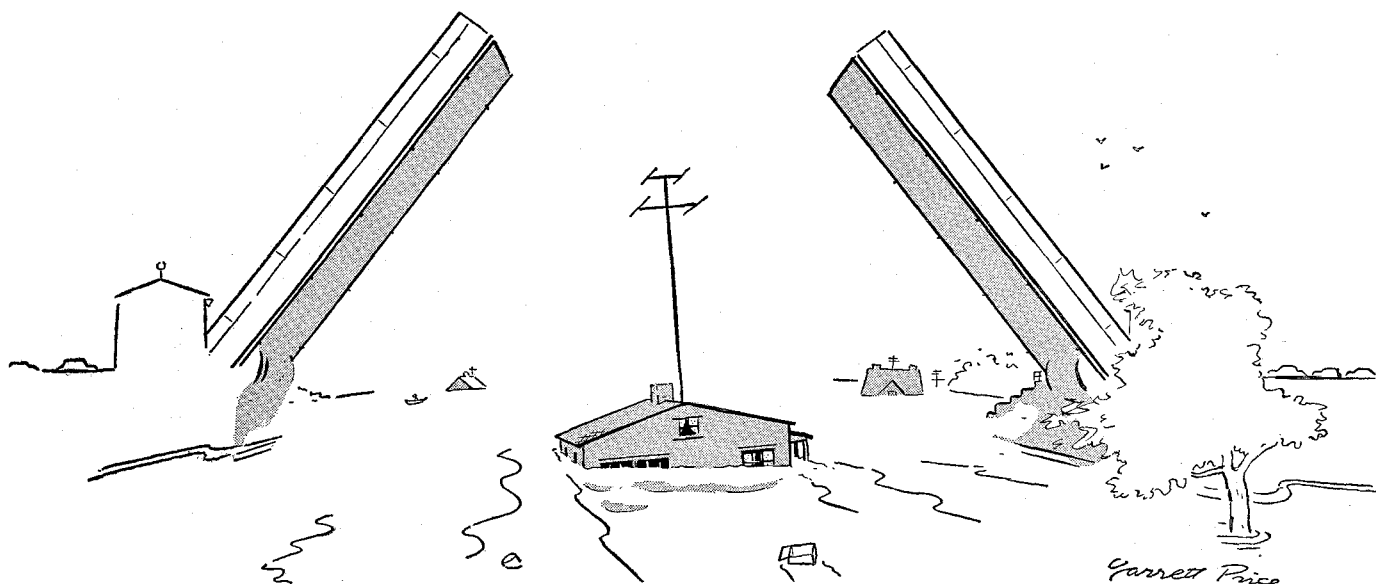
"Tell the goddam swabbie to dig his own goddam hole. He got no business up here. Go on, tell him."

"Show me the swabbie, Burt. Let me see him. You come and we'll both tell him."

"Look out!" he yelled. "Get down!"

He gave the regulation hand signal to hit the dirt, and threw himself flat on the floor.

As I heard him yell and saw him go down, my knees started to shake in a way they had shaken only once before, back on Gloucester when I thought I saw a sniper looking at me through the lianas, and I had only a pair of pants on, no weapons. The Jap turned out to be nothing but a man-shaped piece of hanging moss. On Gloucester, the fear had started in my stomach and drained down to my knees, into the



bone, and the same thing happened there in the recreation room. If I hadn't been squatting anyway, I think my legs might have buckled under me. For a moment there, the hand signal and the sound of Burt's voice almost had me hitting the floor.

Somebody tapped my shoulder. It was the nurse on duty. She said, "If you leave him alone, you'll find he comes out of it faster."

"Go on, tell him," Burt said. "I don't want his goddam socks."

I obeyed the nurse, and now I'm sorry. I should have stayed there and tried to talk him out of it. Maybe I could have done just that, talked him out of it.

The nurse went back to her desk. I didn't follow her all the way. I sat on the edge of the table where I'd left the apricot tarts, and I didn't take my eyes off Burt. He put his head down between his knees and made a kind of whinnying noise. He stayed there about ten or fifteen long minutes but he never repeated the sound. Then he crawled toward the window on his hands and knees. When he reached the wall, he stood up and went back to the ping-pong table. He picked up one of the paddles and started bouncing a ball on the linoleum floor. I went over to him.

"You all right?" he said.

"I'm fine."

"Want to play?"

He still looked very pale. I didn't see what harm it could do to play a little. He beat me in that first set, 21-14, and I was doing my best. He didn't mention what had happened until he had beaten me in four or five more sets, each time by a wider margin. He didn't say a word, not even as we changed sides.

Have you ever seen a mechanic at

work on the wires of a switchboard? Watching Burt this afternoon was like his nerves had been taken apart and laid out on a bench and he had to reassemble them one by one. He never stopped working. Between the sets of ping-pong, his fists stayed clenched so the knuckles were as white as his face. While he played, he kept his eyes on the ball and smashed it every chance he got. And just before I left, it looked as if he had himself put together again, because he laughed, sort of, and said, "Did you see me duck under? I still get a little scared once in a while." He ate one of Betty's tarts, without being urged. I told him there was nothing to be scared of. He said, "I know. I'm not scared now." I didn't tell him that all the time he was under the table, I was scared, too, thinking Oh Christ, how easily I could be under there with him, oh Christ, if on Pavuvu I had gone to the chaplain or the doctor and told them just half the things that were going through my mind, they would have put me away and now I'd be under the table with Burt.

WHEN I got home, I found Betty upstairs, with Chris and Nina having their bath, just like last Sunday. They were splashing around in the water and squealing. Chris was using his squirt gun on Nina, and she didn't seem to mind in the least. They're nice-looking kids. I guess I'd think so even if they weren't, but they are. They look so shiny and new. Chris has lost all his baby fat and he's a little boy now, with shoulders and hard belly.

After all that roughhouse in the tub, I had a time getting Nina down in bed. She kept throwing the covers off and asking for more and more songs. She

asked to be picked up and rocked. So I picked her up and rocked her until she fell asleep with her head on my shoulder. That's where Burt finally lost out, not in the talk I later had with Betty.

Talking with Betty, I still insisted that Burt ought to have his chance now, but my mind had already been changed. Burt is not going to live in the same house with Chris and Nina. I know that lousy hospital is doing him more harm than he could do the children, but they're my children, and so I'm going to let him rot in there. When the time comes and the doctor asks if we're ready, I'll weasel my way out of it somehow. I still think I'm the one man who could help Burt, because I've been where he is now and I've covered the road back. I could help him but I won't and I know exactly what that makes me.

I won't pretend it's all for the sake of wife and kiddies. I don't want Burt around me, either. I've got my own wires put together so they're pretty straight now, and I don't want to hear any more about Cape Gloucester than I have to. I want to spend my evenings in the house alone with Chris who has never seen a rat, and Nina who has never heard of a land crab, and Betty who can stand rainy weather, and the baby who may not ever get to meet his Uncle Burt. Semper Fi is about the size of it—the hell with you, Jack, I got mine. Pull up the ladder, mate, I'm aboard.

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

Another recent lessee of a cottage on the lake for the summer is Miss Matilda Dooley. Miss Dooley is prominent in the St. Phlair Society and is reported as a lady of some jeans.—*Cape May County (N.J.) Gazette*.

Ah, summertime!

THE PERFECT PAST

THE cradle rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness. Although the two are identical twins, man, as a rule, views the prenatal abyss with more calm than the one he is heading for (at some forty-five hundred heartbeats an hour). I know, however, of a sensitive youth who experienced something like panic when looking for the first time at some old homemade movies that had been taken a few weeks before his birth. He saw a world that was practically unchanged—the same house, the same people—and then realized that he did not exist there at all and that nobody mourned his absence. What particularly frightened him was the sight of a brand-new baby carriage standing there on the porch, with the smug, encroaching air of a coffin; even that was empty, as if, in the reverse course of events, his very bones had disintegrated.

Such fancies are not foreign to young lives. Or, to put it otherwise, first and last things often tend to have an adolescent note—unless, possibly, they are directed by some venerable and rigid religion. Nature expects a full-grown man to accept the two black voids, fore and aft, as stolidly as he accepts the extraordinary visions in between. Imagination, the supreme delight of the immortal and the immature, should be limited. In order to enjoy life, we should not enjoy it too much.

I rebel against this state of affairs. I feel the urge to take my rebellion outdoors and picket nature. Over and over again, my mind has made colossal efforts to distinguish the faintest of personal glimmers in the impersonal darkness on both sides of my life. That this darkness is caused merely by the walls of time separating me and my bruised fists from the free world of timelessness is a belief I gladly share with the most gaudily painted savage. I have journeyed back in thought—with thought hopelessly tapering off as I went—to remote regions where I groped for some secret outlet, only to discover that the prison of time is spherical and without exits. Short of suicide, I have tried everything. I have doffed my identity in order to pass for a conventional spook and steal into realms that existed before I was conceived. I have mentally endured the degrading company of Victorian lady novelists and retired colonels who remembered having, in former lives, been slave messengers on a Roman

road or sages under the willows of Lhasa. I have ransacked my oldest dreams for keys and clues—and let me say at once that I reject completely the vulgar, shabby, fundamentally medieval world of Freud, with its crankish quest for sexual symbols (something like searching for Baconian acrostics in Shakespeare's works), and its bitter little embryos spying upon the love life of their parents.

Initially, I was unaware that time, so boundless at first blush, was a prison. In probing my childhood—which is the next best to probing one's eternity—I see the awakening of consciousness as a series of spaced flashes, with the intervals between them gradually diminishing until bright blocks of perception are formed, affording memory a slippery hold. I had learned numbers and speech more or less simultaneously, and the revelation that I was I and that my parents were my parents was directly associated with my discovering their age in relation to mine. Judging by the strong sunlight that, when I think of this revelation, immediately invades my memory with lobed sun flecks through overlapping patterns of greenery, the occasion was my father's birthday, in midsummer, in the country, and I had asked questions and had assessed the answers I received. All this is as it should be according to the theory of recapitulation; the beginning of reflexive consciousness in the brain of our remotest ancestor must surely have coincided with the dawning of the sense of time.

Thus, when the newly disclosed, fresh and green formula of my own age—three—was confronted with the parental formulas (thirty-three and twenty-seven) something happened to me. I was given a tremendously invigorating shock. As if subjected to a second baptism (on more divine lines than the Greek Orthodox ducking I had undergone only thirty-nine months before), I felt myself plunged all of a sudden into a radiant and mobile medium that was none other than the pure element of time. One shared it, just as excited bathers share shining sea water, with creatures that were not you but that were joined to you

by time's common flow, an environment quite different from the spatial one, which not only man but apes and butterflies can perceive. At that instant, I became acutely aware that the twenty-seven-year-old being, in soft white and pink, holding my left hand, was my mother, and that the thirty-three-year-old being, in hard white and gold, holding my right hand, was my father. Between them, as they evenly progressed, I strutted, and trotted, and strutted again, along the middle of a sunny path, which I easily identify today with an alley of ornamental oak trees in the park of our country estate, in the Province of St. Petersburg. Indeed, I appear to my present self as jubilantly celebrating, on that twenty-first of July, 1902, the birth of sentient life. If my left-hand-holder and my right-hand-holder had both been present before in my vague infant world, they had been so under the mask of a tender incognito, but now my father's attire, the resplendent uniform of the Horse Guards, with that smooth golden swell of cuirass burning upon his chest and back, came out like the sun, and for several years afterward I remained keenly interested in the age of my parents and kept myself informed about it, like a nervous passenger asking the time in order to check a new watch.

My father, let it be noted, had served his term of military training long before

I was born, so I suppose he had that day put on the trappings of his former regiment as a festive joke. To a joke, then, I owe my first gleam of complete consciousness — which again has recapitulatory implications, since the first creatures on earth to become aware of time were also the first creatures to smile.

IT was the primordial cave (and not what Freudian mystics might suppose) that lay behind the games I played

when I was three or four. A big cretonne-covered divan in one of the drawing rooms of our country home rises in my mind, like some massive product of a geological upheaval before the beginning of history. History begins (with the promise of fair Greece) not far from one end of this divan, where a large potted hydrangea shrub, with



pale-blue blossoms and some greenish ones, half conceals, in a corner of the room, a marble bust of Diana. On the wall against which the divan stands, another phase of history is marked by a gray engraving in an ebony frame—one of those Napoleonic-battle pictures in which the episodic and the allegoric are the real adversaries and where you see, all grouped together on the same plane of vision, a wounded drummer, a dead horse, trophies, one soldier about to bayonet another, and the invulnerable Emperor posing with his generals amid the frozen fray.

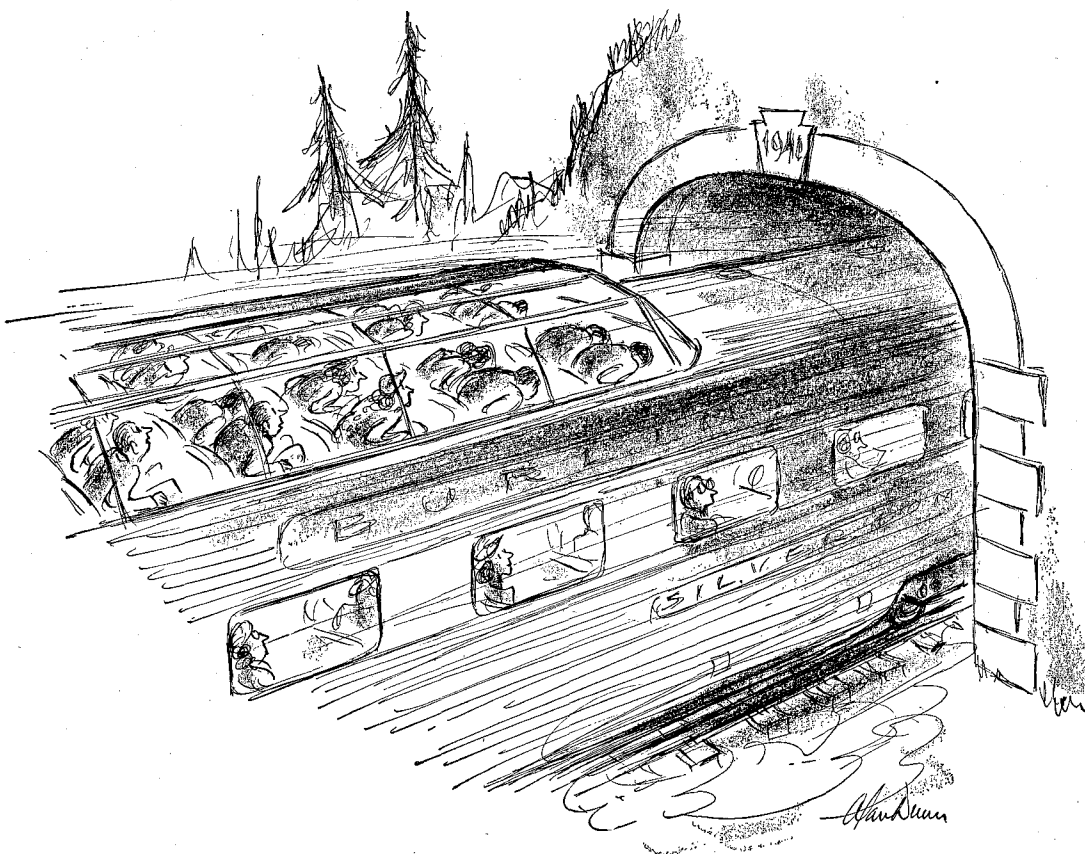
With the help of some grown-up person, who would use first both hands and then a powerful leg, the divan would be moved several inches away from the wall, so as to form a narrow passage, which I would be further helped to roof snugly with the divan's bolsters and close up at the ends with a couple of its cushions. I then had the fantastic pleasure of creeping through that pitch-dark tunnel, where I lingered a little to listen to the singing in my ears—that lonesome vibration so familiar to small boys in dusty hiding places—and then, in a burst of delicious panic, on rapidly thudding hands and knees I would reach the tunnel's far end, push its cushion away, and be welcomed by the sunshine on the polished floor and by a cloud of flowers. A dreamier and more delicate sensation was provided by another cave game, when upon awaken-

ing in the early morning I made a tent of my bedclothes and let my imagination play in a thousand dim ways with shadowy snowslides of linen and with the faint light that seemed to penetrate my penumbral covert from some immense distance, where I fancied that strange, pale animals roamed in a landscape of lakes. The recollection of my crib with its nets of fluffy cotton cords enclosing the sides, brings back, too, the pleasure of handling a certain beautiful, delightfully solid, garnet-dark crystal egg left over from some unremembered Easter; I used to chew a corner of the bedsheet until it was thoroughly soaked and then wrap the egg in it tightly, so as to watch the ruddy glitter of the snugly held object seep through, with a miraculous completeness of glow and color. And this is the closest I ever got to feeding upon beauty.

I may be inordinately fond of my earliest impressions, but then I have reason to be grateful to them. They led the way into a veritable Eden of visual and tactile sensations. One night, during a trip abroad—in 1903, I think—I recall kneeling on my pillow under the window of a sleeping car (probably on the Mediterranean Train de Luxe—the one whose cars had the lower part of their bodies painted in umber and the upper panels in white) and seeing, with an inexplicable pang, a handful of distant lights that beckoned to me

from the folds of a hill and then slipped into a pocket of black velvet. Nothing is sweeter or stranger than to ponder those first thrills. They belong to the harmonious world of a perfect childhood and, as such, possess a naturally plastic form in one's memory, which can be set down with hardly any effort; it is only starting with the recollections of one's adolescence that Mnemosyne begins to get choosy and crabbed. I would, moreover, submit that, in regard to the power to hoard up impressions, Russian children of my generation passed through a period of genius, as if destiny were loyally trying what it could for them by giving them more than their share, in view of the cataclysm that was to remove completely the world they had known. Genius disappeared when everything had been stored, just as it does with those other, more specialized child prodigies—pretty, curly-headed youngsters waving batons or taming enormous pianos, who eventually turn into second-rate musicians with sad eyes and obscure ailments and something vaguely misshapen about their eunuchoid hindquarters. But even so, the individual mystery remains to tantalize the memoirist. Neither in environment nor in heredity can I find the exact instrument that fashioned me, the anonymous roller that pressed upon my life a certain intricate watermark with a unique design, which becomes visible when the lamp of art is made to shine through life's foolscap.

TO fix correctly, in terms of time, some of my childhood recollections, I have to go by comets and eclipses, as historians do when they tackle the fragments of a saga. But in other cases there is no dearth of data. I see myself, for instance, clambering over wet black rocks at the seaside while Miss Norcott, a languid and melancholy English governess, who thinks I am following her, strolls away along the curved beach with my brother. As I crawl over those rocks, I keep repeating, in a kind of zestful, copious, and deeply gratifying incantation, the English word "childhood," which sounds mysterious and new, and becomes stranger and stranger as it gets mixed up in my small,



overstocked, hectic mind with Robin Hood and Little Red Riding Hood and the brown hoods of old hunchbacked fairies. There are dimples in the rocks, full of tepid sea water, and my magic muttering accompanies certain spells I am weaving over the tiny sapphire pools.

The place is Abbazia, on the Adriatic. About the same time, at a café in nearby Fiume, my father happened to notice, just as we were being served, two Japanese officers at a table near us, and we immediately left—not without my hastily snatching a whole *bombe* of lemon sherbet, which I carried away secreted in my aching mouth. The year was 1904. I was five. Russia was fighting Japan. With hearty relish, the English illustrated weekly *Miss Norcott* subscribed to reproduced war pictures by Japanese artists that showed how the Russian locomotives—made singularly toylike by the Japanese pictorial style—would drown if our Army tried to lay rails across the treacherous ice of Lake Baikal.

But let me see. I had an even earlier association with that war. One afternoon at the beginning of the same year, in our St. Petersburg house, I was led down from the nursery into my father's study to say how-do-you-do to a friend of the family, General Kuropatkin. To amuse me, the General spread out a handful of matches on the divan where he was sitting, placed ten of them end to end to make a horizontal line, and said, "This is the sea in calm weather." Then he tipped up each pair so as to turn the straight line into a zigzag—and that was "a stormy sea." He scrambled the matches and was about to do, I hoped, a better trick when we were interrupted. His aide-de-camp was shown in and said something to him. With a Russian flustered grunt, Kuropatkin immediately rose from his seat, the loose matches jumping up on the divan as his weight left it. That day, Kuropatkin had been ordered to assume supreme command of the Russian Army in the Far East.

This incident had a special sequel fifteen years later, when at a certain point of my father's flight from Bolshevik-held St. Petersburg to southern Russia he was accosted, while crossing a bridge, by an old man who looked like a gray-bearded peasant in his sheepskin coat. He asked my father for a light. The next moment each recognized the other. Whether or not old Kuropatkin, in his rustic disguise, managed to evade Soviet imprisonment is immaterial. What pleases me is the evo-



"Of course you understand I don't always have what I bid."

lution of the match theme: Those magic ones the General had shown me had been trifled with and mislaid, and his armies had also vanished, and everything had fallen through, like my toy trains that, in the winter of 1904-05, in Wiesbaden, I had tried to run over the frozen puddles in the grounds of the Hotel Oranien. The following of such thematic designs through one's life should be, I think, the true purpose of autobiography.

THE close of Russia's disastrous campaign in the Far East was accompanied by furious internal disorders. Undaunted by them, my mother, with her three children, returned to our country home after almost a year of foreign resorts. This was the summer of 1905. State matters required the presence of my father in the capital; the Constitutionalist Democratic Party, of which he was one of the founders, was to win a majority of seats in the first parliament the following year. During one of his short stays with us in the country, he ascertained, with patriotic dismay, that my brother and I could read and write English but not Russian. It was decided that the village schoolmaster should come every afternoon to give us lessons and take us for walks.

With a strident and merry blast from

the whistle that was part of my first sailor suit, my childhood calls me back into that distant past to have me shake hands again with my delightful teacher. He had a fuzzy brown beard and china-blue eyes. He sported a flowing black tie carelessly knotted in a bowlike arrangement. In addressing me, a small boy, he used the plural of the second person—not in the stiff way the servants did, and not as my mother would do in moments of intense tenderness, when my temperature had gone up or I had lost some little toy (as if the singular were too thin to bear the load of her love), but with the polite plainness of one man speaking to another whom he does not know well enough to use "thou" to. A fiery revolutionary (later, under Lenin's regime, to be executed with other non-Communist radicals of the Social-Revolutionary Party), he would gesture vehemently on our country rambles and speak of humanity and freedom and the badness of warfare and the sad—but interesting, I thought—necessity of blowing up tyrants, and then he would produce the then popular pacifist book "Doloy Oruzhie!," a translation of Bertha von Suttner's "Die Waffen Nieder!," and treat me, a child of six, to tedious quotations. I would try to refute them; at that tender and bellicose

age, I spoke up for bloodshed and angry defense of my world of toy pistols and Arthurian knights.

To him, in a way, I owe the ability to continue for another stretch along my private footpath, which runs parallel to the road of that troubled decade. When, in July, 1906, the Czar unconstitutionally dissolved the parliament, a number of its members, my father among them, held a rebellious session in Viborg and issued a manifesto. For this, a year and a half later, they were imprisoned. My father spent a restful, if somewhat lonesome, three months in solitary confinement, with his books, his collapsible bathtub, and his copy of J. P. Muller's manual of home gymnastics. To the end of her days, my mother preserved the letters he managed to smuggle through to her—cheerful epistles written in pencil on toilet paper. We were in the country when he regained his liberty, and it was the village schoolmaster who directed the festivities and arranged the bunting (some of it frankly red) to greet my father on his way home from the railway station. My mother and we children had gone down to the village, and it is when I recall that particular day that I see with the utmost clarity the sun-spangled river; the bridge, and the dazzling tin of a can left by a fisherman on its wooden railing; the lindentreed hill with its rosy-red church and marble mausoleum where my mother's dead reposed; the dusty road to the village; the strip of short, pastel-green grass, with bald patches of sandy soil, between the road and the lilac bushes behind which walleyed, mossy log cabins stood in a rickety row; the stone building of the new schoolhouse near the wooden old one; and, as we swiftly drove by, the little black dog with very white teeth that dashed out from among the cottages at a terrific pace but in absolute silence, saving his voice for the brief outburst he would enjoy when his muted spurt would at last bring him close to the speeding carriage.

THE old and the new, the liberal touch and the patriarchal one, fatal poverty and fatalistic wealth got fantastically interwoven in that strange first decade of our century. Several times during a summer it might happen that in the middle of luncheon, in the bright, many-windowed, walnut-panelled dining room on the first floor of our country home, Alexey, the butler, with an unhappy expression on his face, would bend over and inform my father in a low voice (especially low if we

had company) that a group of villagers wanted to see the *barin* outside. Briskly, my father would remove his napkin from his lap and ask my mother to excuse him. One of the windows at the east end of the dining room gave upon a portion of the drive near the main entrance. From that direction the courteous buzz of a peasant welcome would reach us as the invisible group greeted my invisible father. The ensuing parley, conducted in ordinary tones, would not be heard, as the windows underneath which it took place were closed to keep out the heat. It presumably had to do with a plea for his mediation in some local feud, or with some special subsidy, or with the permission to harvest some bit of our land or cut down a coveted clump of our trees. If, as usually happened, the request was at once granted, there would be again that buzz, and then, in token of gratitude, the good *barin* would



SÉANCE

Now, suddenly, the table rocks, a bell
Rings savagely, a high-pitched Cockney voice
Close to the ceiling cries, "Lor' love a duck,
But many a narsty secret I could tell."

Miss Sloane, at the piano, bangs the hymn once more;
The widow from Roslindale chokes back a sob.
In the sweating darkness we are brothers and sisters,
Nearer to terror than we'd bargained for.

It is our immense ennui, we claim, that keeps
Us here, in this rented room, with its smell of gin
And formalin, among the red serge hangings.
It is to amuse us that the table leaps.

Then why, when the bell was silent, did you press
My hand and shudder? Why, when that voice said,
"Ducky, it's love you're wanting," did you cry out,
As though I were not beside you, "Yes! Oh, yes!"

—WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

be put through the national ordeal of being rocked and tossed up and securely caught by a score or so of strong arms.

In the dining room, my brother and I would be told to go on with our food. My mother, a tidbit between finger and thumb, would glance under the table to see if her nervous and gruff dachshund was there. "*Un jour ils vont le laisser tomber*" would come from Mlle. Golay, a primly pessimistic old lady who had been my mother's governess and still dwelt with us—on awful terms with our own governesses. From my place at table I would suddenly see through one of the east windows a marvellous case of levitation. There, for an instant, the figure of my father in his wind-rippled white summer suit would be displayed, gloriously sprawling in midair, his limbs in a curiously casual attitude, his handsome, imperturbable features turned to the sky. Thrice, to the mighty heave-ho of his invisible tossers, he would fly up in this fashion, and the second time he would go higher than the first, and then there he would be, on his last and loftiest flight, reclining, as if for good, against the cobalt blue of the summer noon, like one of those paradisiac personages who comfortably soar, with such a wealth of folds in their garments, on the vaulted ceiling of a church while below, one by one, the wax tapers in mortal hands light up to make a swarm of minute flames in the mist of incense, and the priest chants of eternal repose, and funeral lilies conceal the face of whoever lies there, among the swimming lights, in the open coffin.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV



INDUSTRIAL CRISIS

Word is received at the Lord Calvert offices that Charles J. Latimer, of 221 Elm Drive, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has switched back to Four Roses.



PROFILES * *

MAESTRO ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, who has been appointed to take over next fall as full conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and who, as its co-conductor, is currently completing his first season with the organization, is a wiry, bald-headed, craggy-faced bachelor of fifty-four. He ascribes the abilities that have brought him from his native Greece to Carnegie Hall almost equally to spiritual communion with cosmic currents and hard, undeviating work. When he is conducting a symphony, his swiftly changing gestures may seem as unpremeditated as the flight of a bird, but each motion, whether fluid and sinuous or stiff and jerky, is part of a thoroughly thought-out design. "I tighten up every screw," he says. "Just like a mechanic." His treatment of each bar and phrase of a composition is as much a part of a plan as a detail drawing on a draftsman's board. But, important though such hard work is, Mitropoulos says, "Only life suffered can transform a symphony from a collection of notes into a message for humanity." He sees his own character as singularly utilitarian, in that even its most esoteric aspects have contributed to his career. He has, for example, a persistent, reflective concern as to the nature of God and the power of truth, and while this causes him occasional discomfort, it is, he believes, the source of whatever of the transcendental is to be found in his music. Every private pain he suffers, he is convinced, eventually enriches some symphonic phrase, and every personal sorrow ultimately extends the range of his communication.

Mitropoulos is as indomitably ecclesiastical in appearance as if the gold cross he always wears concealed beneath his undershirt were worn dangling outside for the world to see. Many people,

upon getting their first glimpse of him, with his gleaming, domelike bald pate and its fringe of hair, suggesting a tonsure, have exclaimed, "Why, he looks like a monk!" At times, when, for instance, he is conducting the more frenetic passages of Schoenberg's "Serenade," he looks like a mad monk tainted by a touch of satyr as he leaps and wheezes, cavorts and shakes in a prodigal frenzy of gesture,

but at other times, perhaps in some such stately work as the second movement of Beethoven's "Eroica" or the Couperin-Milhaud "Prelude and Allegro," his features take on a meditative, homely beauty and he seems withdrawn and alone, leading the orchestra not by motion but by some rare quality of private brooding.

"Art must have a moral purpose," Mitropoulos is fond of saying. Occasionally after conducting a concert, especially if he has been able to include in it at least one composition typical of the contemporary atonal school, which he considers has been unjustly attacked by the critics, he will speak of the performance not in musical terms but in sweeping abstractions, like "a great moral triumph" or "a significant spiritual victory." Sometimes—and he is perhaps the only conductor who does this—he plays a piece twice on the same program, because he realizes that it is so difficult and dissonant that the audience probably won't understand it the first time around. His admirers speak of him as if he were a combination of Beethoven and Gandhi, and they listen with equal attentiveness to his views on Schoenberg and Saint Francis of Assisi. They pay fervid tribute both to his phenomenal musical memory and to his saintliness. Whether Mitropoulos is conducting at a concert or at a rehearsal, he almost always leads without benefit of baton or score; he holds in his mind the precise nuance and inflection called for by every note in some half a hundred symphonies, each of which contains between three hundred thousand and a half million notes. It is said that he has a photographic memory, but this does not do justice to his industry. He is up at five every morning studying scores, and day and night his mind keeps running over

them. "My subconscious works on them when I sleep," he says. "When I am at a movie, I turn from a cowboy to a bar in a Strauss tone poem. When I am going up mountains"—he usually spends his summers mountain-climbing—"I hear scores all the time as I ascend."

Mitropoulos's almost invariable form of address to both men and women is "my dear." He has an intimate, caressing, furry voice, with an accent rather like that of Charles Boyer, and he is almost wholly unable to discuss a score without touching on God and time and moral purpose. He likes young people, and often, when lunching at his favorite restaurant—Beefburger Hall, across the way from his hotel, the Great Northern, on West Fifty-seventh Street—he has as guests a number of aspiring instrumentalists and conductors. "My main ambition," he told a friend recently, "is to become an example to the younger generation. I am not like a cook who wants to hide his secrets." Mitropoulos is an arresting figure at the midday Beefburger Hall gatherings, with his mobile, furrowed expanse of face, its natural sombreness periodically softened by a beatific smile, rising above the black turtle-neck sweater in which he customarily relaxes. "Only by being disinterested can you achieve," he told a typical audience there the other day. He took a bite, swallowed, and continued amiably, "If you are big, they will treat you without mercy. They will treat you," he repeated, and there came the sudden saintly smile, "absolutely without mercy. Take Christ. A holocaust of blood and sacrifice. Take Lincoln. He became a symbol of humanity because Booth shot him."

Mitropoulos paused and there was silence, as if his listeners had become hypnotized by their preceptor's throaty, foreign purr. Then someone hesitantly asked him how he manages to do so much with a score. "My secret with a score is my gift of complete absorption," he replied. "I take as long as I want, my dear. Of time and myself there is no end. I take a year if I want. During summer, in my spare time, I arrive little by little at an understanding, without forcing myself. It goes by itself. As soon as I receive any score, I put it to pieces, just as a child puts a clock to pieces. Then I put it together again. Then I know how it is made, my dear."

Not always everything fits when I put it together the first time, or the second. I may have left over Bar 155 and Bar 223. They represent bits of the clock, and I have to find where they go." Here he paused again, and then made one of the swift transitions from music to ethics that are characteristic of him and that fascinate, and sometimes bewilder, his followers. "Life is a big clock," he said. "If one part is missing, nothing works. The man who cleans the streets, the man who plays the triangle, should be proud of what he does. He is part of the glory, part of the functioning of the great clock."

Mitropoulos often feels that it may be necessary for him to suffer intensely for the cause of modern music. Some of his friends have tried to restrain him in his championship of dissonance, fearful that it may imperil his career. But if he must suffer martyrdom, Mitropoulos declares, he will embrace it. "Look at Socrates," he says. "They gave him hemlock because he maintained that there was only one God. For the chosen people," he goes on, returning to a favorite theme of his, "there can be no mercy. Their happiness is in what they are, not in what happens to them. We are once young, then we stop being young; once good-looking, and then we are not good-looking; genius, and then we are not genius. These are the laws of nature. We cannot stop somewhere for security." Mitropoulos's enthusiasm for atonal music means, he says, not that he thinks any the less of Bach and Beethoven but that he also admires the controversial contemporary compositions and feels that they are pathetically in need of staunch defenders like him. The music of the modern dissonant composers appeals to him, he ex-

plains, not simply because of its objective beauty but because he finds in it a call to struggle for a dangerous cause. Yet he tries to be moderate in his crusade, and in getting up his programs always makes a point of sandwiching a piece by Schoenberg, Křenek, Berg, Schnabel, or some other comparable modern between substantial chunks of "lollipop," as he sadly calls the overplayed classical favorites. "The programming of modern music is a problem that is solved as you solve a problem of children," he says as his massive face lights with a sardonic smile. "You try to give sugar first to cover the bitter. You have what is good

for people, but they don't know it. So you give it like castor oil between orange juice. My advice to children is too many candies spoil the stomach. So when you play something like Křenek, you put something sweet on one side and something familiar on the other." Mitropoulos thinks that out of an audience of five thousand, only a thousand will like an atonal piece, but this causes him no distress. "There are limits on how much you can go down to the public," he says. "Take Einstein. Only twelve people in the world can really understand him. Just the same, he has drawn near to the triangle player and the



"Let's get out of here before I say something I'll be sorry for."

street-cleaner. He has deepened human thought. He has thrown in a stone that creates circles on the surface of the water. They go out and out until, hours later, the shore feels the motion."

The fiscal side of music distresses Mitropoulos. The box office is apt to suffer when atonal music is played, and this makes it risky to offer such music. Last November, after conducting a concert of the International Society for Contemporary Music at the Museum of Modern Art, for which no admission was charged and at which nothing but atonal compositions were played, Mitropoulos said with satisfaction, "It was a minor moral triumph. I didn't get a cent." As a money-maker, he feels that he is too prosperous, and it bothers him. He frequently broods about it in the early-morning hours as, wrapped in a blue-monogrammed white bathrobe, he sits in the dark in the ruthlessly institutional suite of three rooms he occupies in the Great Northern, gazing out upon the view, which consists only of the dimly visible rooftops of some bedraggled brownstones and a sign reading "The Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Company." At some point in his reverie he may rise and stalk over to his desk, on which there is a picture of Saint Francis of Assisi. Seating himself before it, he lights a Camel, and, exhaling through his broad, blunt nose, reflects upon the preachings of the Saint. He has taken Saint Francis as his model.

In much the same way that Saint Francis was constantly stripping himself of everything and giving his very clothing to the poor, Mitropoulos has given away far more than he has kept of the three hundred thousand dollars (minus a single man's taxes) that he has earned in the thirteen years since he came to this country, most of them spent as conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. The recipients of his largess

are with few exceptions divinity students and young composers who are having a difficult time getting a start. Two years ago, an acquaintance of his persuaded him to invest in some bonds and annuities, and he has felt guilty about it ever since. "Why? Why? Why?" he wrote later to a friend in Greece about a man

whom he thought a genius and who had died in poverty. "Sometimes I feel ashamed to be alive with my fortunate fate when so many deserving are suffering. But," he added hopefully, "who knows what stern fate still awaits me in the future?" Although he is at the moment known to be contributing to the

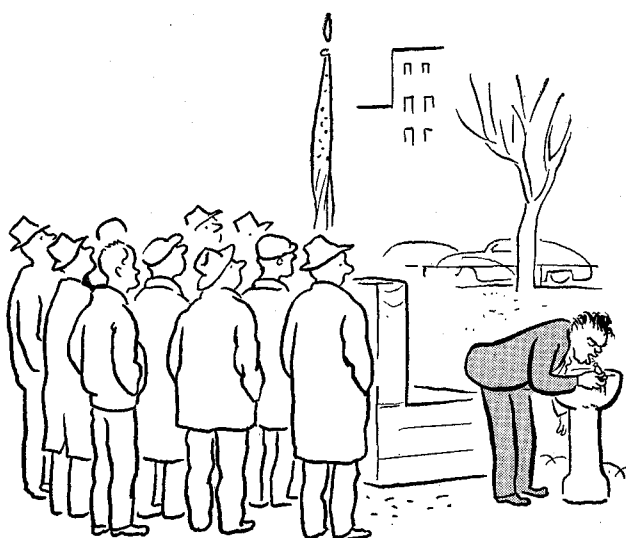
support of at least half a dozen youthful seminarians and musicians (there is, in his view, essentially little difference between the two callings), it is against his moral standards to discuss his benefactions. His face, even when it is troubled, has beneath its sombreness that serenity one observes in the faces of the blind or of those who have learned to endure sorrow or illness. When, on one occasion, a visitor to his hotel asked him about his charities, his gaunt face softened into an apologetic smile and he replied by quoting slowly from the Sermon on the Mount. "'Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them,'" he said softly, staring out at the Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Company sign, "'otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men.'" There was a moment of silence, and then Mitropoulos's slow drawl continued, "'But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'" His face had become as solemn and homely as a gargoyle's as he quoted. And then his voice trailed off, and he turned, and there was the smile again and the brightening of all his features.

IF Mitropoulos suggests a monk to people when they first meet him, it is a worldly monk he suggests when they get to know him better. Mixed with his priestly mien there is something quite secular, just as his enduring air of inno-

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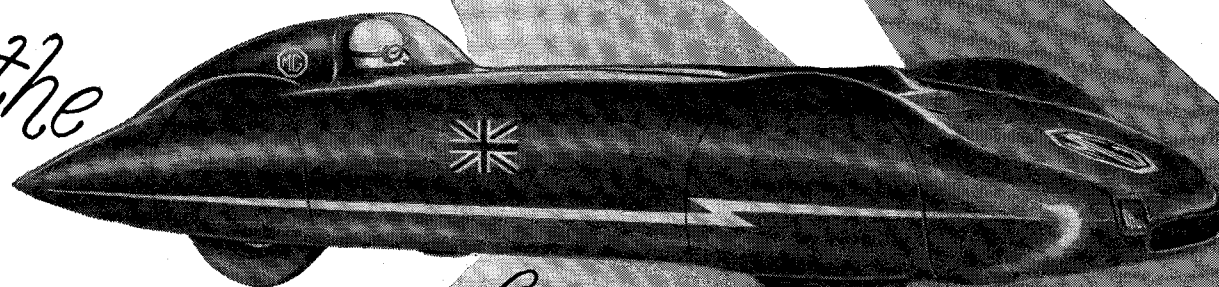
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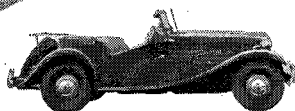


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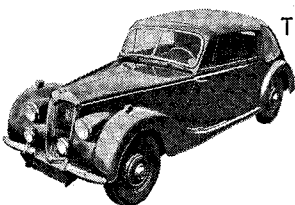
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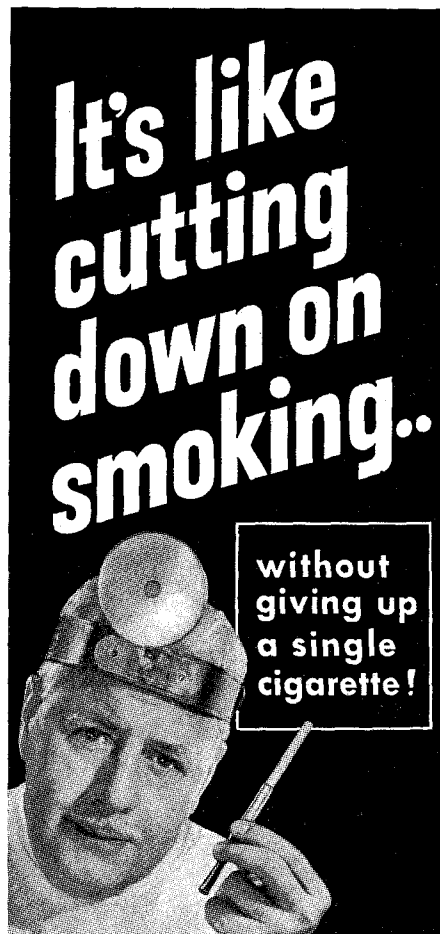
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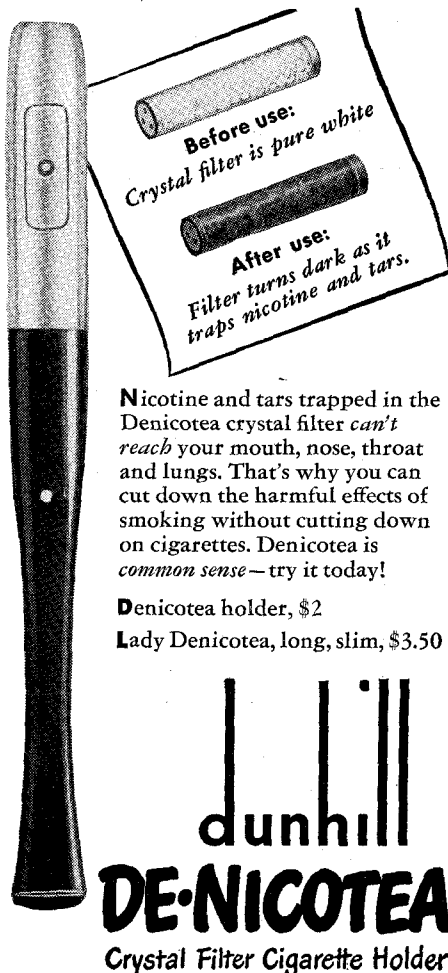
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cence, childlike and bland, yet carefully nurtured and even shrewd, has overtones of the sophisticated. His apparent naïveté sometimes shocks musically inclined dowagers, as when, in his lazy drawl, he explains to them, in startlingly explicit detail, a pet theory of his that a courtesan and a conductor have much in common. On the other hand, the preacher in him gives him a love for moral homily. "We must have spiritual athletes as well as physical athletes," he has said. "It is not right that seven-eighths of the American soul should be given to the physical. Why should a good second baseman be paid more than a good second violin? This hatred between physical man and thinking man must stop." And, again, "Classical music is important. We shouldn't hate it, and they shouldn't hate Schoenberg. What is wrong is to emphasize one thing at the expense of another." Mitropoulos's penchant for metaphysical abstractions leads him to discourse at length on the thesis that all things, great and small, past and present, and future, too, are so interdependent that they are really, in the last analysis, only one thing—God, perhaps. He has tried to join the physical and spiritual in himself by climbing mountains, and believes that he has succeeded to a marked degree. More than once, he has made up his mind how to interpret a composition while standing on the top of a mountain, where, he says, he feels close to God. Mountain-climbing also furthers his predisposition toward ethical aphorism, and he has been known to say, in speaking of a task confronting him, "Every mountain has beauty, regardless of its altitude," and "To every man, his own mountain to climb." The iconoclasm embedded in his piety often surprises even his friends. Last spring, upon reading, during a recess in a rehearsal, of some bandits who had robbed a bank, he exclaimed, "How brave! How fearless! How I admire them!"

"Maestro," asked a tuba player, "would you admire me more if I robbed a bank?"

"Well, no," Mitropoulos replied gently. "But I would be more interested in you."

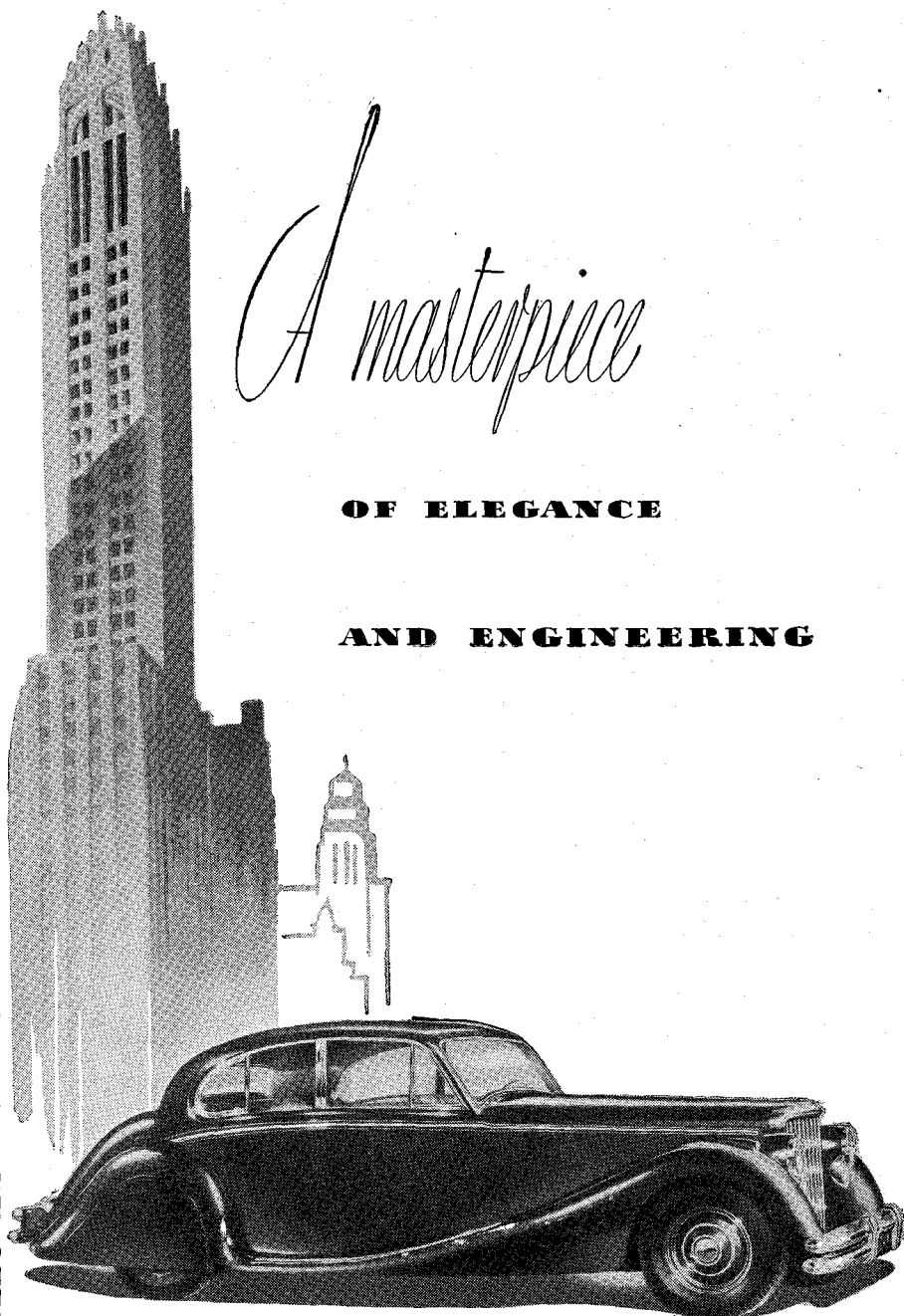
Mitropoulos likes to think of himself as a hardy athlete, particularly when it comes to mountain-climbing, but Ray Garner, of Brooklyn, a friend of his who makes a profession of climbing mountains and then lecturing about them, draws a somewhat different picture of him. Garner, a grandiloquent, rosy-faced young man who shares Mi-

tropoulos's mystical feeling about mountains, has had reason to wish that the conductor would take mountain-climbing less seriously, but better than most men he understands why there is little likelihood that he ever will. "A mountain is trying to kill you all the time," Garner told a group of Mitropoulos admirers the other day. "Why does the Maestro risk that priceless neck of his, that peerless brain that can bring deathless music out of a hundred men?" And he answered himself triumphantly, "Because a mountain is not a pile of rock but a spiritual challenge. Because the Maestro is seeking God." With this, Garner produced a snapshot of Mitropoulos, Mrs. Garner, and himself eating beans on the snowy summit of the Grand Teton, a thirteen-thousand-seven-hundred-and-sixty-six-foot spiritual challenge in Wyoming. "I remember that day," Garner said when he had passed the photograph around among his listeners. "The Maestro felt he could reach out like this"—Garner reached out—"and touch the infinite. One does not conquer a mountain," he went on in a tone reminiscent of the subject of his monologue. "One conquers oneself. We see the naked man. I saw the Maestro in his hour of trial and I saw greatness."

Garner went on to say that the Maestro's hour of trial—several hours of trial, in fact—occurred three years ago when, at the age of fifty-one, he attempted "the high adventure of climbing the American Matterhorn, the Grand Teton—the epic of man against mountain." After allowing time for this to sink in, Garner continued, "For the first few thousand feet, the Maestro ran ahead like a mountain goat. He really wasn't in very good condition for that sort of climbing, since he'd been exercising mostly near sea level. And he was carrying a heavy pack. At ten thousand feet, his legs began to cramp inside the thighs. He kept struggling ahead, but he was in agony. At one point, as we were crossing a dangerous crevasse—I was ahead of him then—he started to slip. There was a thirty-five-hundred-foot sheer drop below him. My wife, who was behind, managed to help him keep his balance. He turned to her and said, 'My dear, I wish you could have just once seen me on the podium.' But we succeeded in getting him across, and it was then that I saw the man. I saw sheer courage, but I also saw that he couldn't make it to the top. I practically had to fight him to make him turn back. He was broken-hearted. But the next morning he was out with

rope and axe, practicing on cliffs. For a whole week, he worked out ten hours every day, conditioning himself. At the end of that time, he had won the battle of man against mountain and we were eating beans on the summit of the Grand Teton."

MUSICIANS of long experience who have played under Mitropoulos say that they find him more agreeable to work with than many other conductors, because there is nothing of the prima donna about him. When he is conducting, his attitude is always one of respect—respect for the music being played and for the men playing it. Many conductors cultivate the manner of a *grand seigneur* and live severely aloof from their men, travelling alone in a drawing room when on the road, but Mitropoulos rides with his men—the triangle player, the drummers, and all the rest—and carries his toilet articles in a knapsack that he uses for a pillow in emergencies. During a rehearsal, he is likely to minimize his own role by saying to strings, perhaps, or to percussion, "You are the conductor here. You don't need me," or to the timpani player, "You are more important than me here. You set the pace." He believes that a conductor should be an actor as well as an interpreter, and this may well account for the exceptional range and virtuosity of his gestures. (Once, to conduct Stravinsky's already unconventional "Story of a Soldier," he even went so far as to dress in the fatigue uniform of a G.I. and then literally acted as he led, at one point sitting down and drinking from a can, and at another sprawling on a bench to indicate complete exhaustion, and all the while making the orchestra respond to his will.) In the course of a single selection, it is not uncommon for him to pass from frantic gyrations, which are accompanied by a resonant buzz issuing from deep down in his chest, to a state of quiet, lofty triumph, during which he seems lost in thought and only his expressive hands appear to be aware of the music. Sometimes, on the podium, he is dainty and fey, sometimes fiercely compelling, sometimes supplicating, his hands pressed against his chest as if in anguished entreaty; and sometimes he leads by a kind of insane stamping, his bald head wildly bobbing, his body, above his frenzied feet, a stiff, straight line, rhythmically vibrating, shuddering, shaking. Again, he will swoop forward until he is almost kneeling, and then indicate rising tension or sonority by bringing his body upward by slow de-



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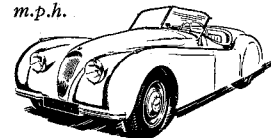
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greets, as if he were illustrating the construction of a building, story by story, higher and higher. During pianissimos, he often extends his left hand, palm upward, and weaves the air above it with his right, while a little smile, proud and remote, lights his face.

At rehearsals, of which there are ordinarily four before each regular weekly program, Mitropoulos is jealous of time and seldom wastes an instant. He combines a practical, businesslike directness with an almost holy regard for the music being rehearsed. Usually, as a rehearsal gets under way, the orchestra can scarcely complete a bar without being interrupted by its conductor, who claps his hands to call for silence, or beats his chest, as a teacher might rap on a desk, producing a hollow, drumlike rumble of such volume that the music is stilled. "Jeh-men, jeh-men," he may say. "No crescendo so soon, please." Or he may ask gently for "a light, bouncing bow," or implore "No vibrato, jeh-men, please!," or shout "*Molto! Molto!*," or whisper "*Piano!*," or sing a bar or two in a plain, slightly nasal but not unpleasant chant to indicate his concept of how a passage should be played.

During a recent rehearsal of the second movement of the "Eroica," the orchestra had been playing less than a minute when Mitropoulos clapped his hands and said, "Jeh-men, a dead sound is important. No vibrations, please. Absolutely dead." The players resumed, and a moment later he broke in with "Is it *no* possible, jeh-men, to be *quieter*? Even if you don't like it? Just for me? Now try it again, absolutely without any emphasis. Dead." The orchestra tried it, and this time Mitropoulos thumped on his chest. "Not so fast," he said. "So we can accelerate later. Let's take the fourth bar, slow, dead. Otherwise, jeh-men, there's no justification for later passages." He sang to illustrate what he wanted, and then added, "Now here, gradual descent and then trumpets." Of the next try, he said, "I hear a luscious sound all over the place. A dead sound is important. Everything shouldn't be singing. The dead tone is just as important. Everybody plays fortissimo and there is no effect." The orchestra struggled again, and had played a bar or two more when he called, "Jeh-men, jeh-men, please! Not such tremendous chords. The same dynamics exactly. So let's take that phrase diminuendo for eight beats. Don't make it too soon." Another try, and another clapping of hands. "May I ask you, jeh-men?" he said. "I want to carry that legato. Let it slide a little,

so you don't feel the eighths. Do not try to make a run. Please stay *piano*!" He sang a few bars. "Just absolutely in tempo. I feel it yet is not quite right. And may I ask you a favor on the eleventh bar? Do it like this." He sang once more. "Understand what I mean? The bar drops down a little and now we establish color. All right, everybody!" After another four or five bars, he brought the men up short once more. "Ah, there we are!" he said with satisfaction. "A new note of vibrato."

On evenings when he is to conduct a concert, Mitropoulos changes to white tie and tails in his hotel and walks to Carnegie Hall, less than a block from his hotel. If he is early, he may dictate a few letters in his dressing room to his secretary, Faith Reed, before he goes out and mounts the podium. At the conclusion of the first selection, he leaves the stage as the applause breaks out and hurries to the wings, where Miss Reed is waiting for him, a glass of water in one hand, a lighted cigarette in the other. He takes a gulp and a swift puff, and darts back to the podium for a bow. If the applause is sustained, he is much more relaxed when, a moment later, he returns to the wings. He takes two or three puffs this time, exhaling luxuriously through his nostrils, before returning to the still-applauding audience. The cigarette and the sip of water are repeated at intervals throughout the concert. Sometimes, in his dressing room, after a symphony that he has interpreted with such profligate energy that he appeared to be in danger of doing himself bodily harm, his friends express worry that such violent exertions may impair his health. To this he replies, "Even at my most wild, my dear, it is only acting. Look at me," he adds, vigorously thumping his chest. "Do I look exhausted?"

Immediately after an evening concert, having, unless trapped by circumstances, declined all invitations, Mitropoulos walks down Fifty-seventh Street to his hotel, and is in bed by midnight. Up before sunrise, he goes without breakfast and studies scores until ten or so. Then, if it is a rehearsal day, he returns to Carnegie Hall for a session that begins at ten and lasts until one, when he goes over to the Beefburger for his first meal of the day. After that, unless another rehearsal intervenes, he takes a nap for an hour or two, and then answers correspondence until six or seven, or practices on the grand piano that stands in one corner of his living room. He has dinner, also at the Beefburger, whether he is conducting

that evening or not. "I eat before a concert," he says, "just like another man might go to a bar and relax."

Mitropoulos usually is in no hurry to read the notices of his concerts. When he gets around to doing so, he is almost certain to find some mention of his "clarity and grasp." He gets his share of commendation from the critics, who, even if they do not always approve of his interpretations or of his persistence in presenting atonal music, generally admire him for his gift of synthesizing specific and precise ideas about a composition's every bar or phrase into a compact whole—"architecture in sound," he likes to call it. It is the contemporary composers, of course, who are highest in their praise of Mitropoulos. Some of them extol him to the extent of declaring that they never actually understand their own works until they have heard them interpreted by him. Morton Gould is one of these. "A composer's idea of his own work is not necessarily the correct one," he says. "Take my own compositions. They are very American, very idiomatic, and Dimitri, a Greek, ought not to be able to understand them. I always think of him as a Greek Orthodox priest. He is his own island and very lonely—a very lonely man, really. But he understands my work better than I do. Take my Concerto for Orchestra—eighteen minutes, pretty complicated, very idiomatic. The last movement is based on a boogie-woogie pattern, highly stylized and with certain American subtleties of rhythm. I guest-conducted it myself with the Boston Symphony, and I had an awful lot of trouble with it. I couldn't make it come off, especially the last movement. I thought I had written it wrong. Then Mitropoulos was doing it in Minneapolis. Just for the hell of it, I jumped on a train and went out there. Here he was conducting my own work, without a score, and suddenly I heard it the way I had intended it. He had solved the problems. I couldn't give the



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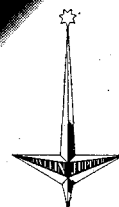
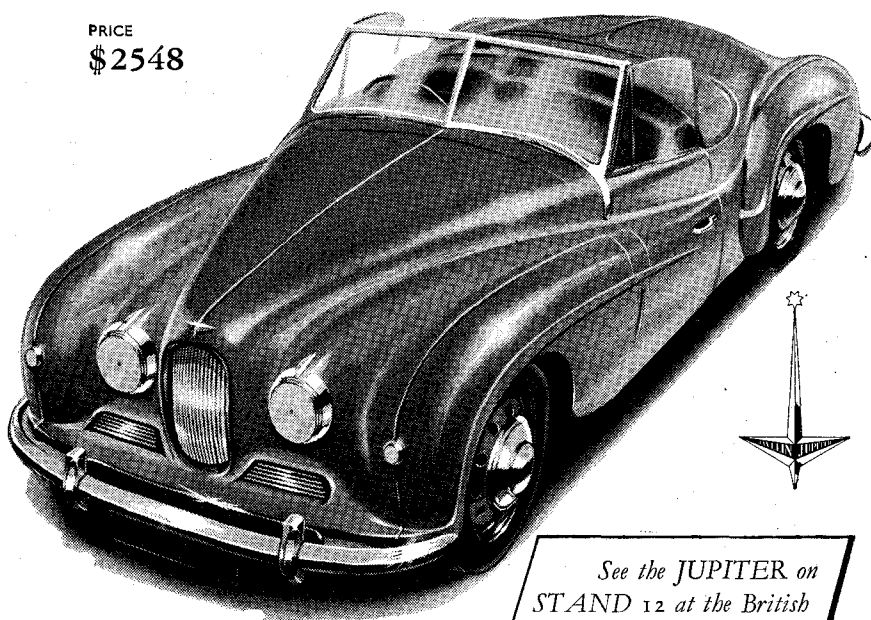
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last movement any positive profile until I heard him, and then it became clear."

SOMETIMES when Mitropoulos is on the podium, so deftly controlling the tide of sound with his hands that to the uninitiated in the audience it seems to swell spontaneously to incredible volume, he finds, he says, that he is thinking of himself as a point in time and visualizing the years receding behind him: the years spent in rehearsing, the years spent in memorizing scores—all the years spent in preparation for this moment. The vision takes him back to the age of seven, when, in Athens, he was given his first piano lesson. He was born there on February 18, 1896, a member of a rugged family. He likes to talk about his paternal grandmother, who gave birth to his father while she was out in the woods alone one day gathering firewood, and then, after strapping a bundle of fagots on her back, took the baby in her arms and walked a mile uphill to her home. When she was eighty, she was given a pound of plums, a fruit she had never seen before, and ate them, pits and all. "My mother cried, 'She will die! She will die!'" Mitropoulos says. "Of course she will die. But she lived ten years more." Mitropoulos suspects that he inherited a tendency to combine spirituality with practicality from his paternal grandfather, who was a priest in the Greek Orthodox Church and spent much of his time blessing houses as an antidote for bedbugs, contriving as he did so to sneak in a pinch or two of insecticide.

From the first, Mitropoulos divided his loyalty between music and religion. His father, a leather merchant who had once considered entering the priesthood, encouraged his son to devote his life to holiness. Shortly after the boy began taking piano lessons, he decided that he would become a monk and a composer. "Our house was always filled with monks and priests," he says. "One of my great-uncles was an archbishop." His father, he believes, was responsible not only for helping him to look at art in a religious way but for giving him the conviction that goodness bears its own penalty. Mitropoulos sees the apotheosis of this conviction in the manner of his father's death. In 1921, when the Turks expelled some two million Greeks from Asia Minor, and the port of Smyrna was filled with wretched refugees, the elder Mitropoulos left his home and business to go to their aid. He served as a kind of unofficial priest, comforting the dying and ministering to

the sick. He was finally jailed, and died in his cell of the plague. "My father was a good man," Mitropoulos says solemnly, as if the adjective were completely and explicitly descriptive. "That is what he was," he adds, as if giving the man's occupation.

During his boyhood, Mitropoulos was a frequent visitor to monasteries around Athens and one on Mount Athos where two of his uncles were monks. On a number of occasions, he led a group of youngsters in his neighborhood to a deserted monastery, where he pretended to serve Mass and his friends acted first as his acolytes and then as his congregation while he preached what he describes as "rather mystical sermons." He presently abandoned the idea of becoming a monk, because the Greek Church forbids the use of musical instruments in its rituals. At twelve, after graduating from elementary school, he entered the Athens Conservatory, where he received instruction in composition from Armand Marsick, then the conductor of the Athens Symphony Orchestra, and also studied piano. Two years later, he began composing background music for the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. "I know 'Electra' just like an American might know the story of Huck Finn," he says. "It is the story of my people. It is in my blood."

In 1919, at the age of twenty-three, Mitropoulos wrote an opera called "Sister Beatrice," which was performed at the conservatory. Among those who attended the production was Camille Saint-Saëns, the venerable French composer, who wrote an appreciative piece about it for a Paris paper. He also offered to take Mitropoulos to Paris with him for further study, but César Thomson, a Belgian concert violinist, had already arranged to send the young man to Brussels and then on to Berlin on a scholarship. In Berlin, Mitropoulos entered a class in musical composition taught by Ferruccio Busoni, of Bach-Busoni transcriptions fame, and was also appointed assistant leader of the Berlin State Opera. He found conducting more to his liking than composing and was happy to accept when, in 1924, the Athens Symphony proposed that he become its permanent conductor. Although only twenty-eight at the time of his return home, he filled this position so capably that word of his abilities soon spread through the musical centers of Europe. He first achieved real renown, however, in 1930, when he returned to Germany and made his début with the Berlin Philharmonic as guest conductor of and soloist in Pro-

kofiev's Third Piano Concerto. The debut as soloist came about accidentally, when Egon Petri, the pianist who had been engaged for the concert, became ill at the last moment. The performance established Mitropoulos as one of the few conductors who can successfully lead an orchestra from the piano, and he has frequently repeated the feat in presenting the Prokofiev Concerto, as well as works of Brahms, Franck, and such moderns as Ravel, Aubert, Křenek, Milhaud, Malipiero, and Respighi. Mitropoulos's Berlin debut added a touch of the spectacular to his growing reputation for musicianship of unusual integrity, and as a result he was invited to appear as guest conductor of symphony orchestras in Paris, Rome, London, Brussels, Moscow, and a number of other large cities. He first visited the United States in 1936, on the invitation of Serge Koussevitzky, to act as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony. He made such a favorable impression that the following year he was offered the job of conducting the Minneapolis Symphony. Bidding goodbye to Athens and the musicians he had led there for twelve years, he accepted the post.

BEFORE signing a contract with the Minneapolis Symphony, Mitropoulos said to the backers of that organization, "I can either kiss the ladies' hands and go to all the parties and give you a bad orchestra or not kiss the ladies' hands and go to no parties and give you a good orchestra." He signed for twenty-five thousand dollars a year, after being assured that Minneapolis wanted a good orchestra. Five years later, he was offered a five-thousand-dollar increase but refused it. He felt that it might obligate him to adopt the management's fairly conservative viewpoint or otherwise compromise him in his efforts to give Minneapolis music that was beneficial to its soul but might be hard on its ears and therefore hard on box-office receipts. Some of the atonal symphonies he included in his programs were by composers so little known that their works had never been published. In an effort to avoid controversy, Mitropoulos took to personally paying to have their music copied for the ninety members of his orchestra, in the hope that the management wouldn't mind the tricky numbers so much if they involved no additional cost. Occasionally, he would also pay for the extra rehearsals required to familiarize the orchestra with new music. Once, it cost him nine hundred of his own dollars to introduce a sym-

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phony. "These composers would never be played unless the cost of copying was paid by someone else," he says. "I do not present myself as a martyr in this. It is simply that I prefer an expensive musical life to dinner at an exclusive restaurant. I prefer paying for two extra harps, if a score calls for them, to paying seventy-five dollars for an evening in the night clubs."

As it turned out, Minneapolis was delighted with Mitropoulos. Instead of rebelling against the difficulty of the programs he offered and becoming offended by his ascetic regimen, which kept him away from most of its social functions, its citizens crowded his concerts. They were set agog by the news that he had moved into a single room in a dormitory at the University of Minnesota—a room just large enough for a piano, a shelf of books on Indian mysticism and certain of the Christian martyrs, a battered trunk, and an iron cot. They were pleased with the report, which was correct at the time, that he drank two raw eggs from their shells for breakfast, and they liked the religious aspect of his nature so well that there was scarcely a Sunday evening when he was in town that he did not address some church group. The rumor went around that he was really a monk and had taken the vow of celibacy because of unrequited love; only in this way could his admirers explain his comparative indifference to the charms of Minneapolis ladies and to the parties they vainly invited him to. He did, upon his arrival, have to attend a welcoming reception, and he made out rather poorly at it. He tried to compliment one matron by telling her, after fingering the fabric of her dress, "It's just like my bathrobe," and he assured another, in praising the classic lines of her gown, "You look like an old Greek woman."

Mitropoulos was as enthusiastic about Minneapolis as Minneapolis was about him. From time to time, he gave talks on atonal music to the Rotary Club and the Lions Club, working in a generous number of moral aphorisms. He bought a sleek blue Cadillac coupé and an assortment of blue sports clothes, and mastered American slang well enough to tell a reporter who asked him why he had never married, "I am a lonely wolf." He became naturalized, and developed a passion for cowboy movies, sometimes going on a single spree to as many as three programs, each a double-feature. Yet perhaps the pace told on him a little, for on the eve of his departure from Minneapolis he wrote to a friend, "I was expected

to be a part of the community, to serve it, and to become a jolly good fellow. By hard work I did, by God, become a living personality among the citizens of Minneapolis, although they did have to swallow contemporary music. Still, I am glad I am leaving before I did permanently assimilate the face of the jolly good fellow mentioned above."

Mitropoulos won the hearts of many of the undergraduates at the university when they read in a newspaper that he had visited what was described as "a low dive" to hear the late Fats Waller play boogie-woogie. When someone who felt that Mitropoulos had acted in a way not consonant with the dignity of a great conductor reproved him, he said loftily, "I was not ashamed to be there." Thus encouraged, some of the students invited him to a concert of their own, in which the climactic number was a boogie-woogie piece called "Beat Me, Dimitri." Six students sang:

A certain maestro on a concert job
 Has got to cater to the long-haired mob.
 He likes to get some boogie-woogie kicks
 But Bach and boogie-woogie just don't mix.
 So when no one's about, the boys sing out,
 And "Beat Me, Dimitri," are the words they shout.

Rising in response to this, Mitropoulos indicated that he was slightly pained, not by the sentiment, it developed, but by the execution. "I am deeply touched," he said in his richly modulated voice. "But only—I have noticed this. It is necessary to play funny music in a serious way or else it isn't funny any more. You see what I mean? It can be a funny thing if its funniness is taken seriously. What I heard today—it wasn't good. First, it wasn't well enough arranged for instruments. It could have been done better. Second, it was done a little superficially. I am sorry to tell you this, but I had to as an artist."

The Minneapolis Orchestra, which was founded in 1903 and is one of the thirty-two major symphony orchestras in the United States, has always ranked high (though never as high as those of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cleveland), but it has also always had a hard time getting along on a budget that runs to about three hundred thousand dollars a year. (The Philharmonic's annual budget, by way of contrast, is over a million.) Mitropoulos wanted to meet the deficit by playing on street corners and passing the hat, like a Salvation Army band, but he was talked out of it. Despite frequent embarrassment because of lack of funds, the orchestra under his

conducting achieved such a sense of ensemble that it became increasingly respected in musical circles throughout the nation. Mitropoulos was more and more sought after as a guest conductor and was repeatedly acclaimed for his leading of the New York Philharmonic, the N.B.C. Symphony, and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

In December, 1948, Mitropoulos was invited to come to New York to share the leadership of the Philharmonic with Leopold Stokowski during the 1949-50 season, at a salary of \$2,500 a week for a ten-week stint. Since 1946, when the Philharmonic's board of directors broke with its then conductor, Artur Rodzinski, the orchestra had been relying on guest conductors and it was now proposed to make a cautious start toward remedying the situation by splitting the job between two men. Mitropoulos's friends advised him not to accept the offer. In his Minneapolis post, they said, he was practically assured of life tenure; conditions in the Philharmonic were unstable and muddled, and its future policies were yet to be agreed on. Moreover, they pointed out, since he was being offered a contract for only half a season and it might not be renewed, he would, by accepting, run the risk of giving up a lifetime job for a few weeks in a more exalted position. Mitropoulos was uncertain himself at first, but he presently began to murmur about every man's having his own mountain to climb and about the chosen few who cannot ask for mercy, and after several weeks of soul-searching he decided to make the switch. During the season now coming to a close, he and Stokowski have worked amicably as co-conductors of the Philharmonic, each taking charge for ten weeks. Last December, however, Stokowski decided that, in view of other commitments, he would be unable to continue with the orchestra next winter, and Mitropoulos was appointed full director for 1950-51, at a salary of \$30,000.

THE last concert of the Minneapolis 1948-49 season was an emotional affair. At the end of a tremendous ovation that went on and on, dying away time and again only to be resumed with fresh vigor, Mitropoulos began to speak. His words were taken down by a stenographer. They reflect a good deal of the man.

"My friends," he said, his bald head gleaming under the lights, his voice slow and throaty and pleasantly foreign. "My friends, I feel sad but also I feel contented. I have given you the

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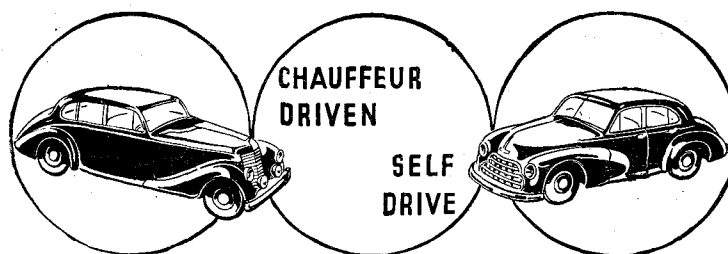
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best years of my life, and I did that with love. And what is more amazing in the history of humanity is that all of you did recognize it and you honored me with more than I really deserved. And also you loved me, I am sure. My going now does not matter, because I know that you have something of my blood in you and it will go on with you even when I am not here. You helped me grow and you did grow with me and I am sure that my message will continue in spite of me going away. And fortunately the inexorable laws of destiny for the chosen people—they have to follow their duties and not their hearts' desires. So I am going someplace where I don't know if I am going to be happy but I have to go. I have to climb the mountain that is expected from me, to climb more until the moment I will just from there go like everybody else to find our common Father—maybe in Heaven.

"And also now, to my friends, colleagues in the orchestra, I want to say that those years for me—they were all like my kids—I was their father and we loved each other. And please, if I sometimes have been harsh to some of them, please forgive me. So also to you: If I have ever hurt you with some modern compositions, I hope you will not have it—will not keep it in mind, because I have to do it, you see. And besides being a friend of yours and an entertainer, I had some duties also toward art that I could not miss.

"So I think that is enough. I keep you all here so late—but I tell you, so long. And God be always with you."

—RICHARD O. BOYER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Not Good Enough



"TURANDOT," Puccini's last and, in many respects, most absorbing opera, was presented here last week for the first time in twenty years. The American premiere was in 1926, so it is obvious that the work has not had much of a career in this country. It is just as obvious that the present revival, at the City Center, is not going to alter this situation greatly. The New York City Opera Company production is an exuberant one, and that's partly the trouble with it. The chorus is too large, and chokes the stage in the frequent mob scenes; the scenery and some of the costumes are too gaudy and distracting; the music, both vocal and orchestral, is too noisy; the lighting is primitive; and the two principals in the first performance lacked distinction. Since Turandot is easily one of the most distinguished heroines in Italian opera, this last deficiency was, in the case of the female lead, a serious one.

The director, Vladimir Rosing, wrote in a program note that "the interesting problems of the production from the staging standpoint have been to discover the right stylization which would blend into an artistic unity reality and unreality, truth and fantasy, realism and mysticism." He's absolutely right, and he didn't find it. Puccini's final work, unlike "La Bohème," "Madame Butterfly," or "Tosca," is not revealed simply by placing some competent singers in realistic surroundings and letting the swiftly flowing melodies carry the story along. "Turandot" is an operatic fairy tale (of Chinese origin), and it combines a cool rigidity of form with ardent emotions. (A princess, cold and lovely, will yield herself only to the suitor who can answer three riddles; the losers are decapitated. An unknown prince comes along, passes the test, and, after some hedging on the girl's part, wins her and her affection.) It has enchantment, remoteness, and unreality, and at the same time a triumphant urgency, as if, every so often, it were bursting through into the present. This double impression is undoubtedly the one the composer wanted to create, and musically it offered the only way a man like Puccini could tell the story, since the exquisite detachment of, say, a Debussy had no place in his makeup. In "Turandot," Puccini mixed musical in-

fluences—Chinese, Italian, and even Russian—but he also fused them, it seems to me, in such a manner that the score has a brilliant theatrical unity and logic. There is no want of melody, but Puccini went farther in it than in any of his previous operas toward a rich dramatic expression. He was, I feel, completely successful with the score, but he posed a tremendous problem for any company staging the opera.

The difficulty of making this production as persuasive physically as it is musically is intensified by the need for a beautiful, commanding figure in the name part, and one, moreover, possessed of a marvellous singing voice. Dragica Martinis, the Yugoslavian soprano who sang the first performance at the City Center, is not the girl. Short and rather lacking in physical authority, she was far from being the princess, and her voice was not expressive enough. Giulio Gari, who played the prince, has a good, strong tenor, but he did too much bellowing. Dorothy MacNeil, in the sympathetic and delightfully written part of Liu, was extremely attractive, and she sang and acted with modest charm. Richard Wentworth was a substantial King Timur, father of the prince. The fussy ministers—Ping, Pang, and Pong—were played with little character by Lawrence Winters, Luigi Vellucci, and Nathaniel Sprinzena, respectively. Edwin Dunning, as the Emperor, and Arthur Newman, as the Mandarin, completed the list of players. The orchestra, led by Laszlo Halasz, played uneasily.

I am probably more disappointed than I should be by this rendering of "Turandot," because I believe the opera has an important relation to our own maturing lyric theatre. It may be that when the popular musical theatre here is a little more advanced, "Turandot," perhaps in an English translation, will have the inspired production and the success that it deserves. At any rate, I would say that Puccini alone of all the bygone composers of opera can, through his unique mastery of the stage, satisfy intelligent theatregoers today and provide the link with the operatic past that must be provided before our lyric theatre can finally come into its own.

JUST to see what the boys in what is called "progressive jazz" have been accomplishing lately, I attended the first of last weekend's two Carnegie Hall concerts given by the Stan Kenton Or-

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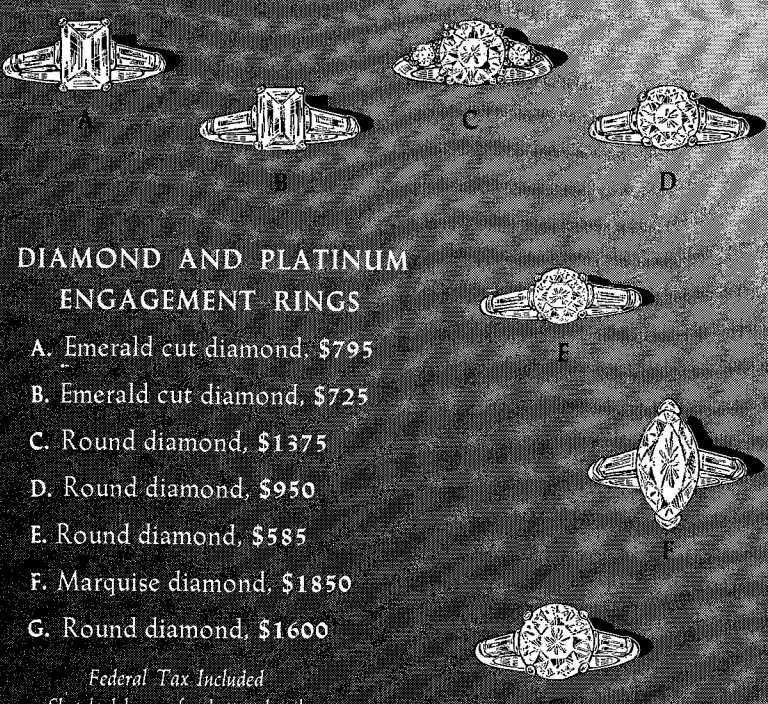
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chestra. The program consisted of a series of short, nervous, inconsequential orchestral works and was called "Innovations in Modern Music—for 1950." The innovations were these. The musicians—forty in all, counting the leader—took their places in groups, mostly of five, walking onstage in single file. They wore light-gray, ill-fitting trousers with wide stripes of satin tape up the sides, like those on a bellhop's trousers; dark, oversize jackets in the grotesque Broadway-drape style; white shirts; and narrow gray silk ties and pocket handkerchiefs. Kenton—a gangling fellow dressed much like the others, but more neatly, and with blue pants instead of gray ones—introduced the pieces over a microphone (there were lots of microphones), speaking in a strange, unpunctuated, polysyllabic sort of chant. He occasionally sat down, his back to the audience, at a grand piano, which was centrally placed, to bounce his long legs up and down and, apparently, to play notes; they could not be heard often, however, because of the din set up by his men. He introduced the soloists—a trumpet player who was able to keep his instrument in such a high register that it sounded unpleasantly like a child's whistle, a conga drummer whose drum kept slipping out from between his legs, and others. Just before the finish of each piece, Kenton would swing around to the audience, a look of open-mouthed pleasure on his face, and spread his arms, evoking instantaneous applause. Several brooding and unjazz-like works were played, but the applause was greatest after the loudest and the most rhythmic offerings. The audience was a youthful one, and many of its male members affected attire similar to that of Kenton and wore their hair in the same long, carefully brushed style. Before the concert, I noticed a youth next to me reading the "special" program book that was hawked in loud, threatening voices by men in the lobby, who carefully avoided mention of the house programs that were handed out inside by the ushers. The young man was looking with curiosity at an article credited to Kenton and breezily entitled "What's With Modern Music?" Having heard the Kenton demonstration, I'm more in the dark than ever. What's with you, Stan boy?

—DOUGLAS WATT

He was born in Ensenada, Mexico, while his parents, both English subjects, were touring the United States.—*San Diego Journal*.

Good a time as any.

THE RACE TRACK

Warmup Gallop



THE big event last week—for this department, at any rate—was the return of Hill Prince to Jamaica, and it is good to be able to report that it was worth waiting for. Not only did he win the Experimental Free Handicap No. 1, the first of the season's more important races for three-year-olds, but the way he won it left most of us who saw him run that afternoon rather breathless and dazed. Nobody's complaining, mind you, but I didn't cool out for hours.

It's difficult to know where to begin talking about Hill Prince and where to end. Perhaps I should say first off that he was even more of a picture horse last week than he was when I saw him in Virginia last month, and last month he looked, as the horsemen say, good enough to eat. Also, he was well behaved the day of the Experimental, and wasn't noticeably nervous at saddling time. It was generally agreed, though, that he carried his habit of starting slowly almost too far. For the first three furlongs of the race, which was at six furlongs, he was nearly a dozen lengths behind the leaders and apparently hopelessly outdistanced. Then he turned on a burst of speed reminiscent of Stymie's best efforts (a clocker who timed Hill Prince individually said he ran one furlong in eleven seconds) and won handily, by more than a length. Later, Arcaro, who rode him, remarked, "He was as good as he was last year, and that's saying something." Incidentally, it is my guess that Arcaro will ride Hill Prince in the Kentucky Derby. As for the others in the Experimental, Starecase, a fast trick, was second and Case-mate, the only horse who ever beat Hill Prince, was third. Guillotine finished sixth, and in extenuation of his performance I would say that he didn't like the muddy track. His full brother, Blue Border, didn't run well in that sort of going—or in any other.

I confess that I was a little worried when Hill Prince got away slowly and was far behind in the early part of the Experimental, for I more or less shot the works in praise of him some weeks ago, and I had an ominous feeling that I would be held to account. After watching the race, I am perfectly willing to take my share of the responsibility for having sponsored him. It would be all right with me, though, if he could be

kept under glass and taken out only to run for the longer Experimental Free Handicap No. 2 on Saturday, the Wood Memorial Stakes the following week-end, and the Kentucky Derby, because there are so many things that can happen to a racer in training and so many things he mustn't do. He mustn't start coughing or run a temperature. (A lot of horses at Belmont have the snuffles right now.) He mustn't show any ill effects after his gallops. Particularly, he mustn't go lame. He mustn't lose appetite—But I could go on with this endlessly. Frankly, I don't envy Christopher Chenery, who owns Hill Prince, or Casey Hayes, who trains him, the nervous strain they're going to be under the next few weeks. On second thought, I do; it would be worth it to have such a colt.

Anyhow, bookmakers in the Middle West have cut the odds on Hill Prince to 7-2 and made him co-favorite with Oil Capitol in their Kentucky Derby future books. And, speaking of betting, feminists who are thinking of backing Bed o' Roses for the race at Churchill Downs can forget it. Alfred Vanderbilt, who owns her, says she is much too nice a filly to be used up running against big colts in the spring classics, and she won't start in any of them. This decision—a sound one, if I may say so—was made before Mr. Vanderbilt saw Hill Prince in the Experimental. I fancy he won't change his mind now.

SCRIBBLES ON A FIFTEEN-CENT PROGRAM: The handiest way to sum up last Saturday's Excelsior Handicap is to say that it was a repetition of the Paumonok, except that this time Arise beat Olympia. Delegate was third again, and Royal Governor was down the course. Maybe Royal Governor needs an extra ration of raw eggs and milk. . . . Everybody's favorite new jockey at Jamaica is Glen Lasswell, a seventeen-year-old apprentice brought from California by Main Chance Farm. He rode seven winners in six days and immediately acquired a following. Despite his rough-and-ready Agua Caliente style, he seems to have some ability.

—AUDAX MINOR

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From the *Wichita (Kans.) Beacon*]

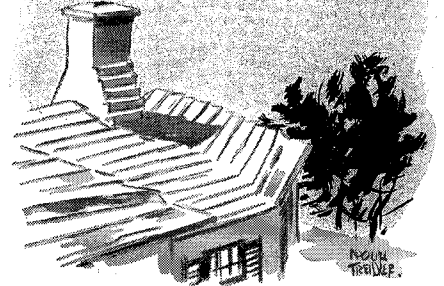
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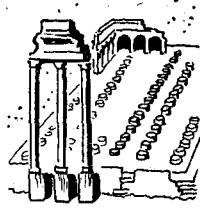
Sketched at the Bonnie Briar Country Club, in Larchmont, New York.

He must be somebody—

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LETTER FROM ROME

APRIL 9



THE Holy Year's Holy Week climax of celebrations and commemorations here started, in their great ritual rhythm, with the mournful Maundy Thursday afternoon services, which the faithful traditionally attend in nine churches in turn. Rome emerged *en masse* and *en famille*, with an estimated hundred thousand of the local populace, including aristocrats in limousines and parents with babes in arms, circling the city in its devotions. Since the last century, the favorite of the nine churches, for some, has been the previously neglected medieval, countryside, basilicalike St. Saba, on the Aventine Hill, now appropriately streaming with purple wisteria, the Church's mourning color. On Holy Saturday, before the white-flowered altars in all the churches lay small pots of bleached new wheat sprouts, traditional sign of life after death. Though all altar ornaments were shrouded, other treasures were on special display in various churches—priceless Oriental rugs, brought back from the Crusades; gilded rococo mats, braided as daintily as hats from oak straw; and exquisite baroque mirrors, brought out to reflect the paschal candlelight. In the drama of special services and processions, the rich historical mixture that is Rome was even more noticeable than it usually is—Stations of the Cross being made in the imperial Colosseum, which once roared with lions; a holy torchlight procession winding up the Palatine Hill at night above the Forum; and, inside the medieval churches, Gregorian chant echoing among pillars long ago stolen from pagan temples. From Maundy Thursday on, the pilgrims came in a sudden gush, a few hundred on foot, many on bicycles, some in country carts, one on horseback, thousands in buses and trains from all over Western Europe, and thousands more by planes from across the seas, and together they filled Rome.

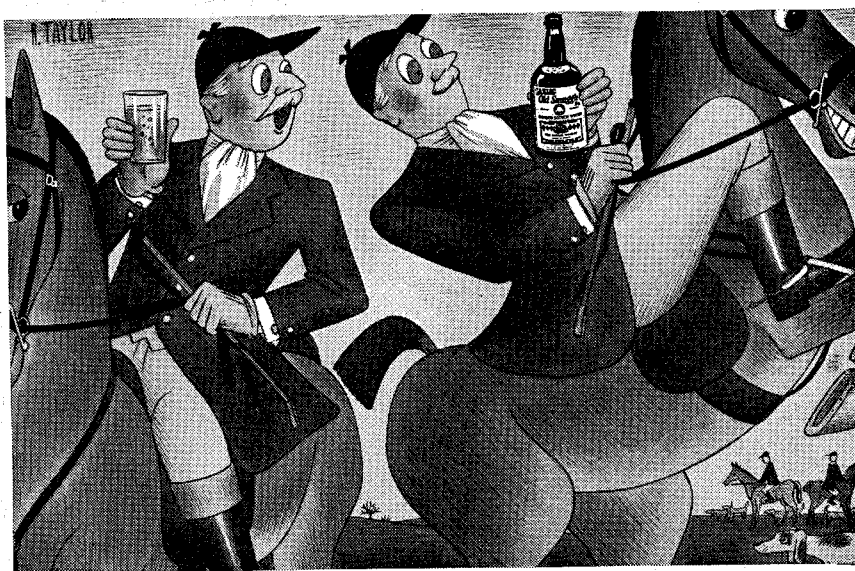
THE death of Léon Blum, the French Socialist leader, shook Italy, where in the past men have been martyred for Socialism, where men have recently developed it into something else, including a series of schisms, but where the memory of it has stirred even the *borghesi*, faced with a Leftism so much harsher that it gives Blum, in

retrospect, a gentle halo. The Republican papers wrote of him with a curious undialectic, worried grief because Europe—already poor in eminent men—had lost an elderly man of good will. He was referred to as the spiritual head of European Socialism, a scholar of great culture, a loss to French democracy and the author of its rebirth, the greatest world Socialist since the assassination of his idol, Jean Jaurès, and the chief of what is left of dwindling European humanism. The Italians were pleased that his last international message had been sent to their government, even if it was a reproof for their handling of displaced persons, and they remembered that the last word in the message was "humanity." The conservative *Tempo* commented thoughtfully, "He sustained for half a century the rights of intelligence and the duties of brotherhood. He was the last Socialist in bourgeois clothes in today's Europe." Concerned over today's disunity among liberal men, the liberal *Risorgimento* said, "France is in mourning. He had moral authority and prestige. Who will follow him as sage and mediator?"

Ironically, the Socialists gave Blum the least space and the least praise. *Avanti*, organ for the Left Wing, pro-Communist so-called Nenni Socialists, was the severest of all the papers. It grudgingly credited him with admirable conduct after France's capitulation to the Nazis—during his Riom trial and his imprisonment at Buchenwald. But it acidly criticized him for his postwar polemics against Communism, which it said had affected the French proletariat and had even caused repercussions in other countries—quite an angry compliment. Italy's so-called Saragat Socialists, who are of Blum's particular brand, said nothing at all in print, since their paper, *L'Umanità*, had folded shortly before his death. Oddly, the Communist *Unità* went fairly easy on the man whom French Communists had attacked as the chief betrayer of the workingman. *L'Unità* said that his death symbolized the mortal crisis of Western Europe's traditional Socialism. It mentioned his having headed the Tours congress minority rebels of 1921 but did not add that his rebellion against the Third International turned French workers toward Socialism instead of Communism for the next quarter century. It also accused him of betrayal, masked as nonintervention, in Spain without explaining that France was

then financially tied to England's tail. All the papers mentioned his Popular Front government, in which, in 1936, he became France's first orthodox Socialist, and first Jewish, Premier. They all mentioned, too, that it brought an advance in working conditions—a French New Deal—to France. There was confusion in the comment on his recent decision to align himself with even the bourgeoisie, if necessary, to keep the French Republic alive, and on his invention of the Third Force to try to establish a balance of power in Europe. Through the obituaries on Léon Blum, the French history he influenced over the past fifty years was traced for Italian eyes. The history in his obits was the greatest tribute he could have received.

ONCE more, Curzio Malaparte is the most talked-about and talked-against writer in Italy. His latest book, "La Pelle" ("The Skin"), first appeared here in a French translation. Now out in its Italian original, it has been denounced by the Naples authorities for its inventory of Liberation bordellos there. For those who liked "Kaputt," here is more of the same—a steamy modern pudding whose occasional plums cause some to crow with delight, while others notice mostly the guaranteed artificial coloring and flavoring of the concoction. Malaparte's theme is the American troops' occupation of Naples and their destruction of its morale by their generosity (and other traits), a painful paradox noted by many people wherever our troops went in Europe and one still to be adequately analyzed by any Continental writer—and that goes for Malaparte. In "La Pelle," his wit lies in other people's anecdotes and his humor is at home only in the morbid. His tale of a palace dinner given by General Cork (a pseudonym for General Mark Clark), at which was served a so-termed siren fish, nabbed from the Naples aquarium, "looking like a little boiled girl on a silver platter," could be horribly funny, as all the book's ghoulish yarns could be, if it had been told briefly instead of redundantly. With his talent for visualizing and describing the awful, Malaparte seems to be a first-class unreliable reporter, presented as a creative thinker. His repeated description of the American G.I.s as innocent, Christian gentlemen who blushed constantly is perhaps too obviously written with his tongue, if not his whole typewriter, in his cheek. "The Skin" is dedicated, in part, to those



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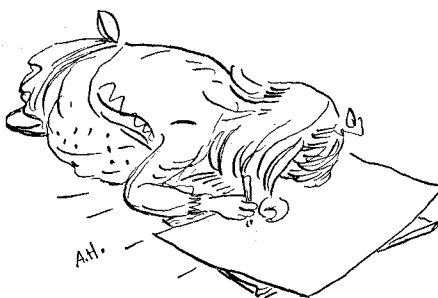
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THERE is a new and slight but very funny Italian film called "È Primavera," directed by Renato Castellani, who made "Under the Sun of Rome." It is a story of spring and a too susceptible bakery delivery boy, who advances himself into travelling salesman in candy and bigamist, with customers and a wife in Sicily and the same in Milan. The dénouement is a sharp jab at Italy's confusing postwar interpretation of its marriage law, because of whose muddle he finds himself married to only one bride. At first the film had no success in Rome, but it has gradually become a hit.

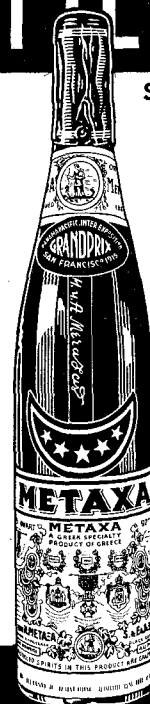
The American-born and American-educated Italian Paulo Tamburella, who produced "Sciuscia" ("Shoe-Shine"), has directed and produced an uproariously funny film, "Vogliamoci Bene" ("Let's Love Each Other"), that has just been previewed here. Its plot, taken from a news item in *Time*, concerns the repairing of the town clock in a small Italian city, where the priest and all the political factions, including the clock repairer, who is an anarchist, at last reach a crescendo of civil fury when each one tries to get the credit for giving the community the right time again. Only once in a while does satire slip into burlesque in the story. The sequence in which the village Communist chief, a mere workman, goes for strategic advice to the palatial Party headquarters in Rome, where he is met by frigid bureaucracy and dialectic gabble, and in which martial music finally takes the place of human speech, is a hilarious fantasy. The types and street settings are excellent, and Tamburella has given American pace to rich Italian situations and acting.

The most discussed film in the making is Rossellini's "God's Jester," which has to do with eight Little Flower episodes from the life of Saint Francis of Assisi. For actors, Rossellini is using twelve Franciscan friars and clerics from the Monastery of Nocera Inferiore, near Salerno, a group of innocent thespians who have never seen a



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movie. They are headed by their monastic singing teacher, Fra Alberto, and on location their plain chant sounds lovely.

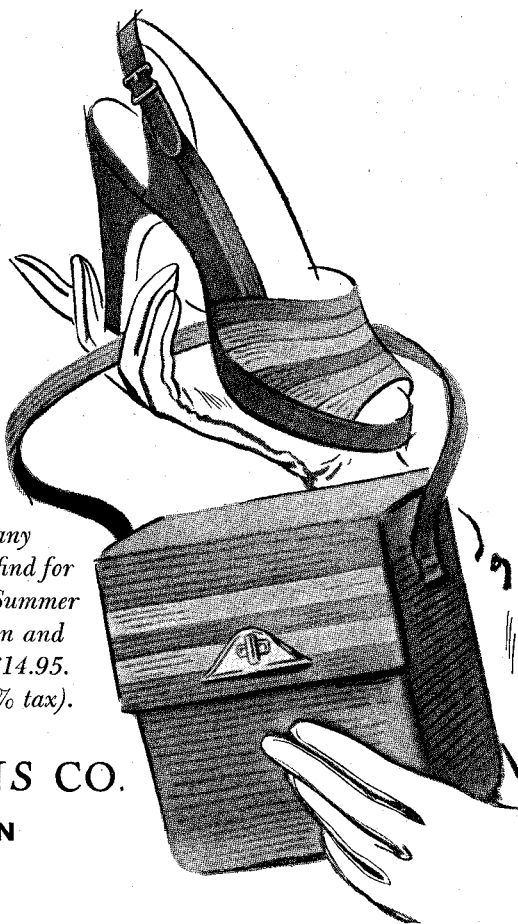
PURE Fascism is probably not a very live political issue here, but the way the Fascist dead are allowed to speak for themselves and each other in the thousands of words now being dug up from private letters and memoirs is certainly nostalgic. Clara Petacci's love letters to "Sweet Ben" Mussolini are, if possible, less amazing as amorous quasi-state documents than for the fact that they are being run by the columnful in a respectable Republican paper, *Il Messaggero*. They are the amatory cream of her rough drafts of forty letters lately released by the government to any editor who wanted them—a selection from five zinc boxes filled with eighty-six packets of her letters to her lover, the rest having been retained for political re-interpretation, following the recent discovery of the correspondence in a villa on Lake Garda. This was the region, already famous for d'Annunzio's political and tender adventures, where Petacci stayed in the spring of 1945, until Il Duce called her, wearily enough—she had long since bored him to infidelity—to join him, for what turned out to be their assassination, near Dongo. She dashed her letters off daily, like editorials. On September 14, 1939, just after the war and their liaison had broken out, she wrote him what *Il Messaggero* called "The Joy Letter," stating, "When you kiss me, I almost faint." In its thousand words she also dragged in the well-known rosy mist, tender tears, an opening flower, and seeing the beauty of the stars for the first time. A week later, she complained to the Italian dictator, now busy with Hitler's victories, that she was forced to write "because I have no chance to talk to you. Why? Not a caress, not a word from the soul." Petacci's epistolary style—she was a thesaurus of sentimental clichés—took on authority over the years, from her sheer voluminousness. Just after the first bombing of Rome and shortly before Il Duce's arrest in the midst of his disaster, she wrote him that he was her religion, that Sundays were sad, and that bombs and war were less painful than his decision to pry her loose from him "like a little cockleshell from a reef, being careful not to break it after having sucked out its heart and life." There are plenty of chauvinist high-school boys still scrawling "Viva Il Duce" in chalk on Rome's sidewalks, and they must be thrilled at one of

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But if it weren't for that \$200, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be plugging away at the same old job. Strangely, it's all thanks to something that happened, quite accidentally, in 1926. It was August 17, to be exact. I remember the date because it was my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to the movies. While she went upstairs to dress, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it idly. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire." Probably the reason I read it was that just that evening Peg and I had been saying how hard it was for us to save.

Well, we'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to go on working so hard.

Now this ad told of a way that a man of 40—with no big bank account, but just fifteen or twenty good

earning years ahead—could get a guaranteed income of \$200 a month. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

The ad offered more information. *No harm in looking into it*, I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. First coupon I ever clipped. I mailed it on our way to the movies.

Twenty years slide by mighty fast. The crash . . . the depression . . . the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I never had to worry about!

1946 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and retired. We sold the house and drove West. We're living a new kind of life. Best of all, we've security a rich family might envy. Our \$200 a month will keep coming as long as we live.

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Petacci's last statements to Sweet Ben, done in her best style: "You are great, you are a creature of God, all you have done will remain like an ocean of light."

Such warmed-over Fascist hagiography seems more silly than menacing in the immediate growing tension between the Italian Communists and the United States, as represented by the Demo-Christian government. In a recent weekend session of the Parliament, the President of the Chamber had to remind the deputies not to quarrel so violently, it being Palm Sunday. The Minister of the Interior, referring to his increased police force (which undoubtedly consists of highly trained brutal shock troops), had just said, as he has been saying for months, that the citizens' liberties must be protected—meaning protected against the Communists. In riposte, the Communist deputy Giuseppe di Vittorio, who is also secretary of the Communist-dominated C.G.I.L. Labor Federation, had said, as he has been saying ever since Italy signed the Atlantic Pact, that his workers (some of whom undoubtedly are highly disciplined brutal militants) would defy orders to unload American arms, which he claimed were arriving preparatory to war—meaning war against Russia. Italians think that this dialogue gives the crux of Italy's political situation as it was in the winter, is now in the spring, and will continue to be, with inevitable worsening, in the summer. In Italy, as in France, the two opposing sets of men and their two opposing systems and loyalties still have, as history unfolds, the democratic freedom to be increasingly, dangerously at loggerheads. —GENET

REMINDER

Now, in the spring woods, snow,
 Stubbornly, here and there,
 In wasting, blind unreason,
 Holds on, will not let go
 Of a gone season.

So, blood in the vein can be
 Witness to a gone thing—
 Belatedly, without shame,
 The blood crying, stubbornly,
 On a gone name.

—DAVID MORTON

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What'll you give us for the pelt?

TABLES FOR TWO

Singing Analyst



ADROLL singing comedian named Ronnie Graham is the most distinctive member of the intermittent show at the Ruban

Bleu, an upstairs room thoughtfully endowed with most of the dim and confining properties of a cellar. A lean, hawklike young man, Graham accompanies himself on the piano as he expresses, in a clear, unmusical voice, several extravagant notions, mostly having to do with mental abnormality. Although his material, which he composes himself, is amusing in its own right, it is dangerously close to whimsicality, and his artfully exuberant delivery of it is what makes his turn so effective. A voracious interest in the unwholesome is his professional pose. He gloats over the unspoken conversations that go on subconsciously beneath polite spoken ones, portrays a marijuana-happy jazz musician with vicious relish, puts his jacket over his head, like a seedy Bedouin, and does "The Sheik of Araby" with a foolish grin and some inspired digressions, and sings a plaintive song entitled "I Wish I Were Neurotic Again." Not once did I feel any disturbing identification of the entertainer with the characters in his small dramas—a form of association that has often prevented me from enjoying such antic fare. Graham is obviously a sound, well-adjusted fool.

Just returned to the Ruban Bleu is the comedy team of Kirkwood and Goodman, their repertoire reinforced by a couple of engaging new items—new to me, at any rate. One is a short sketch in tribute to those neglected birdmen, the skywriters, which ends, logically, with a parody of "Riders in the Sky." The other has to do with a pair of beleaguered and resourceful disc-jockeys. Estelle Loring sings the customary round of show tunes in an agreeable soprano voice, Daphne Hellman coaxes both sharp and furry sounds from a harp as she mixes jazz and classical styles, and the proficient Norman Paris Trio fills the pauses.

OVER at the Blue Angel, another place where the entertainment is broken up by brief rest periods, or the rest periods are broken up by brief periods of entertainment—whichever way you happen to look at it—that superb

husband-and-wife piano team, Eadie and Rack, has been given the run of the place. Since these two, in the course of a year, have made the lounge at least as desirable a retreat as the inner recess where the main show goes on, the management has turned to the wily expedient of having Eadie and Rack also appear on the platform in the latter room every now and then. There, corrupted by two grand pianos—in startling contrast to the tiny instruments they play in the lounge—they extend themselves in delightful performances of such things as "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," the "Galop" from Kabalevsky's suite "The Comedians," and an entrancing arrangement of "I Get a Kick Out of You." They are quite the best part of the current show, to my way of thinking, but others may find more satisfaction in the ingenuous style of Charles Trenet, who sings lilting French songs of his own composition, or in the earthy assurance of Nancy Andrews, a singing comedienne who would have you believe that she has a great deal of trouble getting a man. Portia Nelson handles the show tunes here, resting slackly in the waist of a grand piano and letting go in a high, light voice.

JIMMY CARROLL, a younger and louder version of Morton Downey, belts out a string of varied songs in the floor show at the Pierre's Cotillion Room. He has a firm, uncompromising tenor, and, like Downey, he plays his own piano accompaniments from time to time. I wouldn't drag the older singer into this discussion except for the fact that Carroll has so obviously patterned his act on Downey's. Carroll, who has an engaging knack of turning his voice down as soft as can be whenever the mood strikes him, sings very well indeed, running through a long list of musical-comedy pieces, Irish numbers, and outright popular songs. A dance team called the Talbots precedes him. Man and girl, they're not likely to win any prizes for their footwork, but they have at least chosen the breezy approach to their trade and come up with a couple of fairly diverting specialties. —D. W.

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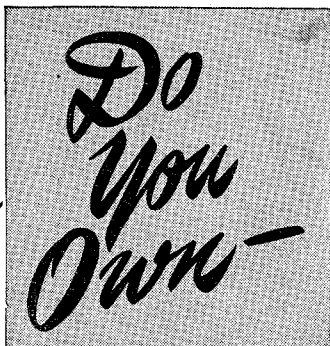
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THAT WONDERFUL STUFF

PROBABLY no New Yorker is ever going to learn to worry about water until someday he turns on a faucet and nothing comes out. People who live all year around in the country, a group my wife and I recently joined, worry about water a good deal—whether, in the first place, they are going to get it at all; whether they are going to get enough of it; whether, once they've got it, it is going to continue to come out of the taps or just stay in a deep and expensive hole. They never take it for granted, which is what I always did when I lived in New York and what, I gather, most New Yorkers stubbornly continue to do.

Our well is capable of providing seventeen gallons of water a minute, which is a pretty good flow—enough, they say, for a swimming pool, if we want a swimming pool. I have no specific reason for doubting this, and rationally I do not doubt it. I have, of course, a dim, deep feeling that it isn't true, possibly because the well from which it comes is two hundred and twenty feet deep, and no one could see down as far as the water in a well that deep even if the top were not covered by a pump. Water has come out of this hole, most of the time, for some months now, but each time it does I am secretly surprised. Things like that don't last.

But that kind of skepticism, which no doubt merely reflects an uneasiness not unique, is one thing, and the day-in-and-day-out assumption that everything is going to work once more anyway is another. So I actually was surprised a few weeks ago when I turned on a faucet and nothing happened except a faint sigh, which was caused by air going into a pipe that water was supposed to come out of. I was much more than surprised; I had, for a moment, an almost intolerable sense of defeat and hopelessness. This, I thought, proved it: I was not, and never would be, up to the infinite complications of country life; that is, all-the-year-around country life, which is the only test. The calm peace of the city, where if something goes wrong you tell somebody about it, had been too long my peace. I was adjusted to city life in the winter, and in the summer to the simplicity of a hand-operated water pump and kerosene lamps—and, of course, warm weather. This house, I thought with deep sor-

row, since I love it, is going to die on my hands.

I shared the grim news about the water failure with my wife, knowing she would be more sanguine about it, as she is about most things. "Well," she said, "something must have gone wrong, don't you think?"

I said I did not doubt it and indicated my belief that the house was beginning to die around us.

"Nonsense," she said. "All we need is a plumber, probably." Then she said, "Maybe it's just the electricity."

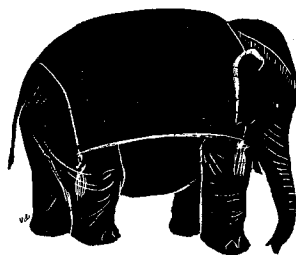
I had already thought of that; all country people suppose first that the electricity has failed, as in rural districts it often does. (There is an odd sort of rivalry here among people in different districts: "Oh, the power is wonderful over there," they say. "Ours goes off whenever there's a heavy dew.") I flipped a wall switch several times, and the lights went responsively on and off.

"Well," my wife said, "it must be something else."

I got a coat and said I guessed I'd have a look in the pump house.

"Don't go in there," my wife said hurriedly. "I won't have you poking around in there. It's full of electricity."

I said I would just look, and went out, noticing that it was even colder than I had thought, and opened the door of the pump house and looked in. Everything seemed to be in its usual place, but the whole thing was hissing at me—literally, I mean. There was a low, weary sound of air passing through a small aperture. I went into the pump house,



and my wife, who had been watching from a window, apparently, rushed out and said, "Now, you come out of there! You'll get killed!" We had a brief, inconclusive discussion of this, on my part not entirely sincere—I thought there

was a fair chance she was right—and meanwhile I looked around.

Of course, it would have occurred to anyone else minutes before that the pump was frozen, and I don't know precisely why it hadn't to me. It was one of the things I had worried a good deal about the autumn before, when we first moved in, when I wasn't worrying about the oil-burner, another monstrous object of, to me, unpredictable behavior. But the pump hadn't frozen (practically nothing had during



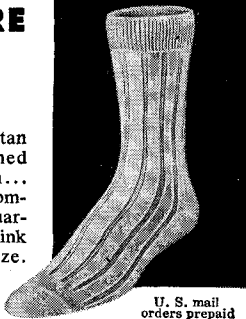
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most of the winter, including the ground) and this had lulled me. Now I could see that there was ice all around the pump and I thought, Oh, God, and came out.

"Don't you ever go in there again," my wife said.

"It's frozen," I said. "I'll have to get somebody."

The telephone was working, and I called the people who had drilled the well and put the pump in. I told the young woman who answered the telephone that the pump had stopped and that I guessed it was frozen.

"Probably," she said. "I'm sorry. Everybody's out. I don't know when they'll come back. But I'll tell them when they do."

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon then. I tried to get plumbers in Ridgefield, and they were all out, too. Nobody knew when they would come back.

"You know, it's a funny thing," my wife said, "but I'm terribly thirsty. And I'm almost never thirsty in the middle of the afternoon."

I discovered, of course, that I was thirsty myself.

NEXT I phoned the contractor who had put up the house, and to whom I turn with childlike hopefulness when things go wrong. As I had supposed, he was out on a job, but I managed to reach him there.

He said, "Um-m-m. That's funny. It shouldn't do that. You'll have to get a plumber, I guess."

I asked whether he knew of one.

He said he didn't, offhand. "Look," he said, "this is a silly thing to ask, I suppose. But the"—he paused for a description within my probable range—"that little window in the side of the pump house. It was closed, of course?"

"Closed?" I said. "I thought it had to be open. To give the motor air."

"Huh?" he said. "Give the motor air?" This time, evidently, I had gone even below his expectations of me.

"Well," I said, "what is it for?"

"In the summer," he said, "you open it to lessen condensation. But not in the winter, for God's sake."

I said, "Oh."

"Close it," he said. "It locks. Think you can do that?"

I thought I could.

"If you've got a heater of some sort, try putting it in the pump house," he said. "Maybe that will work. I'll try to get somebody."

I said "All right" and got an electric heater and rigged it up after a fashion,

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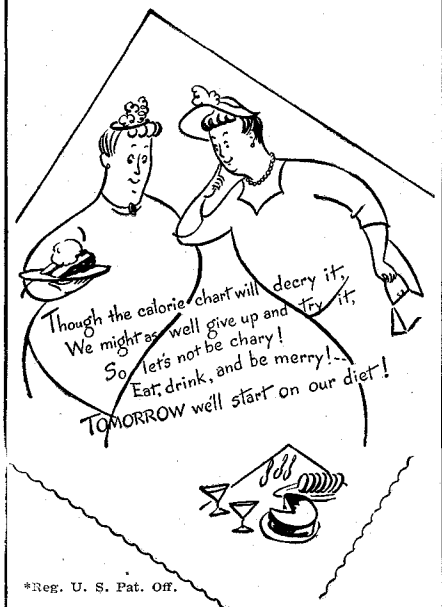


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with my wife leaning into the pump house saying, "Please come out! Please! It isn't *worth* it. If you don't come out, I'll . . ." But then she said, "The telephone's ringing, please come out," and went in to answer it. She was back almost at once. By that time I had the heater rigged and was coming out.

"It's the contractor," she said. "He wants to tell you something."

I went to the telephone and panted into it.

"If the pump is frozen, the motor will blow a fuse when it starts up," he said. "Is the fuse blown?"

I hadn't thought about the fuse, of course. I went back to the pump house and looked at the fuse. I was scared myself then, because it was necessary to open the switch box. The fuse seemed to be all right. I came out again, went to the telephone, and told the contractor.

"That's funny," he said. "You know where it is, of course?"

I said sure.

"In the boiler room," he said. "Next to the *big* switch box. It's the little box. The one on the right of the big box. There are *two* fuses, one for the oil-burner. That's where you looked?"

I said it wasn't, and went and looked in the little fuse box. I went back and told him one of the fuses was blown. He said the pump was frozen, all right.

"Will it be all right?" I asked, and just avoided adding "Doctor."

He said it ought to be. Of course, if it were badly frozen . . . He said to try the heater awhile, and put a new fuse in now and then, and promised to try to get a plumber.

"Do I turn the oil-burner off?" I asked.

"Turn the *burner* off!" he said. "For God's sake, why? Do you want to freeze the whole house?"

"Well," I said, "it's a hot-water system, you know. I thought—"

"Listen," he said. "I'll get you a plumber. Don't *touch* anything. Just put a fuse in, and if it burns out, wait awhile and put in another." He paused. "You know what kind of fuses to use? Fifteen amp. Not twenty. Not anything but fifteen. Can you do that?"

"Yes," I said. "I think so."

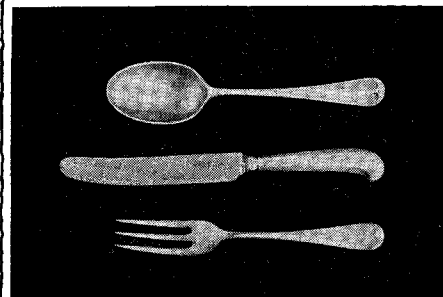
"Don't touch anything else," he said. "Not anything."

"All right," I said.

I went and put a fuse in. My wife protested, and then followed me into the boiler room, presumably to catch me when I fell over, or perhaps to share my fate. The fuse blew out. After half an hour my wife and I put another fuse in,



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and it blew out. After another half hour we blew out another fuse. Then we telephoned the hardware store in Ridgefield, and they agreed to send us a new electric heater and more fuses. Now and again we hopefully turned on faucets, but, of course, nothing happened.

AT about five o'clock, after I had come back from another trip to the pump house—I hadn't been told I couldn't look at the thing—my wife said that if we had ever needed cocktails, we needed them then.

"It'll be like a wake," I said, "but all right." We had drinks, and at six o'clock a plumber came. He was a wonderful, a beautiful man in rubber boots. He went into the pump house, and I stood in the doorway and peered at him. He said we were sure frozen up. He went back to his truck and got a blowtorch.

I went back in the house, and my wife and I drank nervously, and kept lighting and putting out cigarettes. Once my wife said, "The poor thing," and I knew she was thinking about the pump, not the man in the cold pump house. Then—surely it could not have been a mere twenty minutes after he came—the plumber appeared at the back door and said I could put another fuse in and we'd see. My wife and I went into the boiler room and put in a fuse and stood there and stared at it. It seemed to me that for a second it shuddered slightly, but probably that was me. It didn't blow. I went to the back door, and the plumber was sticking his head out of the pump house. "Started up," he said, and in the glow from the soffit light I could see he was beaming at me. "I'll get you water!" He pulled back into the pump house, a beneficent turtle.

I waited.

After a few minutes he emerged. "All right," he said. "See if you've got water."

I let my wife turn the faucet on; her hand was steadier. The faucet coughed and seemed to hesitate. And then it gave water. My wife let water run over her hands. "My!" she said. "It's wonderful stuff, isn't it?"

The plumber said he thought six dollars would be about right, but I insisted on eight—and a shot of rye. With water.

—RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

PHOTOGRAPHER, BIRDS
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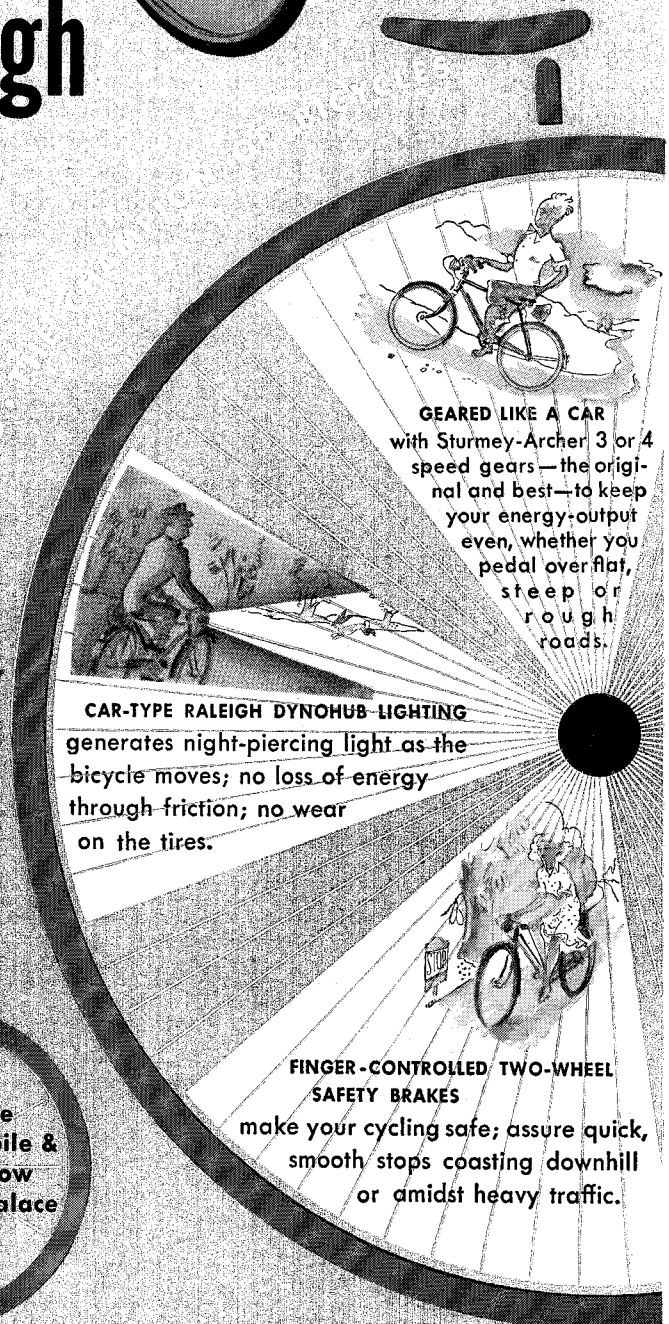
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LETTER FROM PAKISTAN

KARACHI,
APRIL 2

IF a large number of sixteen-year-old American boys, bubbling with the energy and the patriotism and the self-confidence of adolescence, and as innocent of technical experience as one would expect youths of their age to be, were suddenly put in control of the business houses and governmental machinery of a big nation, the resulting atmosphere would be approximately that of Pakistan today. A visitor to this new country of eighty million inhabitants, all but a few of them Moslems, gets the feeling that a sort of continuous Boys' Week is in progress. This implies no derogation of the Pakistanis. They are doing far better than anyone thought possible. When British India was partitioned, in 1947, the Hindus, who were the financiers and businessmen and civil servants, all quickly left

those areas of the subcontinent allotted to Pakistan, by far the largest of which, and the one I have confined my visit to, lies to the northwest of the new India, adjacent to Iran and Afghanistan. The Moslems, almost to a man, were untrained and inexperienced, but they surged in to fill the vast vacuum, making up in verve for what they lacked in savoir-faire. Through spectacular overwork and reciprocal pep talks, they somehow got the banks and businesses going again, and fabricated a government that in many ways is a very model of a modern state. For its almost three years of existence, it has had a balanced budget. Its trains run on time. There is enough for everyone to eat, at reasonable prices, and a surplus of food for export. The currency is so firm that Pakistan did not follow England's lead in devaluating, and it is the one member of the British Commonwealth that didn't.



"My wife and I were dancing Friday evening, and someone tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'May I cut in?' and I haven't seen her since."

The bounce and determination of Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister, have been major factors in the development of the nation. He tours the country constantly, pumping hands and slapping backs in the best American machine-politics tradition, and giving an audience to anyone who asks for it. He often makes appointments for conferences at two or three in the morning, because he has no more convenient hour open, and his colleagues in the government have taken the hint; the capital buildings in Karachi are usually speckled with lighted windows all night long, but every desk is occupied again by ten in the morning. When Liaquat relaxes, he does it by playing the trap drums at home, in the company of a few close friends. When he is angry, he soothes himself by getting out his collection of a hundred and fifteen cigarette lighters from all parts of the world and concentrating on the delicate work of cleaning one or two of them with a fine brush.

Even the rulers of the princely states (Bahawalpur, Khairpur, and others) that threw in their lot with Pakistan seem imbued with the American spirit of furious improvement. Everywhere, they are finding ways of modernizing and streamlining, such as equipping camel carts with balloon tires from American war-surplus airplanes. Bahawalpur is perhaps the most progressive of all the princely states acceded to Pakistan. Its Nawab has had built in his capital city a mosque that incorporates the more flamboyant features of an American drive-in market. The ground floor is a rectangle of shops around a parking space for automobiles (of which there are a hundred in the state). Over the shops and parking space rises the huge mosque, probably the only church in all Islam in which services are conducted to the accompaniment of grinding gears and racing engines below. The Nawab's prison is modern, too, being equipped with power looms on which inmates weave cloth to earn money for themselves and for the state. It also has a flogging rack, placed conspicuously in the center of its courtyard, to encourage those who do not feel like weaving. The prison is one of the ideas of the Wali-ahad (the heir apparent), who regularly reads *True Detective* and similar American penological journals. He has introduced fingerprinting to the Bahawalpur State Police and has outfitted the Nawab's bodyguards with walkie-talkies.

Some Pakistanis, however, less studious of American movies than the Wali-ahad, have trouble making out just what Americans are up to. The Ministry of

the Interior recently completed a long investigation of the Twentieth Century-Fox comedy "Everybody Does It," in which Linda Darnell is billed as Fatima, "a legendary seventh-century charmer." Word got around that the role was intended to portray Mohammed's daughter of the same name, and the film became the subject of questions in the Pakistan Parliament and of diplomatic representations from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to the American Embassy. The Minister of the Interior finally decided not to ban the picture. "The film is not a portrait of the life of Hazrat Fatima," he reported to Parliament, "and there is nothing in the character of the Fatima depicted in the film to make it identical with that of the daughter of the Holy Prophet."

WHAT makes one realize that Pakistan, despite the Boys' Week atmosphere, is really an adult state with adult troubles is the problem of the independent princely state of Kashmir, northeast of here. The boundary line that separates Kashmir from Pakistan is about twice as long as the one that separates it from India, but in the present unsettled state of affairs Indian troops are occupying about two-thirds of the state and Pakistan troops the rest. The troops of both sides have been there since 1947, when Kashmir was the scene of a flareup of the corrosive antagonism between Moslems and Hindus in which an estimated two hundred and thirty thousand civilians were killed. A year later, the Security Council of the United Nations ordered that a plebiscite be held to determine whether Kashmir should be annexed to Pakistan or to India, and it subsequently named Admiral Chester W. Nimitz to direct the undertaking. But the question was not that easily solved. The majority of the population of Kashmir are Moslems, but the Maharajah is Hindu, and he would have nothing to do with Nimitz or a plebiscite. There the matter rests. An administrative organization was appointed to conduct the plebiscite, but it has never left the United States. No date for the voting has been fixed. A cease-fire agreement was negotiated by the United Nations in 1949, but neither the Indian nor the Pakistan troops withdrew from the province. Today, few people in Pakistan believe that Admiral Nimitz or the Security Council or any influence except gunpowder and steel will ever move the Indian troops out of Kashmir. The Indian diplomats, the Pakistanis say, have been stalling for



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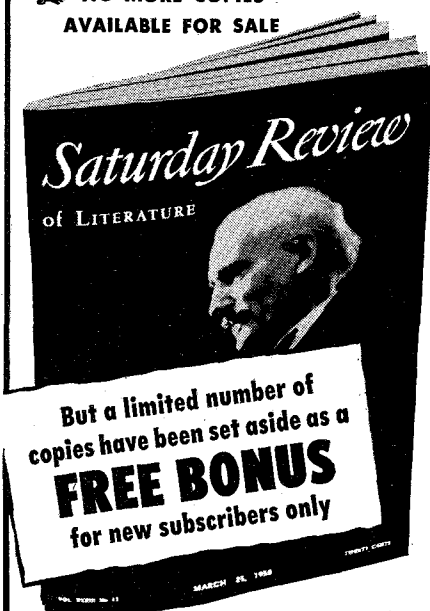
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N.Y. 18

over a year while various United Nations committees and conciliators have tried to arrange for the plebiscite. The sticking point is always the same: India insists on keeping control of all of Kashmir it now has under its thumb while the plebiscite takes place. Pakistan has agreed to pull out all its troops, tribesmen, guerrillas, and other nationals if India will do the same, but nobody has so far persuaded Nehru to budge a single soldier. Kashmir was the home of his ancestors, and has been his favorite summer-vacation spot. During the 1947 strife, he saw it practically torn apart, apparently with the unspoken consent of the Pakistanis, by the Moslemite Pathan barbarians from the Northwest Frontier Province, and that memory conceivably makes him writhe whenever anyone suggests conciliation or compromise or arbitration. He and the other Hindus are too sophisticated to argue against the United Nations' proposals on emotional grounds, but they know how to split one hair into seventy and are capable of thinking up legalistic delays for the next ten years. "We have not refused mediation," one of their spokesmen announced a while ago at Lake Success. "All that has happened is that we have not been able to accept certain proposals, recently put forward as a basis of discussion in the course of mediation, unless they are suitably amended."

So, after more than two years of work on the problem, the United Nations seems to be stalemated; in fact, it seems to have become bored with the whole mess. This is probably all right with Nehru. He probably realizes that Kashmir would be almost sure to favor Pakistan in a perfectly free referendum. For the most part, only Hindu families were molested by the Pathans, and Kashmir is seventy-one per cent Moslem by even the lowest Indian count. The Moslems of Kashmir have been kicked around for decades by the Maharajah and his army of Dogra tribesmen from the foothills of the Himalayas; they lost many relatives and friends in the massacres of 1947, and they have been buffeted continuously in the long series of Indo-Pakistan wrangles since then. No Moslem is likely to vote for Indian rule unless Indian soldiers are standing by to burn his village if he and his fellows vote otherwise. Perhaps a miracle will happen to settle the dispute within the next month or two, but if it does not, the Pathan tribes and hundreds of the city people of Pakistan may well pour into Kashmir for some unofficial, help-yourself fighting as soon as the mountain snows have melted, which should be late

in May. No one can say, of course, what orders the government will give to the Army when and if that happens. Liaquat Ali Khan is much more peaceable and deliberate than the late Jinnah was. (One night, in Delhi, the hotel Liaquat was staying in caught fire; everyone else in the place stampeded into the street in night clothes, but he didn't emerge until he had completely dressed, even to tying his necktie and shoelaces.) He does not want war, but he is a practical politician, and at present he is being told quite frankly by his barber and tailor and bodyguards that the Pakistan government had damn well better do something to save Kashmir from the Hindus. Other Cabinet Ministers get the same sort of ear-bending wherever they go. If they are forced to choose between starting a war with India and quelling riots at home, it seems likely they will make the popular choice; all the betting here is that the Army will move when the people do. If war should start in earnest, the larger Indian Army will obviously try to overrun Pakistan immediately, which may lead to anything, even Russian intervention. One thing it would certainly lead to is the rapid evacuation of all Americans. The American Embassy has already completed arrangements for getting everyone out of the area on a few hours' notice. When Liaquat visits Washington in early May, his main objective will be to persuade the State Department to put some heat on India for a quick settlement.

The dislike of Pakistanis for Indians must be heard to be believed. One can hear it on the radio, in the bazaars, in the hotel lobbies. It colors every conversation and impedes foreigners in unexpected ways. I tried several times to make a long-distance call to Calcutta, and each time I failed because the trunk operators at either end of the circuit got to calling each other names. They finally hung up on each other and my operator flatly refused to reopen the circuit. This sort of sniping is not confined to minor functionaries; top government men practice it, too. Some time ago, India decided to call its East Punjab province simply Punjab. Pakistan, feeling that this new name made its West Punjab sound like a suburb, dropped the "West," so now there are two provinces, side by side, called Punjab. The Indian riposte to *that* was to rechristen one of its towns Sialkot; by no coincidence there is a town in Pakistan of the same name, which produces surgical supplies and sporting goods and is quite a manufacturing center. A con-

siderable amount of foreign mail intended for Pakistan is still addressed "India," and presumably the Indians decided they might as well have a post office to snare any remittances and orders addressed to Sialkot, India. Such are the everyday fruits of religious hatred.

In the northern cities and villages of Pakistan, people are preparing with a certain jolly bloodthirstiness to resume the war with India for possession of Kashmir. In Peshawar, I took tea with a junior executive of Radio Pakistan, who remarked that he had been driving up the Kohat Pass once a month to the village of Dera Adamkhel to buy a hundred rounds of rifle ammunition with the thirty rupees he is able to save out of his monthly salary. Dera Adamkhel is the location of the tribal arms foundry the British tried unsuccessfully for seventy years to find. Its six hundred smiths are famous for producing, by hand, such exact copies of factory-made British arms and ammunition (even to serial numbers on the gun barrels) that no one can tell the difference on the closest scrutiny. Now the establishment is licensed by the Pakistan government and is no more secret than an American open-air fish market, which it dimly suggests. When I visited it one morning, quite a number of cars were parked nearby, and the gun merchants, robed and turbaned and unsanitary, as they have been for generations, were squatting in stalls around a large courtyard and vehemently quoting prices of arms to disputatious young men in modern business suits who, like my friend, had driven up from Peshawar—or even from towns as distant as Lahore, three hundred miles away. The village used to look as innocuous as any other from the road, but now a section of the concealing façade of mud huts has been knocked down, for even these merchants are learning the importance of being visible to potential customers. However, the guns are the same as always—excellent for a hundred rounds or so, unpredictable after that. The rapid rate of deterioration helps to keep buyers flocking back for replacements.

The young men in business suits and my friend in the radio station are not buying guns and cartridges for hunting—not, at least, in the twentieth century's relaxed and sporting sense of the word. They are buying them to shoot Hindus. They are making dates to meet each other around the last weekend in May or the first in June and drive in somebody's car up to Kashmir. With no more grimness than Americans might display in discussing the choice of

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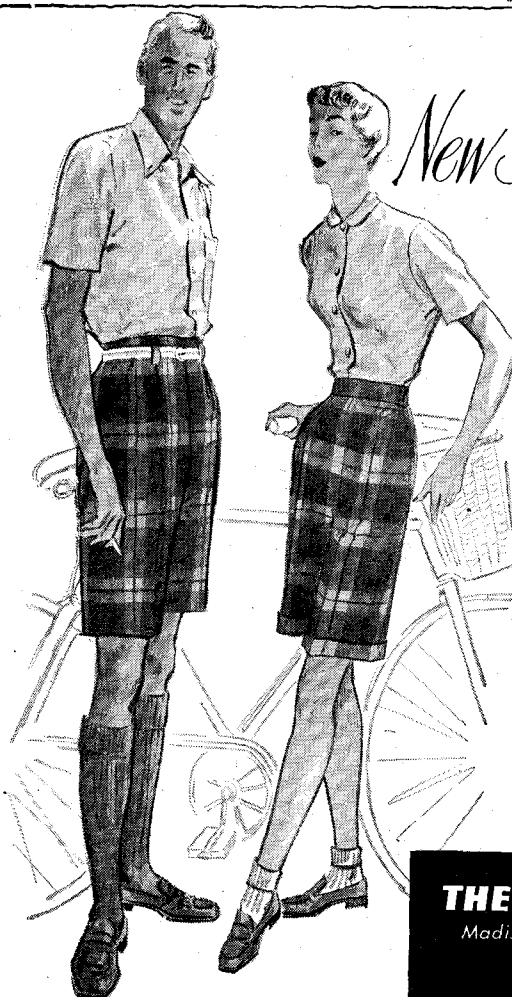
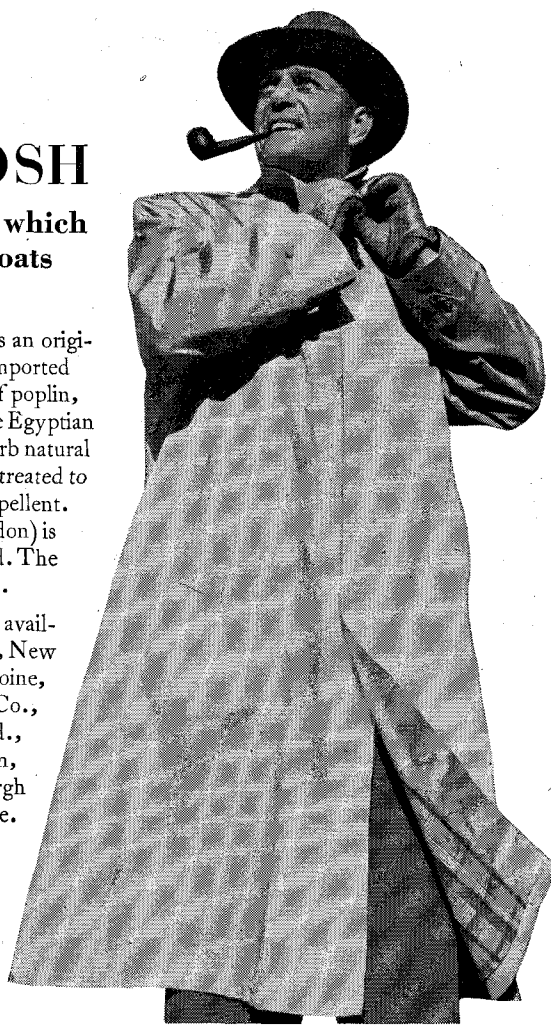
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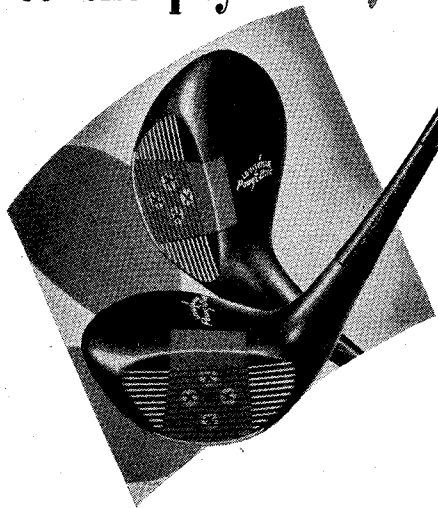
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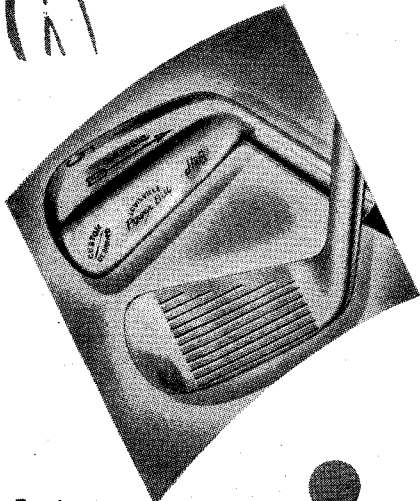
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a duckblind, they are comparing notes on the best places to bivouac once they have crossed the United Nations' cease-fire line into the Indian-held part of the state. "This time we shall show those Indians who are the better fighters, by Joe!" my radio friend told me enthusiastically. "We shall cut them into ump-teens." Everywhere, one finds excitement and geniality, as if a wedding were in preparation, and not sudden death. Adolescent boys are coaxing their fathers to let them go along, and the fathers are indulgently agreeing. On Sundays, the Peshawar gun clubs are crowded with prosperous men of all ages, practicing up on their marksmanship and embracing each other whenever they make a good score. The ladies of the city bustle around to first-aid courses and drill sessions of the Women's Battalion of the National Guard; having come out of purdah by the hundreds in response to the example set by Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister's wife, they are as thrilled as schoolgirls about the prospect of helping with a war. Even the long caravans of Army trucks heading toward Kashmir with supplies for the Pakistan troops there have a festive look. There are usually garlands of flowers tucked under the windshield wipers, and the drivers wave and beam and yammer Pushtu war cries as they pass through the streets.

AS for the Pathan tribes in the Khyber and Kohat hills, they are more warlike but less ornery than formerly. Travellers without armed guard used to be shot or kidnapped in the hills, but now they are invited to roast-goat banquets and regaled with descriptions of arrangements for the Kashmir onslaught. The tribesmen are so filled with joy at the thought of the coming Hindu shoot that they feel nothing but brotherliness toward the rest of mankind. One Pathan tribesman told me, through an interpreter, of the Kashmiri woman he carried back with him from the 1947 invasion. "How she fought! How she scratched my eyes!" he cried. "May Allah cover me with boils if I lie, but she almost seized my knife and stabbed me! After the first hour with her, I said to myself, 'I must marry this woman. She will bear me sons who will fight like lions!'"

The Kashmir affair is the only genuinely rousing workout the Pathans have had since British troops evacuated the Northwest Frontier Province, in that same grim year of 1947, upon the consummation of Pakistan's independ-

ence. The Pakistan Army prudently left the Pathans' mountains ungarrisoned. This neglect made the tribesmen vaguely irritable and lonesome, for they were now without sparring partners. They could occasionally bicycle down from their villages to Peshawar and find some excitement there of an evening, because the new authorities had given up the British policy of disarming them as they entered the city, but the townspeople, by unanimous agreement, soon adopted a seven-o'clock blackout, and now anyone who explores the inner, native sections of Peshawar after nightfall finds the streets deserted, the bazaars barred with iron grilles, and most of the houses dark and firmly fortified. Consequently, there are not many opportunities for diversion or enrichment left open to the tribesmen, and they look back fondly on the Kashmir excursion. It was both profitable and exciting for them, because while they were in the state they gathered up truckloads of loot in abandoned houses and got a good deal of strenuous fighting, which seemed like old times. Being scrupulous about their honor, the Pathans resolutely observed the cease-fire agreement of 1949 and went home, on the understanding that the United Nations was to arrange a plebiscite. Since then, they haven't been able to make up their minds whether to be civilized or normal. On the one hand, they have allowed the Pakistan government to establish schools in their territory, which they never let the British do. On the other hand, six fatal shootings on the Khyber Pass road were reported last year. How many unreported ones took place off the road is nobody's business but the tribesmen's, since only the road belongs to the government and all the rest of the area is legally the tribes' own preserve.

While waiting to resume operations in Kashmir, the Pathans have become the center of a resounding row Pakistan is having with her northern neighbor, Afghanistan. Some time ago, the Afghan government radio, without the least quaver of embarrassment, began urging the Pathan tribes to secede from Pakistan and form an independent country of their own—Pathanistan or Pushtunistan. The tribes, which are now getting from Pakistan the equivalent of the seven-million-pound-a-year subsidy they used to extract from England, have received the Afghan overtures with the languid amusement a Park Avenue debutante might feel on reading a mash note from an impoverished and elderly farmer. Therefore, Radio Pakistan has,



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until recently, been loftily ignoring the harangues from Kabul, the Afghan capital. In fact, last fall the manager of the Peshawar station got the dressing-down of his life from Karachi because his station had broadcast a few tart remarks about Afghans. An official reprimand was entered on his record and his promotion was cancelled; Afghanistan was still theoretically a friendly government, and Liaquat was determined not to step into a name-calling spat with it. Not long ago, however, Liaquat changed his policy. The Kabul radio broadcast a comment about him in Urdu, and it came to his ears. Urdu is perhaps the most courteous of Oriental tongues, and lends itself most readily to indirection, but even in Urdu the Afghan speaker's remarks were too pungent to be borne; he characterized Liaquat as the son of a person who could not move in polite society. So now the lid is off and Radio Pakistan is blanketing Afghanistan with a sort of propaganda usually heard only during a war. Pakistanis say they know the Afghan hecklers are egged on and financed by India. They can't tell you how they know. They just know.

THE posh hotels of Rawalpindi, Peshawar, Lahore, and other cities of northern Pakistan are almost empty now, partly because of the season, partly because all the Hindus and many of the British are gone, and partly because no travellers enter Pakistan nowadays across the Indian and Afghan borders, which are sealed almost as tightly as in wartime. Lahore, which once gloried in the title of "the Paris of India," has changed profoundly since the massacres of 1947 made it a battleground. The burned houses have been



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rebuilt and the murdered friends and relatives are now seldom mentioned, but the survivors still have no taste for either gaiety or money-making. Although Lahore's population is currently near the two-million mark, having been almost doubled in three years by the torrent of refugees from India, there is less boom-town atmosphere there than anywhere else in Pakistan. The refugees have been quietly settled in the spare rooms of people's homes or in new housing developments on the outskirts of the city, and the old-time residents have withdrawn into a life of scholarship, culture, and punctilio. Lahore's university is again among the greatest of the subcontinent, and its manners are the most formal. Everywhere else in Pakistan, purdah is almost a dead letter, but in Lahore a man still feels uncomfortable at being seen in public with his wife. Faletti's Hotel, which used to offer diners their choice of chicken cooked twenty different ways, now limits itself to the most austere indigenous curries and rice. Even the many-colored turbans and robes that used to be seen on Lahore's broad, tree-lined avenues are gone. Dark clothes or dead-white ones, with Jinnah caps, are considered the correct costume. All the talk in the cafés and bazaars is of the past, not, as it is in Karachi and other young cities, of the future.

In Lahore's bazaars, one can still look at—but not buy, unless one has the wallet of a maharajah—a little of the famous old Dacca muslin, which is so fine that a piece several yards square can be pulled through a finger ring. When the stuff is thrown in the air, it floats there like a cloud. The secret of its manufacture died with the ancient weavers of Dacca, who refused to teach even their own sons how to make it, and thereby achieved immortality. Moslem craftsmen have never been willing to hand down trade secrets, because their names will be remembered much longer if no one can equal their work. A certain long-dead cook, Bahalwan, is still talked about reverently in Lahore because he perfected, and kept to himself, a method of preparing cabob that has never been matched. The same attitude is exhibited by Pakistan's most eminent painter, Chughtai, a resident of Lahore—but he is even more jealous of his creations. He seldom allows his pictures to be shown, and almost never sells them. "Art is not for everybody," he told a reporter recently. "When people with undeveloped sensibility come into contact with art, it does them more harm than good." Last month, for the

first time in ten years, a group of Chughtai's paintings, drawings, and etchings was displayed in Lahore. People travelled from all over Pakistan to see them, and there were numerous offers from would-be buyers. A few of the pictures in the show were finally marked "Sold." This put a glaring stigma on them. It proved that Chughtai considered them inferior to his others, since it is well known that the only pictures he sells are those of which he is ashamed. An emissary from one of the big Manhattan art dealers went back to New York in a pet because Chughtai coldly declined to sell any of his best paintings at any price. Sometimes he gives them away, though, to people he cannot refuse. He let Nehru have one a few years ago, when Nehru explained that the Indian government wished to present it to Chiang Kai-shek. The picture is said to hang now in the Gissimo's drawing room in Formosa.

If Chughtai's work is ever shown in New York, it may arouse a good deal of critical attention. His paintings glimmer and glow with color. His style is governed by the ancient conventions of Asian painting—no shadows, no perspectives, and a deliberate exaggeration of the size of one object as compared to others on the same plane—and the results have a unique sleepy quality that is almost hypnotic. Each of Chughtai's figures seems lost in reverie and oddly unconscious of the existence of any of the others, and they exert a subtle pull on the viewer to drift into reverie with them. At the show in Lahore, little knots of visitors would stand immobile before a picture for minutes at a time, as if paralyzed.

LAHORE is the only town in Pakistan where an art show would seem fitting today. There is not much concern with culture elsewhere, but a great fuss about progress. Even the youngsters in the colleges are detouring around the cultural courses when they can and clamoring for training in engineering, medicine, or economics. The boyish mixture of resourcefulness, naïveté, and mimicry of America that colors everything here makes the visitor from the States feel simultaneously at home and in a dream. The advertising in the newspapers, for example, contains the sort of rhetoric that might easily have been turned out by American advertising-agency apprentices. "He's successful! He's healthy! He uses Waterbury's Compound for coughs!" declaims one advertiser, while the manufacturer of a patent hair-restorer asserts that his

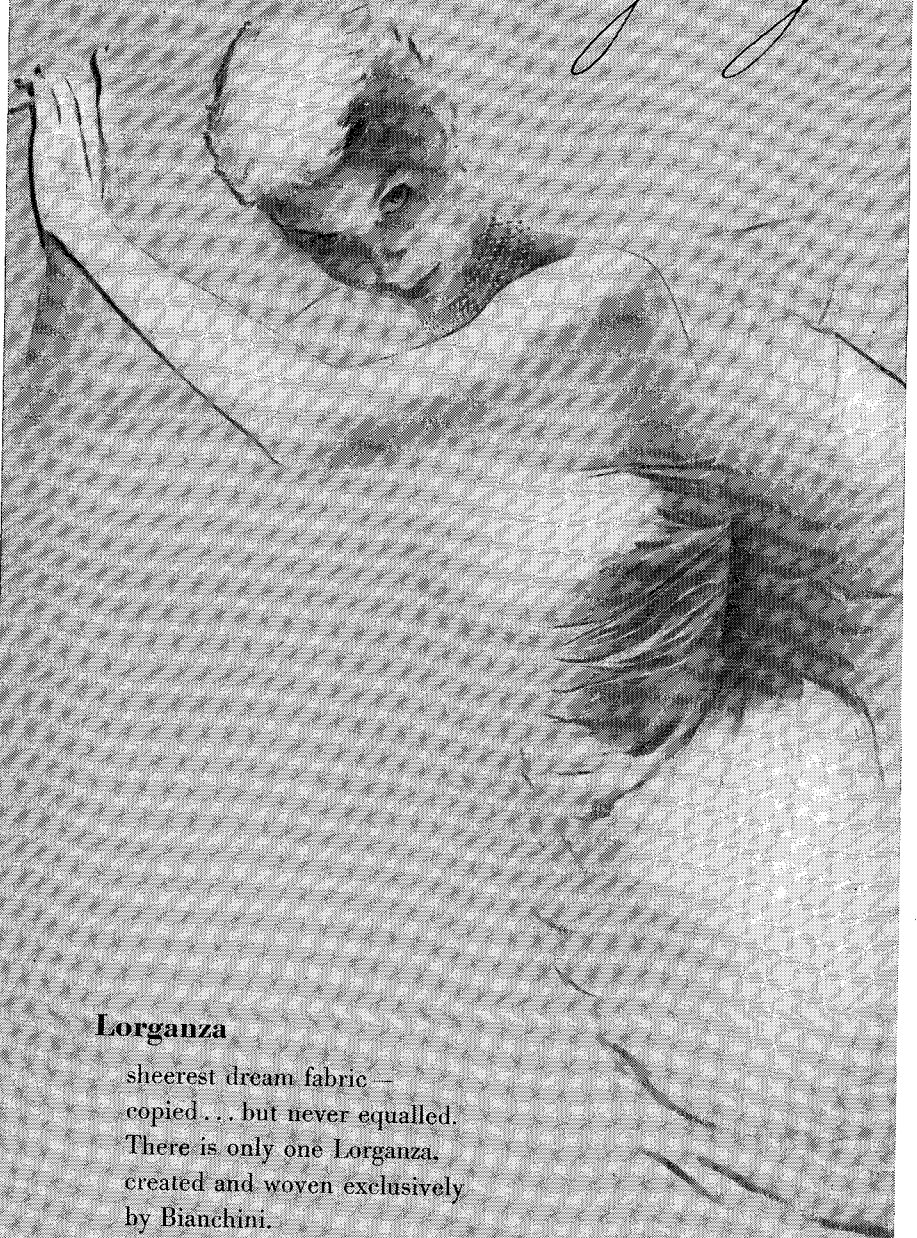
elixir is compounded from "the secret formula of the pharaohs of Egypt." A full-page ad in a magazine for businessmen points out their path to the heights: "The doorsteps to success—quick returns with huge profits—impressive and accelerating business—are only achieved by those who have an impressive office equipped with ultra-modern Art Metal Office Equipment." A local cigarette manufacturer has admirably adopted the slogan "They Satisfy" for his product, and a phonograph manufactured here is identified by the catch phrase "His Master's Voice." Much of this advertising is minted by a hustling young agency called Pak-Ads—"Pak-Ads for Perfect Publicity!"

Until a few weeks ago, the biggest story in the Karachi papers was a running account of the investigation of the crash of a Pak Air Company plane that cost the lives of twenty-five passengers, including two major generals in the Pakistan Army and a number of delegates from five Islamic countries to the International Islamic Economic Conference in Karachi. It was the second Pak Air crash in a year. After the first one, a board of inquiry discovered that Pak Air's policy was not to bother about the weight of cargo or passengers, perhaps on the theory that its pilots had enough to worry about without being distracted by such matters. This was straightened out, and since then the airline has weighed everything and kept voluminous records, in the American way. The cause of the second crash was a mystery until investigators began digging into the minor puzzle of whether one of the missing generals had actually been on the plane. A clerk who was put on the witness stand remembered checking the general in at the airport of departure. He was sure about it because he recalled putting down the general's weight as a hundred and fifty pounds, instead of two hundred and forty-two, fancying that would spare the gentleman's feelings. Then a steward came up with the testimony that clinched the case. "There was big discussion with him in the plane just before the takeoff," the steward said. "It seemed that the seat reserved for him had been taken by someone else, and the general was making stink about being one of the standee passengers." Everybody is convinced that the general was aboard, and all Pak Air planes have been grounded.

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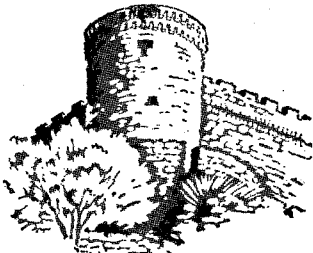
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stitution of the cocktail party as an arena for the transaction of business. The only difference is that here it is a "sherbet party." Even in Karachi, the most cosmopolitan city in Pakistan, no Moslems in politics and few in business would think of serving alcohol to their guests. In fact, Pakistan has followed another American lead by experimenting nobly but confusedly with statutory prohibition. The public sale of liquor is now forbidden in the Punjab and the Northwest Frontier Province. At first, the law was considered to apply only to Moslems, who had long ago been enjoined not to drink by the Prophet anyway. But one argumentative Moslem took a test case to the Supreme Court, which ruled that such discrimination between Moslem and infidel was unconstitutional. So the law was amended, and now unbelievers, too, are prohibited from buying drinks. The bars in all the hotels in the area affected are closed, and not even beer is served in their dining rooms. However, some clever hotel owner found a gap in this battered statute, and the government has perforce agreed that it must give anyone a permit to buy packaged liquor if he signs a statement that he needs it for his health. Having acceded to this extent, the government makes up some lost ground by thriftily charging a fee for the printed forms on which one must apply for permission to buy liquor. The forms are on sale in all hotels, at a cost of a few rupees, to anyone who feels the need of medicinal refreshment. Once a guest buys and signs a form, he can have bottled liquor brought to his room in limited but adequate quantities.

Possibly because of the religious bans on liquor, prohibition in Pakistan has not been accompanied by a rash of rum-running gangsters and highly organized major crime. Petty crime, however, is a problem, as it always has been throughout Asia. The epidemic of thefts on railway trains has not declined since the reported loss of an American senator's pants on a Pakistan train some months ago. Almost everyone who does much travelling on Pakistan railroads has had at least a suitcase snatched from a supposedly locked compartment. This sort of pilfering was recently the subject of a question in Parliament, where the Communications Minister admitted that thefts on trains had resulted in a property loss averaging 19,709 rupees (about \$6,000) per month during the previous year. However, the administration has the situation well in hand, according to the Minister. "There is

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no need for any special inquiry," he explained with finality. "Each individual case of theft is investigated, and remedial measures are taken."

In the hotels, crime is apparently on the wane. When I checked in at one big hotel some time ago, upon my arrival in Pakistan, I asked a bearer if there was much danger of any of my belongings being stolen. He looked indignant. "Sahib, this is high-class place here," he replied. "We steal only money." I am not sure even yet whether my leg was being pulled. Some of the bearers in the hotels are developing a disconcerting gift for irony, in contrast to the fawning and salaaming of the Hindus who used to hold these jobs. One bearer, growing impatient after he had served me for several days without doing very well in the matter of baksheesh, hinted, "Sahib, I young boy. I trying to work my way through school. I like to take girl to cinema sometimes. All this requires money." I parried with the explanation that I had only American money at the moment, not having had an opportunity to exchange much of what I brought in for Pakistan rupees. He retreated to think this over, but the next morning he was back again. "Sahib, you my guest," he told me with a hospitable smile. "I want you be comfortable in Pakistan. You need money? I give you money." He tried to press a coin into my hand. So I went downstairs and got some dollars changed into rupees for baksheesh. —KEITH MONROE

15 ARTHUR MURRAY dance lessons, unused, for sun lamp. Call Bayport 2956 after 6 p.m.—*Adv. in the Chicago Tribune.*

What sort of about-face is this, anyway?

For writing the best letter in the Michigan Theater's contest on the subject, "It's a Great Feeling to Live in Detroit," Molly Okuley, 18, of 1960 Glynn Court will have an all-expense trip to Chicago for two this week-end.—*Detroit Free Press.*

She's apt to get held as a hostage.

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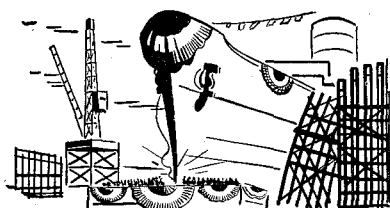
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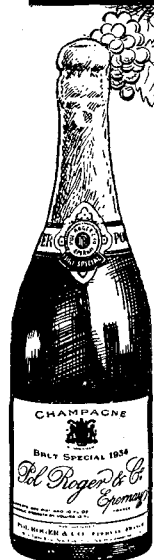


Champagne has for many years been considered highly essential to christenings of any sort: of children, ships and more recently of trains and even airplanes. The connotation supposedly is that anything which has its beginnings in champagne starts in life under the best possible auspices. Another occasion where champagne is required by tradition is, of course, at weddings. Even in circles where complete abstinence usually obtains, special dispensation sanctions the sealing of nuptial vows in sparkling wine and in more liberal societies its lavish service at weddings is practically mandatory. Toasts to the bride nowadays usually omit the breaking of glasses, but at usher's dinners the old custom of smashing the glass after a toast of state is frequently invoked when the bride's health is drunk.



The more important the occasion, the more important it is to select a champagne of noble ancestry. A particularly distinguished brand is that of the great French house of Pol Roger, founded a hundred years ago. Now available and very fine is Pol Roger Brut Special 1934. This is a noble vintage that has developed beautifully. —Lucius Beebe

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THERE are Annuals and Annuals, from the Corcoran's big one, in Washington, to our own National Academy's, and all of them are supposedly representative of contemporary American art. But the body of American art is vast and the judges' opinions on what constitutes a representative sampling of it frequently differ, and the result is that the face of our current artistic production, as it appears in one of these compilations, very often will bear no resemblance at all to that revealed by another. I must confess that, year in and year out, I like best the aspect of it that is offered by the Whitney Museum, whose yearly collection of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings is now on view. As usual, it's a fairly compact show for the amount of ground it covers. (Seventy-four pieces of sculpture are listed, and over a hundred water colors and black-and-whites.) Yet it seems to me to present a sound and intelligently organized survey, and although it's not quite so unrelentingly modern in style as the annual paintings collection, which preceded it, it is still a lively affair.

Not all the work is first-class. The sculptures section, for instance, though an extremely good one, has at least a half-dozen items in it (I'd list among them Peter Lipman-Wulf's clumsy "Horse and Man," the excessively sugary "Centaur," by Oliver O'Connor Barrett, and the invincibly *art-nouveau* "Protest," by Randolph Johnston) that hardly seem to merit a place in so selective a showing as this one purports to be. These, I suppose, may be taken as indications of the willingness of the show's organizers to consider fresh styles and fresh concepts, or possibly as just plain aberrations. In any case, they are more than made up for by such excellent pieces as Martin Craig's suavely stylized abstract relief called "Woman at Her Mirror," Peter Grippe's ponderous and yet authoritative "Beach Figure," the slim, graceful "Torso," by Marion Walton, and the wonderfully expressive study of a leaping man called, a trifle cryptically, "Victory of the Thumb," by Nathaniel Kaz.

Apart from José de Rivera's geometrically curved "Construction" and a few others, the completely non-objective part of the sculpture section is both

small and weak. The trend is toward the slight distortions of Expressionism, with an occasional use of abstract simplifications to heighten the effect. This trend appears at its best in such things as David Hare's small "Bush of Elephants" and Fred Farr's ornate, somehow Oriental "Three Marching Figures." Theodore J. Roszak's "Sea-Quarry," a really handsome piece, is more abstract, though it still has something of the exuberance of Expressionism, as has the more conventional "The Spectre," by Juan Nickford. I liked, too, Lorrie Goulet's small, cheerful "Nude," Jacob Lipkin's "John Brown," and the blocky little "Mountain Woman," by Louise Nevelson.

The other half of the show, that devoted to water colors and drawings, also has its failures, but again they are heavily outweighed by the successes. Here, too, styles are fairly varied, ranging in the water colors from the strictly representational, and very skillfully handled, "The Ramparts, Saint Malo," by Ogden M. Pleissner, through the swirlingly green little "Vista," by Vera Fraser, and the equally freely designed "Square Dance," by Jacob Lawrence, to the grave and angular "Abstraction," by I. Rice Pereira, and the abstract and sinister study of a rifle range called "Fort Monmouth," by Augustus Peck. There are few standout pieces in this section, but the general level is high, and it contains, in addition to the items I've mentioned, Morris Graves' wistful, delicate "Bouquet," Vaclav Vytlačil's sturdy "Wild Ducks No. 2," and John Marin's "Sea Movement in Greys No. 3." The drawings group is more mixed in quality. Among the highlights, I might mention Charles Sheeler's meticulously designed study of roofs and chimneys called "Counterpoint," Ben Shahn's economically drawn "Wheat Field," Leon Kelly's beautifully textured "The Ancient Priest," and the elegant and graceful "Figure," by Alan Wood-Thomas.

AT the Downtown Gallery, there is an exhibition of recent oils by Yasuo Kuniyoshi. Kuniyoshi's style has been changing in the past few years. For the dark, rather brownish tones of his earlier work, he has been substituting brighter and harsher colors, while in his design he has tended to disregard perspective in favor of a "flatter" plane. This process is revealed at about its

height in the show, and it must be said that the new method can result in an impression of great compactness, emotional power, and compositional solidity. There are times, as in "My Fate in Your Hand," when his deliberately clashing colors almost set the spectator's teeth on edge, and in "This Is My Playground" (in which a child is shown dangling, as from a trapeze, from a broken window sash in some ruins) I think he pushes his allegory beyond the limits of reasonableness. But for the most part his touch is sure and sound, and particularly in the larger pictures, such as "Revelation," "Carnival," and the more ambitious "Exit," with its clown-masked death figure astride a merry-go-round horse, he shows the strength and authority that go with real maturity.

ABRAMHAM RATTNER, now being exhibited at the Rosenberg, is even more emphatically a colorist, and his new canvases gleam and glitter with a coruscating brilliance that seems more within the province of gems or of stained glass than of oils. But, however high the key or complex the design, Rattner rarely loses control of his pictures. He comes close to doing so, I think, in his "Pier Composition No. 7," in which his basic design is cluttered by unimportant and unneeded detail, and in "Row of Masks" and "Still Life Landscape," both of which are a trifle formless. These are the exceptions, however, and against them one can set such pieces as "Figure with Wings and Mask," with its flaming background; the calmer "Evening Garden;" and the Christlike "The Last Don Quixote"—all of them startling combinations of vivid and immediate effectiveness with true monumentality of conception.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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Pop mops slop!

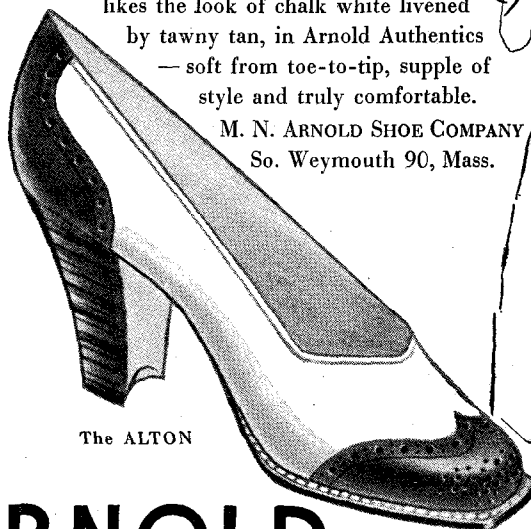
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Stop, Pop, stop!
When Pop bottles pop-bottles,
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—MORRIS BISHOP

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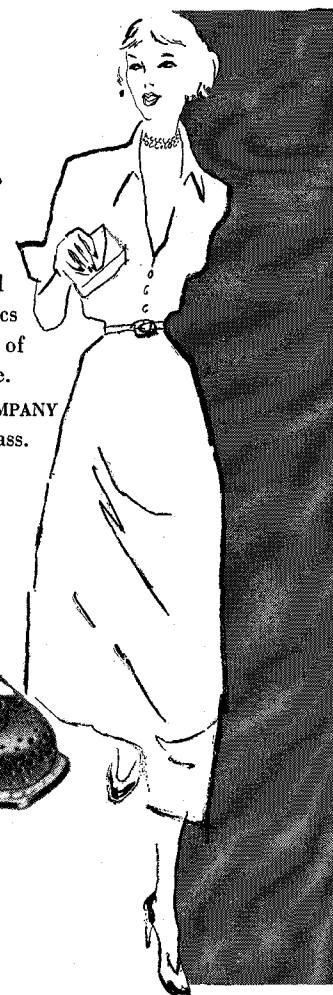
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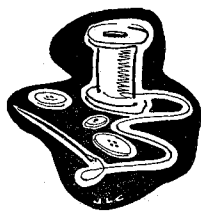
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



GARDENERS putting spade to soil this month are plagued by a worry that is new in these parts, at least to this generation of gardeners, and that dulls the sharp edge of all familiar horticultural threats, like beetles, blights, and moles in the lawn. It is the possibility of another bone-dry summer, and it has their nerves jumping. The drought of 1949 was sheer murder in the back yard, and there wasn't then the extra headache of restrictions on watering that many gardens must face this year.

The International Flower Show, which recently panted through a difficult week at Grand Central Palace on imported water, could have served observant gardeners—especially those who went to the show more than once—as a course in how to cope with drought conditions such as those the East endured last year and is afraid of having again this summer. At the Flower Show, it stood out for all to see that the old-fashioned annual flowers—the faithful ageratum, zinnias, alyssums, cosmos, marigolds, and the like—are the camels of the flower kingdom, either less thirsty or more Spartan than most of their fancier kin. Exhibition beds of these homely annuals, which are so easy to grow that plant-proud gardeners have fallen into the habit of confining them to the cutting garden or else ignoring them altogether, went dauntlessly through the whole week and were as fresh as—well, daisies, even on closing day, while many an aristocratic flower drooped and faded in its pot and had to be replaced in midweek.

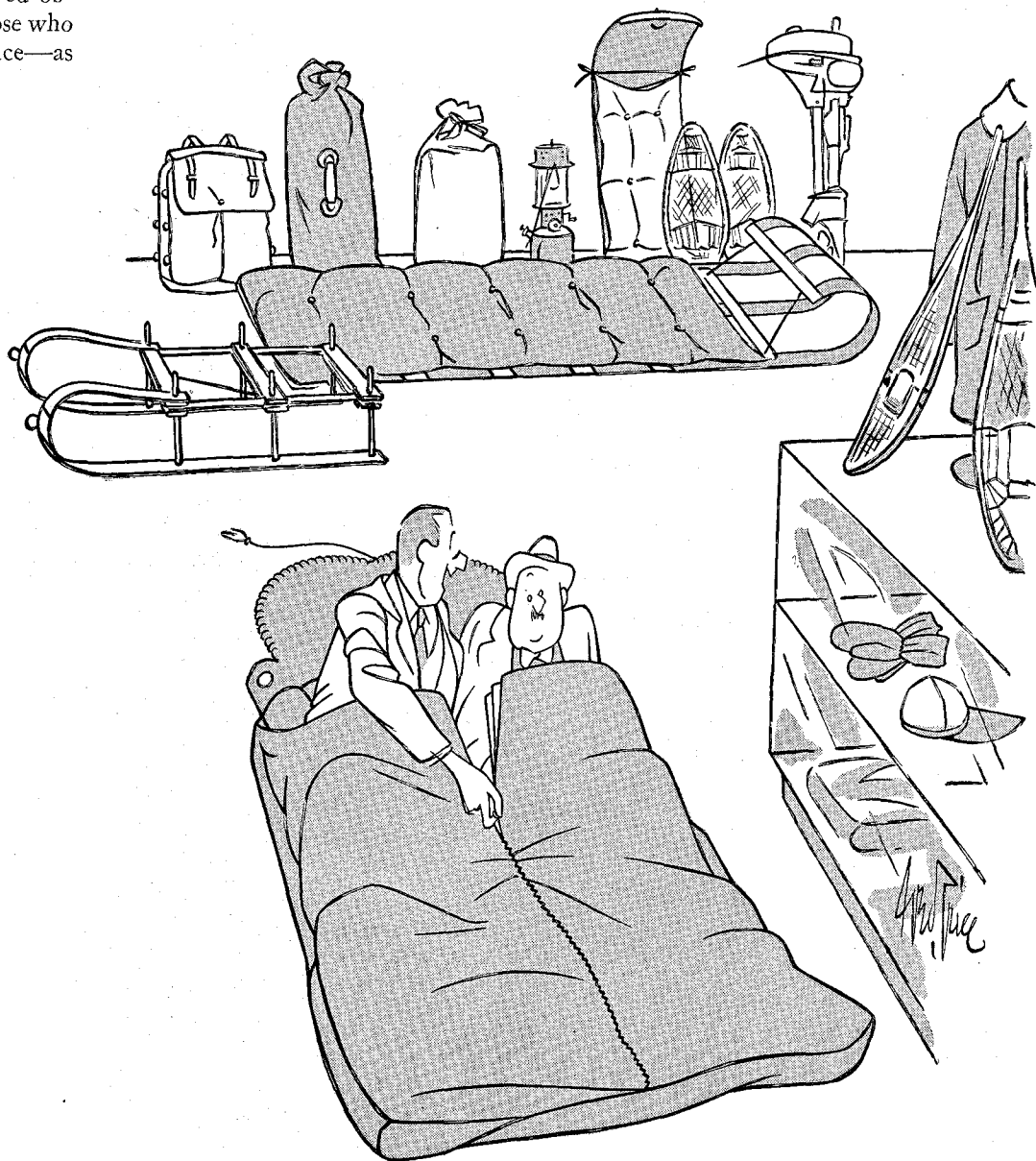
Of course, delicate flowers always suffer the most at indoor shows, but, anyway, the lesson ought to be clear: If you garden in an area where watering restrictions will be enforced this summer, and if you aren't willing to trust in Heaven or Mayor O'Dwyer to supply enough rain to keep color in beds and borders and in the vases indoors, you can give yourself an ace in the hole by

planting more common annuals than you ever dreamed of planting before. Give them a section of the vegetable garden, if necessary—perhaps at the expense of some of the squashes that sprawl over so much space and that the family practically never eats up. (A couple of hills of Coccozelle, a succulent Italian vegetable marrow of the bush type, and of Butternut, a lavish producer and a wonderful winter keeper, are really all the squash a household needs anyway, unless it is made up of squash maniacs.) Planted here, your annuals, for a small cash outlay and practically no extra labor, will pay off generously in cut flowers for the house all summer long. They can also be transplanted to give wilting borders of perennials a shot in the arm. In any

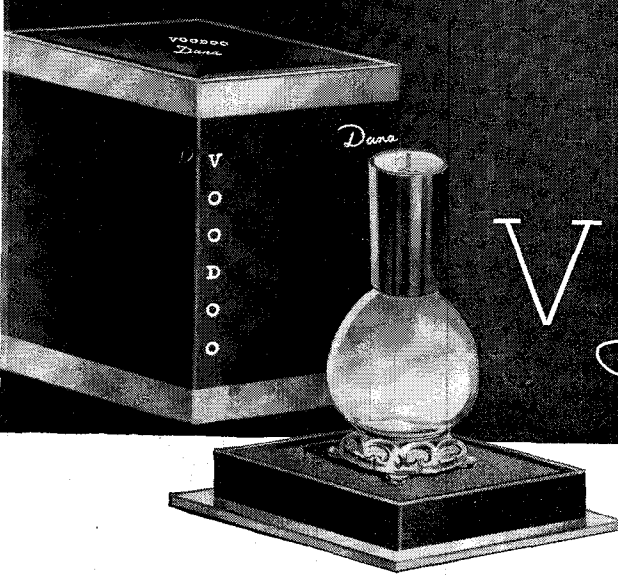
case, you will have had your money's worth. It's cheap insurance.

IN the full realization that most seed orders were made out at least a month ago and have already been filled, I urge supplementing them now if plenty of old-fashioned annuals were not included. Specifically, I'd say:

Plant at least twice your usual ration of zinnias. (For some reason, Peter Henderson's Dahlia-Flowered, mixed, stood the drought in my garden last year better than California Giants, from the same seedsman, and were spectacular pinch-hitters in the house in late summer for droopy perennial phlox and asters that weren't worth cutting.) Sow enough alyssum, and, toward the end of next month, buy from your seedsman



"As you can see, it sleeps two very nicely."



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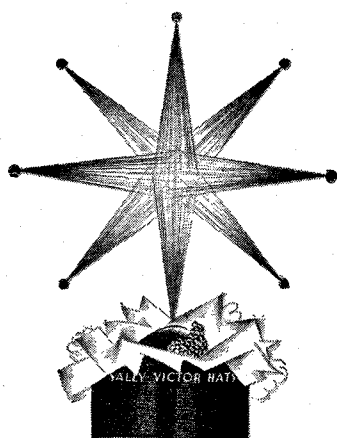
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or local greenhouse man enough *plants* of *ageratum*—it is too late now to start seeds—to provide replacements for possible casualties among bed and border edgings. Those old reliables, *alyssum* Violet Queen and *alyssum* Carpet of Snow, which I prayerfully cast upon the earth late last June where harebells and *armeria* had dropped in their tracks, were in bloom by midsummer and stood up like soldiers, even beyond the first light frosts. In *ageratum* plants you'll have to take what you can get, which will probably be Blue Ball dwarf-growing or foot-high Blue Perfection, but either is good enough for anybody.

For annuals you can use as transplanting material to fill in with when or if tall perennials fail, buy potted *lantanas* from your seedsman and set them out in the garden. They are sturdy, spreading, shrublike plants that need no staking; their leathery, lemon-scented foliage apparently hasn't a bug enemy in the world; and they produce luxuriant displays of crested buff-to-yellow-to-orange blossoms that start in early summer and keep going until fall, when you can pot them again and bring them indoors, provided you have a good, big plant window.

Above all, plant marigolds. They were the heroes of many a drought-scarred 1949 garden and, to my mind, of the 1950 Flower Show. Even without the inspiration of W. Atlee Burpee's all-marigold garden, which was one of the loveliest spots in the show and must have converted scores of anti-marigold gardeners, I would be a flag-waver for this plant, and particularly for the dwarf French variety *Naughty Marietta*, a Burpee introduction of a few years ago. It has grown for me under every sort of adverse condition, although never quite as prodigiously as it grows for the Burpee people, who can induce it to put out blossoms that measure better than two inches across, which I confess I can't. *Naughty Marietta*, a low-growing single that bears a clear-yellow flower splotted with maroon, shared the edgings in the Burpee display with the firm's new *Sunny*, which is so obviously a blood relation (the two are identical in everything but color, *Sunny* being pure yellow, without splotches) that I don't see how it can fail to perform as *Marietta* does; that is to say, with the prettiest possible bed manners and with an indomitable spirit that defies wet spells, dry spells, bugs, and blights. *Marietta* grows lustily and ferny for me to a height of fifteen or sixteen inches, and each plant has a spread of

fourteen or fifteen inches. If you like a real ground-cover effect or a continuous, ribbonlike edging, you can crowd these marigolds as close together in the bed as eight inches; the seedlings close ranks quickly and begin putting out their innumerable starry blossoms, which look like fancy hatpins stuck in a pincushion. I'm investing in *Sunny* as well as *Naughty Marietta* this year and I expect good things of both. Practically all seedsmen now carry *Naughty Marietta*, but—for the time being, at least—you'll have to order *Sunny* direct from W. Atlee Burpee, Philadelphia 32. The Burpee people like to keep their babies under home control for a while.

On the chance that a word or two about one more marigold won't tax a reader's staying powers, I'd like to mention another of Burpee's 1950 introductions—*Riverside Beauty*, a tall-growing, pale-citron, carnation-flowered sort that, displayed as a cut flower at Grand Central Palace, looked good enough to eat. Well, make it *two* more marigolds. I'd hate to be without the classic *Mammoth Mum*, which in July rewards its growers with big, tightly curled lemon-colored blooms on long stems; they look like hothouse *chrysanthemums*. The seeds of *Riverside Beauty* can be ordered only from Burpee; those of the classic *Mammoth Mum* are available almost everywhere.

EVER since last summer, it has been a source of surprise to me that I can't include two of the greatest old favorites—*petunias* and *portulacas*—in my list of absolute reliables. *Petunias* grown from seed were among the first of my flowers to succumb last year to the continuous sunshine they're supposed to love, and usually do, and replacement plants bought from a nurseryman lived only a few weeks. As for my *portulacas*, a strip of them at the foot of a stone wall, where they had seeded themselves and flourished for three seasons with no babying whatever, had entirely disappeared by August—burned to a crisp. This, of course, is only one gardener's experience, and those people who would just as soon be sorry as safe will doubtless plant as many *petunias* and *portulacas* as ever. I suppose they will be especially likely to plant *petunias*, now that there is at last a true-red one—*Fire Chief*, which won the All-America Gold Medal, awarded by the All-America Selections Council, for 1950. *Fire Chief* is, as advertised, flaming red and absolutely sensational, and personally I wouldn't give you two cents for it; a red *petunia* looks about as

real to me as a St. Patrick's Day green carnation. For every gardener who feels as I do about this subject there are probably a hundred who don't, and they can get Fire Chief from any seedsman in town, provided they don't wait too long.

DROUGHT-HAUNTED gardeners who prefer preventive measures to drastic substitutions in their flower beds will very likely go overboard for mulches this year. I think they will be very wise indeed to do so, although I believe a mixture of the two measures is better than either alone. The right kind of mulch will hold your precious allotment of water, whether from a hose or from clouds, in the ground, where you want it; it will protect the soil from the burning sun and drying winds and will keep down weeds; and if it is applied in time, which is early in the summer, after a good, soaking rain and perhaps after a final cultivation, it may be the saving of long-term vegetables, like tomatoes, eggplant, and peppers, and of finicky perennials. For all that has been said and written about summer mulches in late years, few amateur gardeners made much real use of them until last season, when, in a panic, they started throwing every possible kind of mulch—from grass clippings to excelsior salvaged from express packages—over beds that were already baked. Even then, it really did some good.

Of course, ordinarily grass clippings are better left on the lawn, which needs its own protection, and excelsior, straw, old leaves, and the like may mat badly in a heavy rainfall and confound you by turning into a waterproof coat. Not only that, but these makeshifts are unsightly even if they stay where you put them, and much more so when the puppies get loose and drag the stuff all over the lawn. For flowers, I'll trade you all such emergency mulches—and peat moss, too, as far as that goes—for a summer's supply of buckwheat hulls, which to my mind have every mulching advantage and only one small drawback. A superior buckwheat-hull mulch is sold by Larowe Mills, Cohocton, New York, under the name of Mul-Tex. This clean, dry stuff, which is as light as soap flakes and looks rather like them, except for being grayish brown, is a pleasure to handle. It is porous enough to let water through to the ground, instead of soaking it up, as peat moss does; it looks attractive at all times; and, since five dollars will get you two hundred pounds, which is enough to take care of two hundred and

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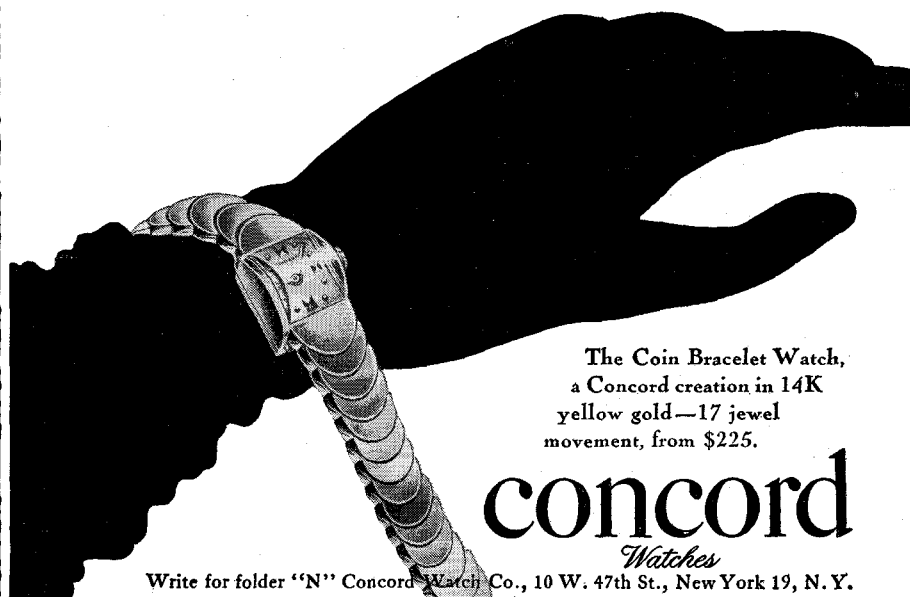


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fifty square feet of earth, it covers more ground for your money than anything I know of except homemade compost, and who ever has enough of that on hand to squander it on *top* of the soil? The drawback I mentioned is slight—merely that an occasional buckwheat seedling will sprout in hull-mulched beds. But these are so easily pulled, as all weeds are that manage to grow through a mulch, that they needn't worry you, and you may even find them so pretty that you will decide to just let them be.

It would be unfair to some of the mulching materials I have mentioned, and a few that I haven't, to leave this subject without saying that in their place, and for specific purposes, all mulches are wonderful, and that this is certainly the year to make use of them. Last year's oak leaves, which perhaps were raked in under broad-leaved evergreens, should be left there, and not removed in spring cleaning. Oak leaves are also invaluable, when nicely rotted, for mulching holly. Mr. Earle Dilatush, the East's great holly specialist, pampers his trees with all the oak-leaf-mold mulch he can get his hands on, and claims they need nothing else to keep them happy except a yearly feeding of cottonseed meal and crushed tobacco stems. (Incidentally, if you are looking for hollies that will grow in this vicinity, you can find them at the Dilatush Holly Farm, on Route 25, near Robbinsville, New Jersey.) Peat moss is excellent as a light springtime top dressing for lawns in alkaline areas, and under rhododendron and laurel plantings, where its slight acidity is helpful rather than harmful. Salt hay, of course, is traditional for strawberries and nothing could serve the purpose better, provided your irrigating system gets down underneath the mulch to supply the plants with the root-soaking they need in order to produce as they should.

COME to think of it, the extreme thirstiness of strawberries may bring the old-fashioned strawberry barrels back into popularity this year, and users of these can, of course, forget about mulching. Gardeners who are also good tinkers can easily make their own strawberry barrel from an old rain barrel, but if you'd rather have one delivered to your door, complete even to the drainage cylinder that makes a well in the center of the barrel, from which the roots drink, and accompanied by fifty everbearing strawberry plants and a set of planting instructions, you can get it from Kelly Brothers Nurseries,



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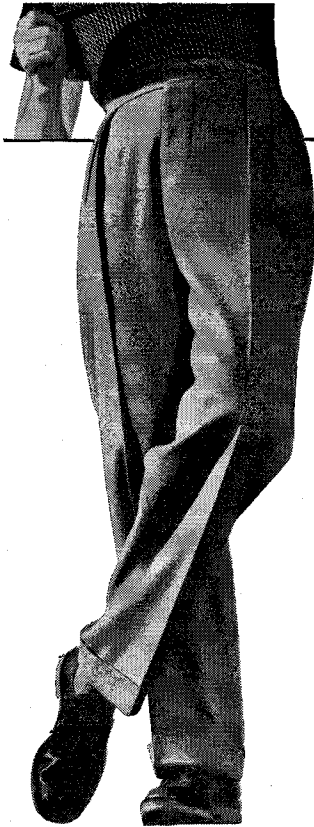
Dansville, N. Y. The barrel is two feet high and sixteen inches in diameter, and the price for the works is \$7.75. If you want something fancier, terra-cotta strawberry jars a trifle larger than the Kelly barrel are \$40 at Erkins Studios, 40 West 40th Street; with a turquoise glaze on the outside, they are \$50. These prices, by the way, are for the jars only; no inside fittings and no plants. Many people plant flowers in these jars, and I won't say that they aren't beautiful when they are dripping with balcony petunias.

THIS season, on the whole, appears to be as short in new gardening paraphernalia as it has been in the introduction of new plants, but there is a new garden glove that seems to be a superior article, and a plant tie that came out last year but didn't get around to many of our local supply stores until recently. The gloves are called Wolverines and are made, in men's and women's sizes, of, so help me, bacon rind. (Pigskin is what they'll tell you in the stores, and I guess it's not inaccurate, at that.) These gloves, which for some reason come in chamois color for men and green for women, have been treated with lanolin, so that they are very pliable, and they are guaranteed to remain that way through water-soaking and mud baths; that should put them one up on most garden gloves. They're washable, naturally, and are said to be as durable as horsehide. They are selling for around \$1.50 a pair at Vaughan's Seed Store, at 47 Barclay Street, and Peter Henderson, at 35 Cortlandt Street.

The plant tie—it is called Gard-N-Tys—looks like a thin green cord but actually is three layers of a tough paper, wrapped around an extremely flexible copper wire. The wrapping has been shrunk, by the Sanforizing process, until it is fairly welded to the copper core. This product comes in bundles of a hundred, cut in seven-inch lengths (around twenty-five cents) or in fifteen-inch lengths (sixty cents), or on spools holding two hundred feet (\$1). You can find it, in one length or another, at the Goldfarb Flower Shop, 160 East 57th Street, at Henderson, and at Stumpp & Walter, 132 Church Street. Tying a plant to a stake with a piece of Gard-N-Tys requires nothing more than a twist of the fingers. —B. B.

Admittedly, lots of errors are due to haste and hurry. "Your" for "you're," lets say.—*Hartford Times*.

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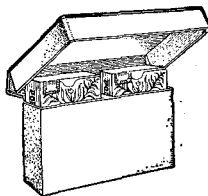
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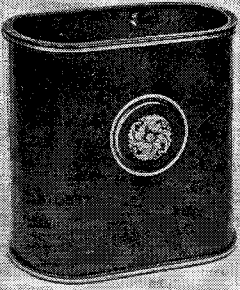
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THE SCREAM

I WAS awakened that morning by a shriek so loud I thought it was in the room. Then I heard it again, and knew it was just outside, below the bedroom window. It sounded like a syllable or a word, foreign but quite plain—"E-e-e-eh! E-e-e-eh!"—and yet I knew, half asleep as I still was, that it wasn't a human being screaming. It wasn't a parrot, either. What other creature, though, could talk?

"E-e-e-eh!"

This time, I sat up, wide awake and trembling. I knew I must get out of bed immediately and do something, but I was afraid. I didn't move. I didn't want to see what was going on outside the drawn curtains. My husband hadn't stirred, and I wondered if anyone else in the house was listening. Now the screams seemed to come from different directions, as if whatever desperate thing made them was running back and forth, trying to get away.

"E-e-e-eh!"

The sound grew weaker and came from farther off—down the hill, perhaps, where a path runs between blackberry bushes. At last, I made myself get up and go to the window, push the curtain aside, and look out. There was nothing there that could scream. The peaceful English countryside seemed, in fact, particularly tranquil. It was dawn, the grass was powdered with a light frost, and the air was brighter than it would be later. The noise had stopped. Everything was familiar; nothing was terrible. I saw the old rosebush at the top of the path leading into the woods. I couldn't see any animal or bird. It was too early even for the cheerful grating of the rooks that nest in the trees on the hill. Still, I knew I hadn't dreamed that noise. I had never had a dream that real. It was worse than a human voice, I kept insisting stupidly to myself, because it was so *nearly* human.

The sunrise was as lovely as any I have known, and the day was sure to be fine and delicate. It might have been a screech owl, I thought—but I didn't really believe that. There are owls in our woods, but they make a noise one recognizes—crooning, ghostly little hoots. I felt better, though my knees were still shaking and I was wet between the shoulder blades, as if I had had a nightmare. I looked again, carefully, at the woods and the rosebush, and at the brambles, their branches just softening and blurred with early buds. There was no wind. Everything was

still. I dropped the curtain at last and went back to bed.

"**W**HATEVER was that this morning?" asked the children's nurse at the breakfast table.

"Oh, Nanny, did you hear it?" I asked.

"Hear it! Of course I heard it," she said. "It was almost in my room. To tell you the truth, I got up and went to look at the baby."

This shocked me. "You never thought it was her, Nanny! You couldn't have, even for a minute. It wasn't human."

"I know," said Nanny, "but it was nearly."

Carola, my seven-year-old, took a spoonful of porridge and said calmly, "Well, I didn't hear it. I only dreamed I heard it."

"That's good," I said. I looked down to the other end of the table, where my husband was reading a book. "Charles, you didn't wake at all, early this morning, did you? I almost called you to ask what it was."

"What *what* was?" said Charles. "Was there a noise?"

I told him about it.

"A rabbit being taken by a stoat," he said.

"Oh, no, it couldn't have been a rabbit," I said. "They only squeak. This was terrible. It was loud and terrible, like something with a shark after it, or—"

"Yes, that's it. Rabbits scream when stoats are after them. They act as if they're paralyzed, but they scream. It's the only time they do."

"But that's perfectly horrible!" I put down my spoon.

"Yes," he said noncommittally. He glanced warningly toward Carola and went back to his book. Thus reminded of Carola, I was silent, and waited remorsefully for her comments, but apparently she hadn't listened.

I managed to keep the whole thing out of my mind most of the day, but that night, when I was getting into bed, the sight of the drawn curtains brought it back to me. I said, "I hope I won't hear a rabbit again tomorrow morning."

"'Nature red in tooth and claw,' darling," said Charles. He turned off the light.

I couldn't go to sleep right away. I felt depressed and frightened, and I was angry with myself for this. It seemed unreasonable squeamish to be so upset by one rabbit. I told myself that it wasn't as



if I were unused to the sudden death of animals. I was used to the country, too. "I love our house," I said to myself. "I love our woods and countryside. I feel happy whenever I come back to them from London. Everything around us is so wide and quiet and clean and cool."

I went through all this like a lesson, and in defense of our home I made a list in my mind of the bad things I have seen elsewhere—all the crimes and accidents and cruelties. I've seen people starving, I thought. I've seen rows of torn bodies being sorted out on the ground after a bombing. I've seen an African village during an epidemic and in a famine.

My thoughts were not peaceful ones, but now that the light was off, there was nothing to keep me reminded of stoats at dawn—not even moonlight picking out the openings in the curtains—so at last I went to sleep.

THE next day was Sunday, and again the weather was lovely. Part of the satisfaction I find in our house is the way I can sit and be conscious of the children, somewhere nearby, growing and playing and learning, within call but not cooped up. It's a good place for both of them, in their different stages. The baby takes her milk and then she sleeps in her cot or in her pram, under a pine tree near the kitchen garden. As a matter of fact, now and then I don't quite like her sleeping outside, though I know it is necessary. I sometimes feel worried, all of a sudden, for fear a branch, or even a cone, may fall on her. When I stop to reflect, I know this is nonsensical. Branches are pretty certain not to fall in any weather in which she would be sleeping outdoors, and she is covered with a net that would deflect most lighter falling things, but there it is, and I think about it. It's not a strong anxiety. I know perfectly well that I have inherited fears of this sort from the war and that lots of other people entertain these irrational worries.

As for Carola, no such neurotic misgivings interfere with my feelings about her. She is outside all day, all the time. There is no motor road nearby to tempt her to danger. She can ride her small-sized bicycle on our drive as far as she is likely to want to go. She can climb any number of trees to her heart's content. It's good to sit in one's house with a child playing outside quite safely, quite happily. There aren't many better sensations in life.

Once during the afternoon of that Sunday, I heard Carola calling "Patrick! Patrick!" and looked out of the

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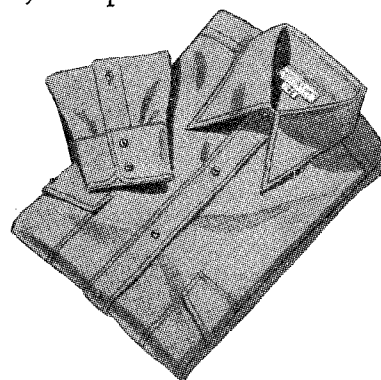
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window to see her running across the lumpy, weed-grown tennis court with her big water-spaniel puppy after her. Patrick, his ears flopping, was making heavy weather of it, running like a cart horse on his enormous paws. Francis, the cat, stalking at the edge of some bushes, saw them and crouched motionless until they had got past. They ran out of sight behind the rhododendrons, and Francis stood up and went on with his hunting.

Carola came indoors at teatime. "Wash your hands," I said mechanically, and then, looking at her, I added, "And your face as well. It's all smudged."

"I was crying," she said cheerfully. "Oh? Why?"

"I was so cross with Patrick," she said. "He had a dead mouse in his mouth that Francis must have killed, and I was afraid he'd get germs, so I tried to take it away from him, but he wouldn't let me."

"Those germs wouldn't hurt Patrick, honey," I said.

"Wouldn't they? Well, and then I scratched my leg on a stick, so I cried, but it's stopped hurting now."

"You go and wash your hands," I said.

While we ate, Patrick stood outside the dining-room window, with his paws on the sill, and whined to come in. He looked like George Eliot. Carola ran out as soon as she had finished, and, later, I went up to my sitting room. I heard her calling Patrick, and I said from the open window, "Not so loud Carola. You'll wake the baby. She's over there by the hedge."

She disappeared in search of the dog, and a hush fell over the house and lawn, broken only by the rooks' cawing as they came home to the trees. The baby was brought in and given her bottle. I mended some socks. Faintly, I heard music from Nanny's radio. A cow called to her calf, the rooks grew quiet, and the day slowly faded out.

IF I had turned on the light in my sitting room five minutes earlier, Carola might never have told me. I think she would have tiptoed past my door, gone straight to her own room, and tried to bury all thought of what had happened. As it was, my room must have looked inviting and safely closed in, because it was almost dark and yet she could see that I was there. She stood just at the threshold, looking at me, and she spoke in a strange, dull voice. "Hello, Mummy," she said, sounding just as if she had been on a long



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journey and had got back very tired.

I looked at her as well as I could in the dark. "Why, hello," I said. "Is anything the matter?"

She said, "Nothing's the matter," and waited awhile. Then, suddenly, words came in a flood, passionately, indignantly, accusingly. "There was a little rabbit, a tiny baby rabbit, only this big. This big, Mummy!" She came closer to show me, with her thumb and finger, how small the rabbit was, and she began to cry. "And Francis got him," she sobbed. "The rabbit let me pick him up and pet him, and he jumped away and ran into a bank, and Francis got him. Oh, Mummy, he was only this big! He had a little white tail!"

I realized that I had stood up. Carola came close and leaned her forehead against me. She cried quietly; she was too tired to make much noise. "Did Francis—" I began, but I stopped. I knew all about it anyway; I have seen the cat with rabbits. "Darling," I said, "I'm so sorry. Did he get it right in front of you? I'm so sorry."

"It ran away. It ran into a place with ferns and moss and a log, but Francis—I know he got it. I know he did."

"Did you try to chase Francis away?"

"Oh, yes, I tried and tried, but he wouldn't run." She was still leaning against me, but she was not crying so hard.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, rubbing her head, "but cats are made that way, you know. All animals kill other animals."

"I hate cats," she said. "I hate Francis. I don't want to see him." She rubbed her face against me and wailed a little. "I prayed, too," she said. "I prayed four prayers, but God didn't help."

"Did you?"

"Out there under the trees. I was crying all the time I prayed, but Francis wouldn't go away. He was there a long time. I couldn't do anything for the rabbit anyway. I couldn't stop Francis. Oh, Mummy, I couldn't do anything!"

There it was. Not even our house was safe. She *had* been on a long journey, after all. I stood smoothing her hair, feeling small and weak in our small house surrounded by dark space, by stoats and shrieking rabbits and pine trees and all the endless outside—the earth with hunters prowling on it, the sky from which things fall.

—EMILY HAHN

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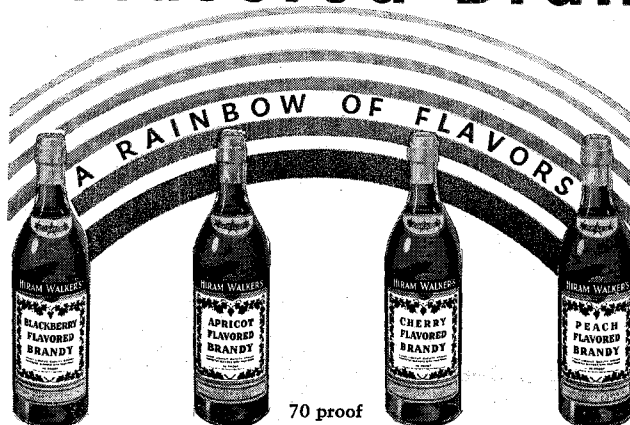
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THE WAYWARD PRESS

LARRY ADLER, the harmonica player, and Paul Draper, the dancer, are friends of mine, and I have therefore been following with far more than offhand interest the way certain elements of the press have covered a libel suit they instituted over a year ago against Mrs. John T. McCullough, of Greenwich, Connecticut. Mrs. McCullough, the wife of a *Time* editor, became upset, in the fall of 1948, when she learned that Adler and Draper were to perform the following January 21st at one of three musical evenings sponsored by the Greenwich Community Concert Association, to which series she had subscribed. She returned her tickets to the Association and explained why in a number of bristling statements that were subsequently published, most of them in the *Greenwich Time*, her home-town paper. She said that Adler and Draper were "pro-Communist in sympathy" and "exponents of a line of thinking directly opposed to every democratic principle upon which our great country has been founded." She said that "these boys had interrupted one of their concerts in Birmingham, Alabama, to give a Party-line speech." (According to the Bir-

THE GREENWICH TEA PARTY

mingham papers, Adler and Draper, after finishing an uninterrupted performance at the Municipal Auditorium, went to a hotel and, before another audience, spoke on behalf of the Presidential aspirations of Henry Wallace, whom they were ardently supporting. The Associated Press sent out an account of the evening's events that, while it said that the Birmingham Music Club was "exceedingly embarrassed" because "a couple of performers mixed politics with art," also stated clearly that they "appeared at a joint concert . . . and later addressed a Wallace-for-President rally." Despite the "later," the story was given such headlines as "Political Talk at Concert Assailed" [*Des Moines Register*], "Art for Wallace's Sake" [*Cincinnati Post*], and "Mix Politics and Art" [*New York Times*]. It may be that Mrs. McCullough, like many other people, just reads the headlines.) She said, "I do not dispute their talents, but as an American I stand opposed to Communism in any form." She said, "By purchasing tickets [for the concert], we indirectly make cash contributions to Moscow." She said, "I have learned that

these two men have openly supported eight or nine Communist-front organizations. I do not know that these men are Communists, but no one who encourages Communism in any form should be supported in a capitalistic town like Greenwich. Anyone interested in Communism is interested in overthrowing our government and should be treated as a traitor." The board of directors of the Community Concert Association—a body headed by the town's first selectman, the nearest thing it has to a mayor—had an interrogatory session with Adler and Draper and then announced that it was satisfied they were not interested in overthrowing the government and that the concert would go on. It did, and shortly afterward each of the two entertainers sued Mrs. McCullough for a hundred thousand dollars. Whether or not they were justified in doing so is scheduled to be formally put up to a jury in a United States District Court at Hartford the end of this month. The case has already been tried informally by a number of columnists, including Bill Cunningham, of the *Boston Herald*; Westbrook Pegler; George Sokolsky; and Igor Cassini, the sociologist who writes for the *New York Journal-American* and other Hearst papers under the name Cholly Knickerbocker. Evidently on the assumption that a United States District Court is incompetent to handle a libel suit without extensive prompting, these gentlemen have weighed the issues themselves and have unanimously found the defendant innocent and the plaintiffs guilty. It is with the press's treatment of the case—largely with these columnists' impatient and outlandish treatment—and not with the guilt or innocence of any of the parties to it, that this article is concerned.¹

Except in the Hearst papers, the McCullough-Adler-Draper dispute has

¹The writer of this article, as a friend of Adler's and Draper's, has naturally been concerned with their politics, which happen to be at odds with his own. The writer has no knowledge of, or interest in, Mrs. McCullough's politics, which may or may not be at odds with his own. Adler and Draper, who, incidentally, have both said under oath that they are not and have never been members of the Communist Party, share most, if not all, of the political views of Henry Wallace. The writer's personal view is that most of Wallace's, Adler's, and Draper's political behavior has been nonsensical. The writer has a high regard for the right of an American to be as nonsensical as he damn pleases, within the framework of our existing laws. The writer is not and never has been a member of the Communist Party.



been handled in the news columns in fairly moderate and dispassionate fashion, but it has been dwelt upon with unprecedented eagerness and voluminousness by the columnists. It is not unusual for a columnist or a commentator to go all out on a theme not touched upon by his rivals, much in the manner of a single puppy grappling with a single bone; in this instance, it is as if a whole team of half-starved Eskimo huskies had suddenly sniffed the same hunk of caribou. Cassini, Pegler, et al., who seem to regard Mrs. McCullough as just about the greatest female American patriot since Molly Pitcher, and Adler and Draper as just about the most knavish rogues since Benedict Arnold and Major André, have dealt severely with the plaintiffs for having the gall to sue her and, particularly, for having permitted their attorneys to invoke against her a property-attachment law that in the columnists' view is a horrid, unfair statute. The columnists have gone after the two men much as if they were high-level State Department officials. So zealously have they applied themselves to this task that they seem even to have declared a truce on the lively competition that usually prevails among their kind. Sokolsky has referred to Cassini, in a public speech, as a dear friend and to Cunningham, in print, as "that fine Boston reporter."

Cassini, who has chewed away at Adler and Draper more persistently than any of his colleagues have—since Mrs. McCullough sent back her tickets, he has devoted some or all of about fifty of his sprightly syndicated columns to the subject—said not long ago, "Next to the Alger Hiss case it will be the most important to go before an American court."² Whatever it will be—it could conceivably be just a libel case—his estimate of the significance of it may have been influenced by the fact that he was the first journalist to publicize Mrs. McCullough's original charges and has been a participant in the case. It was he to whom Mrs. McCullough turned for guidance in the beginning, when she decided to make things hot for Adler and Draper. He obliged by providing her with a list of Leftist organizations with which the two men had allegedly been affiliated and by putting her in touch with J. B. Matthews, a former yeoman of the House Committee on Un-American

²On another occasion, he held it to be equally important. In any case, he would seem to rank it a notch above the trial of the eleven leaders of the Communist Party.



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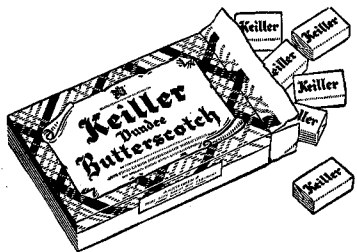
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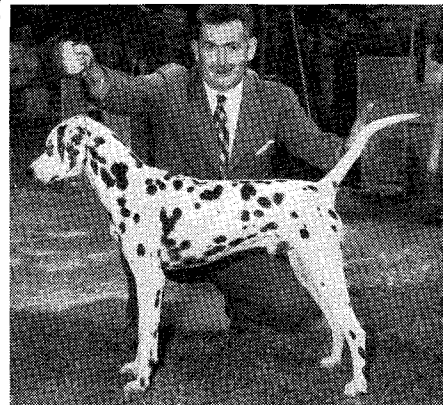
Activities, who, in turn, furnished her with some findings of the *California* Committee on Un-American Activities, of which she has made considerable use in attempting to establish that Adler and Draper are all the things she said they were. As a result of thus getting acquainted with her, Cassini was able to scoop everybody else by running an item in his column of December 19, 1948, that began, "The fashionable community of Greenwich, Conn., is afire! And it's about the burning question of Communism. One of the prominent women of the community, Mrs. John T. McCullough... started the spark that may turn into a general conflagration, and may have the same importance in history as the Boston Tea Party."³ When the directors of the Greenwich concert group issued their statement about Adler and Draper, Cassini was furious. "Why don't you engage Stalin and Molotov next for a speaking engagement?" he asked them in print. A few days later, he sounded as if he thought Stalin and Molotov had already made a persuasive appearance in Greenwich. "It is evident by the events that have taken place following Mrs. McCullough's action," he wrote, "that the rich and arty community of Greenwich has its fill of fellow-travelers."⁴ Offensive as the idea might be, Mrs. McCullough has discovered them harbored in the schools, newspapers, and civic groups. But the Adler-Draper issue has forced them to identify themselves!" The next day, he ran a meek retraction; the publishers of the *Greenwich Time*, the only newspaper in that town, had noticed the offensive idea harbored in his column and had forced him to withdraw his implied identification of them.

In dealing with Adler and Draper, who he has suggested ought to be sent to Russia, Cassini, by trade a high-society columnist, has seemed to be anxious to reduce the whole disagreement to the level of a plebeian brawl. In January, 1949, addressing an aside to the Greenwich concert group, he said, "Gee, what do you want, a crack on the head to persuade you that they [Adler's and Draper's activities] are [subversive in character]?" In November, 1949, he reported that Mrs. McCullough's husband, on confronting one of the plaintiffs, "had to restrain himself from punching Draper on the

³According to Cassini's scale of historical values, the Tea Party is thus a notch below the Hiss case.

⁴The voting in Greenwich for President, two months earlier, had been: Dewey, 12,697; Truman, 5,485; Wallace, 248.

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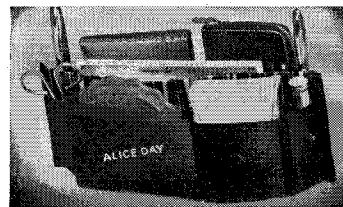
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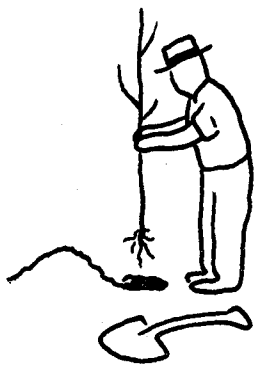
nose." In December, Cassini lost interest in preliminary fighters and got down to the main event. "I have been told by an excellent authority," he wrote, "that Paul Draper . . . said he was the victim of a vicious plot to ruin him and that if he ever came face to face with me he would tear me apart." Then, after a long digression in which he remarked that a friend of his had once hoped to punch *Adler* in the nose, Cassini concluded, "That brings me to Draper's statement that he'd like to tear me apart. Well, I'd love to give him the chance. And he can bring *Adler* along, too—and I swear I won't ask *Pegler* for help." Some of Cassini's loyal readers evidently felt that he ought not to chance going it alone, for two and a half weeks later he wrote, "I'm absolutely overwhelmed with emotion at the hundreds of offers pouring in from fellows who want to join the big party if I ever come face to face with Paul Draper and Larry *Adler*." He declined the proffered aid, however. "I want all the fun for myself," he said. Three days after that, he reported that Draper was "exercising like mad every afternoon . . . as if he were in training for a big boxing match." Eleven days later, he indicated that he had changed his mind about fighting them singlehanded. He had had further offers of help, from Harry Donovan, the son of a former middleweight champion, and two members of Donovan's family—a "professor of boxing" and a "well-known football star." "With the Donovans on my team," Cassini wrote, "Draper and *Adler* better beat it fast." Two weeks after that, Cassini hinted that he was not averse to letting someone else do all his fighting for him. "Ed Luckenbach, the young shipping heir, almost fractured a couple of guys who were loudly abusing your columnist for his attacks on Draper and *Adler*," he wrote. "When Ed asked them to step outside they shut up like clams, the yellow-livered heroes." Some admirers of the columnist tremble to think what might happen to him if he were ever to tangle with Draper, an event that seems likely only in Cassini's truculent imagination. The dancer is taller and heavier, has a longer reach, and would have an almost incalculable edge in footwork.

Cassini and his colleagues, in their

analysis of the case, have made much of the Connecticut attachment law, which has been in effect since 1805 and permits a plaintiff in a damage suit to attach a defendant's property pending settlement of the case. The idea is to prevent a defendant from liquidating his assets so he can plead poverty if he loses the suit. Recourse to this law is common procedure in the state, and *Adler's* and Draper's original attorneys, as all the columnists have related over and over, had an attachment put on Mrs. McCullough's property—a house, a piece of land, and a two-thousand-dollar savings account she had jointly with her husband. Attachments of this sort can be reduced, or lifted, upon application to a judge, but Mrs. McCullough never took any such step. (She could also have freed her assets by getting a surety company to post a bond for her. This would have cost her a few hundred dollars a year. Surety companies usually want, in addition, collateral equal to the value of the property involved, but they have been known to waive this requirement upon presentation by the attachee of a sworn statement showing financial responsibility. The columnists have not cluttered their readers' minds with dull details of this nature.) Last February, *Adler* and Draper themselves finally instructed their counsel to lift the attachment, after it had been in effect for a little over a year.

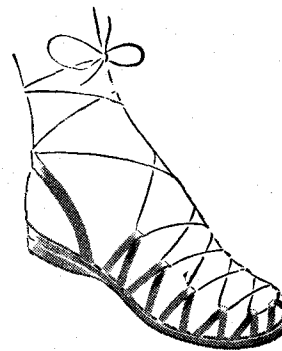
Before the plaintiffs took this action, there was considerable agitation about the attachment not only in the columns but, perhaps partly as a result of them, in the Connecticut papers. An organization called the Minute Women of Connecticut sprang into being and petitioned a special session of the state's General Assembly, its lawmaking body, to repeal the ancient statute. Among the Minute Women who testified against the law before a legislative committee of the Assembly were Mrs.

McCullough and Miss Vivien Kellems, an eccentric industrialist who has often been commended in *Pegler's* column and who has long been on the outs with the federal government, which she maintains has no right to compel her to withhold income-tax deductions from her employees' wages. Miss Kellems told the committee, according to a news story in the *Journal-American*, "Let Connecticut strike a blow for freedom



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and against Communism by eliminating the law."⁵ Mrs. McCullough said, according to the same story, that as a result of the iniquitous law, she and her husband had "been forced to public charity." The State Bar Association issued a statement approving of the law, and the Assembly didn't take any action.

In calling her husband and herself charity cases, Mrs. McCullough must have meant that they were relying on contributions to pay her legal bills, for the attachment didn't affect Mr. McCullough's salary. By the time she testified before the legislative committee, she had received about ten thousand dollars from all over the country, thanks to an intensive fund-raising drive initiated in Cassini's column⁶ and enthusiastically helped along by Pegler, Sokolsky, Cunningham, the radio commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., and the *Yale Daily News*.

PEGLER, in a series of splenetic treatises on the case, has harped on the use by "two precious strollers" of the attachment law, or, as he calls it, "a weapon for the intimidation and the suppression of opinion both oral and on paper." He has also found Adler and Draper a convenient springboard for comments on Marshall Field, Felix Frankfurter, and Eleanor Roosevelt. In his characterization of Draper he has reached splendid, if preposterous, heights rarely before attained even by him. He has labelled Draper "the pretty pirouettician who stamps a dainty foot with hand on hip," "the dainty elf who flits like a wisp," "this mincing twirp," and "a pink and mincing dancer, rather on the elfin side."⁷ He has described a Draper performance as follows: "Affecting skin-tight pants, he puts his hands daintily on his hips, tosses his head, makes a saucy mouth and whirls and flounces madly," and he has referred to Draper's "dancing dainty figures and tossing his

⁵Not long after making this statement, Miss Kellems struck what she would presumably consider a blow against freedom and for Communism by, as the *Bridgeport Herald* has related, invoking the attachment law herself, against her principal business competitor.

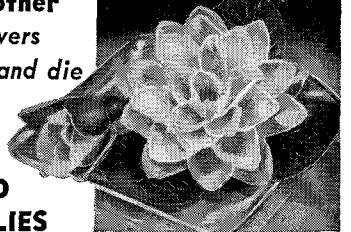
⁶Last Christmas Day, Cassini used the old device of a letter to Santa Claus purportedly composed by his young daughter. She told Santa her Daddy would be very happy if he could send a fat check to Mrs. McCullough.

⁷Adler has got off relatively easy. He is simply "the merry piper with the melodious reeds" whose performing is "dreary wheezing on the jail-organ" or "asthma with a score."



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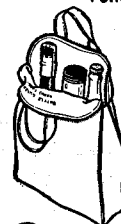
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golden curls⁸ with his hands on hips." All this is not only fantastic but probably irrelevant to the question of whether Mrs. McCullough libelled Adler and Draper. Pegler's resolute clinging to it may be dictated, however, by his seeming lack of precise knowledge about the alleged libel itself. Summarizing it in one column, he said, "Mrs. McCullough only remarked that she desired not to contribute money to Draper, a dainty dancer, and Adler, a mouth-organist, because reports of a Congressional committee had said they were associated with Communist fronts." And in another column he said, "Mrs. McCullough defiantly says Draper and Adler were spreading Communist propaganda throughout the United States in the guise of entertainment."

Pegler has accorded more space to Draper than to Adler, perhaps because the columnist used to live in Ridgefield, Connecticut, where the dancer now lives. "In Connecticut there are a great many Communists and fellow-travellers filtered in from New York," Pegler has said. He has also said, mysteriously, that Ridgefield "has quietly become infested with wealthy sixth columnists." This one was too much for the *Ridgefield Press*. "We dislike mentioning the name of Westbrook Pegler in the *Press*," it said editorially of the former Ridgefield townsman, "because we have a certain pride in keeping our paper free of evil things." Swallowing its pride, the *Press* let him have it for around five hundred buzzing words, finishing up with "What a pity that his talent could not have been directed toward building a better world."

Pegler has advised those of his readers who are patriots not only to support Mrs. McCullough with funds but to "bang this pair and knock them bow-legged" any time they may appear in the patriots' vicinity. That the two men are to be regarded as personae non gratae is a point of view that has been stressed with equal fervor, if less inventiveness, by Fulton Lewis, Jr. Last fall, he devoted nearly a solid week of daily broadcasts to Adler and Draper. On November 11th, he concluded a spirited belaboring of them with "What a lot of suckers we Americans are. Why do we do it? Is this what those men whose total sacrifice we are commemorating on this Armistice Day of 1949—is this what they gave their lives for? Is this protection and treasured guarding of the principles they tried to insure for us and the rest of

⁸Draper has straight hair, and the brutal truth is that he is getting bald.

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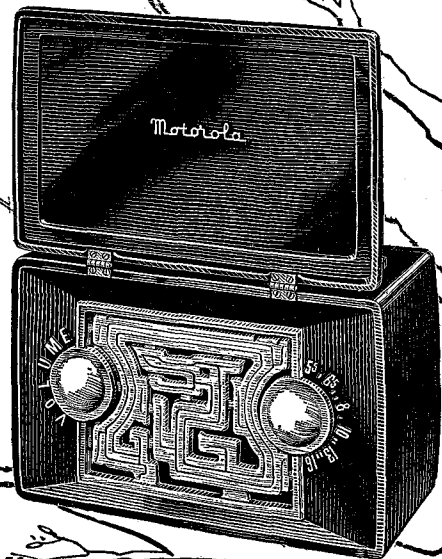


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the world? Answer that question yourself. That's the top of the news as it looks from here." Lewis's contention that this sort of thing constitutes news was echoed ten days afterward by Sokolsky. Referring to the interest Pegler, Cassini, and he himself had shown in the matter, he said, "We went after the story—as reporters should do but too often do not do. . . . Our business is news."

Sokolsky's business includes not only the reporting of news but the making of it. In mid-December, he was the main speaker at a well-publicized rally in Greenwich attended by more than a thousand people. According to the Greenwich *Time's* account of the occasion, Sokolsky got a "thunderous accolade" after delivering an oration about the threat to the world posed by Communism, in the course of which he gave his interpretation of just what had been said about Adler and Draper by Mrs. McCullough, who was present and to whom he referred as "this little girl." He said, "We can be so weakened that in time of peril or in time of war we can be destroyed because we haven't the will to survive. That is what Mrs. McCullough tried to say when she complained to the concert committee."⁹

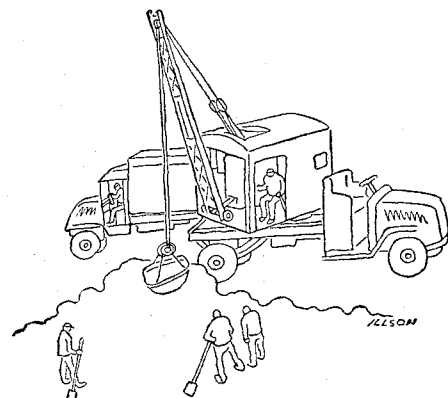
No columnist has been more generous in his praise of Mrs. McCullough, or more scathing in his rebuke of her antagonists, than Bill Cunningham, Sokolsky's fine Boston reporter, who is also a radio commentator of influence in New England. Like Pegler, he began his journalistic career as a sportswriter, and in his essays on the lawsuit he has shown himself to be a writer of the Peglerian school.¹⁰ He has described Adler and Draper as "the precious pair," Draper as a "male coryphee" and "masculine sprite," and Draper's dancing as "terpsichorean tiddlewinks."¹¹ Pegler's Back Bay counterpart didn't join the fun until November, 1949, nearly a year after Cassini had started his tea party, but one week after getting

into the act he wrote, "Last Sunday, after full investigation, I told the whole story in print here, for the first time." Some things he unquestionably did say for the first time. None of the other columnists had thought before to write, for instance, "We can't let this woman go down. . . . The woman's on Our Team." He was also first with a number of errors. He said, discussing the drive to collect money for the defendant, that "slowly, some practically secret support began flowing her way." There was nothing secret about it; Cassini, Pegler, and Sokolsky had been engaging in syndicated fund-raising for months. Cunningham reported, moreover, that Mrs. McCullough had read in the New York papers that in Birmingham "entertainers" from New York had deliberately flavored their performance with left-wing propaganda, ridiculing the United States and the capitalistic system." No such story having appeared in any New York paper, Mrs. McCullough couldn't have read it in one. In February, the fine Boston reporter did a column on a statement that had been issued by the plaintiffs' second, and current, firm of attorneys about the lifting of the attachment. He misquoted the statement and then briskly lambasted Adler and Draper on the basis of his own misquotation, intimating that they were not only unchivalrous but untruthful. The plaintiffs' lawyers, referring to the inception of the lawsuit, had said that "the attachment is a legal detail about which [the plaintiffs] had no knowledge at the time." Cunningham sliced off the last three words and, having thus revised the statement to suit his convenience, said, "The reader is left to assume that since they've just learned of these things, they've hastened to make the generous corrections. Whether that's kissin' kin of sincere apology or belated and hypocritical play for public sympathy in a battle that's now knocking their ever-lovin' ears off, is left, dear reader, to your own measuring machine. I can't call anybody, or even any brother act,

⁹It must have been an astonishingly effective speech; the Greenwich *Time* noted that one gentleman in the audience "took the floor to announce that he felt, by not having been aroused to the menace of Communism before this, that he had violated the Boy Scout oath, which he thereupon recited almost in its entirety."

¹⁰Like Cassini, he doesn't think too favorably of present-day Greenwich. He considers it "a community of fat-cats." Pegler has specifically identified Mrs. McCullough's husband as a non-fat-cat.

¹¹He has described Adler as a "mouth-organ maestro" and Mrs. McCullough as a "courageous young woman, holding her head very beautifully."



a pair of self-starting, stem-winding revolving liars in print without laying myself open to subpoenas, writs of replevin and whatever else it is the sons of sue use, but maybe the facts can, and here are some of the latter."¹²

EACH of the three principals has made a sworn oral deposition, a procedure sometimes used in the hope of shortening a trial by getting both sides to agree in advance—through examination and cross-examination—on certain points. Mrs. McCullough made her deposition first. In it she revealed that, for a prominent resident of Greenwich, her newspaper-reading habits are unorthodox. She said that she read the *Journal-American*.¹³ She also testified that she had asked her husband for information about Adler and Draper. He had dutifully brought home four clippings from the *Time* morgue, which have been put into evidence as trial exhibits and consequently have not yet been returned to the *Time* morgue. One, an item from *Time*, didn't mention Adler at all and mentioned Draper only in passing. (It was about the dancer's mother, Mrs. Muriel Draper. She is not a party to the lawsuit, and Draper swore in his deposition that he does not go along with her political views, which are outspokenly radical, but Cassini, Pegler, and the rest have dragged her in at every opportunity. Thus, Sokolsky said in one of his columns, "Then Larry Adler and Paul Draper discovered that public resistance had developed to their artistic appearances. Meanwhile, Paul Draper's mother, Muriel Draper, went off to Moscow where she indicated an attitude toward the United States not usual among loyal Americans." Cunningham dished up a paragraph about her trip to Russia and appended this postscript: "It chances to be the son, not the mother, however, who's involved in this case." He did not explain why, since that chanced to be, he had bothered to bring the mother in to begin with.) *Time*, incidentally, has run only one story on the case, despite its being more or less close to home and despite Pegler's having written, provokingly, "Mr. McCullough is an editor for the Time-Life

¹²One of the latter was the first name of Adler's and Draper's chief counsel, whom Cunningham dubbed Lawrence. His name is Frederick.

¹³This is unusual in Greenwich. When the *Sun* was absorbed by the *World-Telegram*, and Sokolsky, a former bellwether of the *Sun*, went over to the *Journal*, the Greenwich *Time* hastened to buy his column, on the theory that local fans of his might otherwise no longer get to read him.



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or fui piu axis, but the magazines aren't backing the McCulloughs."¹⁴

The second deposition proceeding was Draper's. On the eve of his hearing, a rumor went around Connecticut newspaper circles that Pegler, Sokolsky, and Lewis also planned to appear at it, reportorially. If they had appeared, it would probably have been the first time that three such Olympian newshawks had fluttered down to the same earthy roost. Only Sokolsky turned up. He didn't stay very long, and he was the only one of the half-dozen reporters on the scene who took no notes. The absence of Pegler and Lewis was partly compensated for by the presence of the chairman of the Yale *Daily News*,¹⁵ a journal that has been much interested in the case, even though neither Adler, Draper, nor Mrs. McCullough went to Yale. However, the plaintiffs' current attorneys, Wiggin & Dana, have long been counsel for Yale University.¹⁶ The Yale *News* ran a two-part editorial on the case last fall. The wording of the lead sentence of the first installment must have pained the English Department; it went: "There are probably few members of Yale who have not heard at some time or another during the past months of the suit that has been brought against Mrs. Hester McCullough of Greenwich by Larry Adler and Paul Draper, harmonica player and dancer respectfully." In the second installment, the *News* said, "There seems

¹⁴James A. Linen, the publisher of *Time*, lives in Greenwich, and he backed his employee to the extent of serving as a member of the committee that sponsored the rally addressed by Sokolsky. Gene Tunney was on the committee, too, but, as far as is known, has never offered to back Cassini in a square-off with Draper.

¹⁵The only reporter who brought a date along.

¹⁶Not long after the case got under way, Cassini advised the plaintiffs' first chief counsel, J. Kenneth Bradley, formerly a Republican National Committeeman from Connecticut, that if he believed in his clients, he ought to resign from the Republican Party, and Sokolsky wrote, "It is said that Kenneth Bradley wants to be the Republican candidate for Governor.... While a lawyer may defend any client, even a murderer, a Republican politician and State leader puts himself in a dubious position when he exacts the letter of the law in making such an American woman as Hester McCullough defenseless...." Bradley stepped out a few days after that. A Philadelphia *Daily News* columnist has said there was talk that Mrs. McCullough might run for Congress, and Cassini has published a letter proposing her for Secretary of State. Cassini did not comment on this suggestion one way or the other, but he has taken the view that Dean Acheson ought not to be Secretary of State.

to be no question that Mrs. Hester McCullough... will win her case. If she does not reason is dead and the most far-reaching of all possible curbs will be put on freedom of speech and forthright and open political discussion."¹⁷

When Draper was making his deposition—and, a couple of months later, when Adler was making his¹⁸—Mrs. McCullough's attorneys called attention to the fact that both plaintiffs' names had frequently been printed in Left Wing publications, including the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. A few of the items cited referred to appearances the entertainers had made, on behalf of one organization or another, that had also been written up in non-Communist publications like the *New York Times*. Adler, in the course of making his deposition, asked one of the defendant's lawyers how it was that he was so partial to the Communist press. "To find out about certain people we are limited to certain publications," the lawyer answered. This was a curious reply, inasmuch as his own client had acknowledged that she had been dependent for her initial information about her adversaries on the *Time* morgue and on a Hearst gossip columnist.¹⁹

Adler made his deposition in Febru-

¹⁷A couple of days after the editorials appeared, the *News* published a letter from two students that went:

TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE "NEWS":

1. Messrs. Draper and Adler are associated with subversive organizations. (Cf. Attorney General's list.)

2. The law firm of Wiggin & Dana are associated with Messrs. Draper and Adler. (Cf. Yale *Daily News*.)

3. Yale University is associated with the law firm of Wiggin & Dana. (Cf. Yale *Daily News*.)

4. The Yale *Daily News* is associated with Yale University.

Ergo, the Yale *Daily News* is associated with subversive organizations and we don't want to hear any more about it.

¹⁸Adler wasn't present for the taking of Draper's deposition. He was in Europe and wasn't expected to be present. It was therefore perhaps misleading for the Stamford *Advocate* to say, in a subhead over a story about Draper's testimony, "ADLER FAILS TO SHOW FOR PRETRIAL QUIZZING ON CLAIM OF LIBEL."

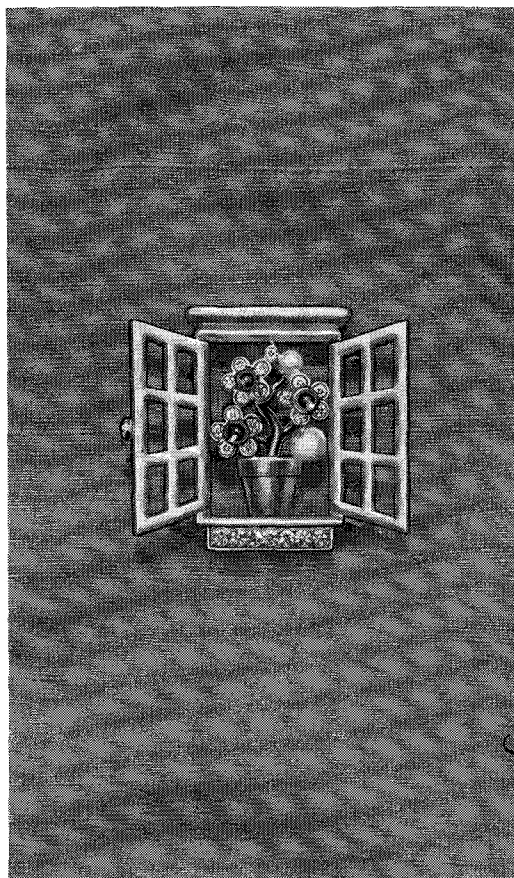
¹⁹Furthermore, you don't always find out the truth about certain people in certain publications. The *Daily Worker* not long ago referred to Draper's mother as "Miss Muriel Draper." The press of the extreme Right is just as apt to be flighty in its handling of facts as that of the extreme Left. A West Coast weekly called the *Broom* ran a story about the lawsuit last December that said that because of Adler's and Draper's nasty behavior "elderly Mrs. McCullough has not been able to pay her help, her phone, her taxes, her grocery bills and is compelled to sit helpless and alone, in her big house for a whole year already." Mrs. McCullough is thirty-two—several years younger than either of the plaintiffs.

ary, 1950, shortly after flying home from Europe, where he has spent most of the past year, largely because he cannot obtain many engagements in the United States.²⁰ Draper has stayed on this continent, but he hasn't been working much, either. His only stage appearance this year has been in Toronto, where Adler preceded him by a few weeks. If Cassini has his way, neither of them will play a return engagement there. "I have a notion that soon the names of Draper and Adler will be mud in Canada also," he wrote on Valentine's Day. "I received a call from Toronto the other day from a gentleman by the name of Forbes Ross, who is a reader of the column. He said that in Canada few people have been informed about the McCullough case, but that he had read about it and that it was high time that something similar was done about it in Canada. I gave the man my blessing.... I'm only sorry that my column is not syndicated in Canada, otherwise I'd give him all the moral support he needs."

DRAPER's only other remunerative stint this year was a six-minute appearance on a Sunday-night television program sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Division of the Ford Motor Company that features Ed Sullivan, who lives in Port Chester, New York, three miles from Greenwich.²¹ Sullivan is, of course, a columnist of note himself, and he has long been at odds with Pegler, in whose published opinion Sullivan is "an inveterate but incurable adolescent... a stagestruck paragrapher of the Broadway-underworld beat." Cunningham doesn't think much of Sullivan, either; he has called him "the dumbest looking m.c. in yellivision," which is probably fine Bostonese for "television." Draper did a couple of dances on the program. Benson Ford, the boss of Lincoln-Mercury, happened to be in the studio audience and, ac-

²⁰On May 17, 1949, Cassini said that Adler was "playing the harmonica and probably making speeches at the Palladium in London." Adler hasn't appeared at the Palladium since before the war.

²¹The Port Chester *Guide* has itself run stories about the case, including a long one, marked "Special to Port Chester *Guide*," that, except for one paragraph, it lifted, without credit, from the *Journal-American*. In the brand-new paragraph the *Guide* noted that Mrs. McCullough has "won the powerful journalistic support of such brilliantly eminent and nationally outstanding columnists as Westbrook Pegler, George Sokolsky, and Igor Cassini... and Peter F. Capeci, Editor and Publisher of the Port Chester *Guide*."



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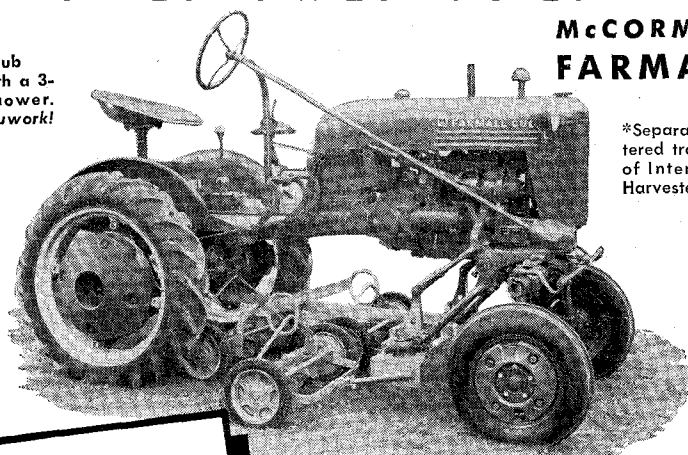
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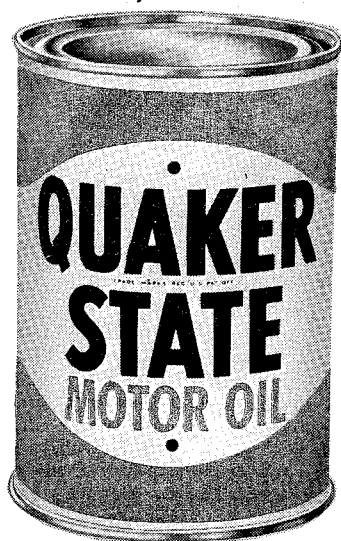
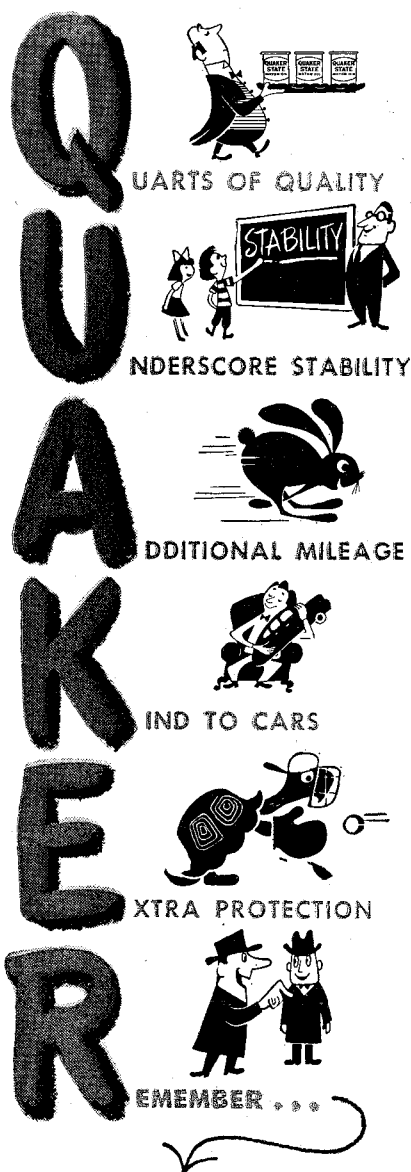
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cording to *Variety*, "joined in the vociferous applause for Draper's performance."

There was no further applause. For the next three days, the *Journal-American* carried on as if Draper had been caught practicing vivisection on Louella O. Parsons. On Monday, it ran a bright-red forty-eight-point two-line head that swept across six columns of its front page: "PAUL DRAPER IN TV SHOW DRAWS FLOOD OF PROTESTS." Accompanying it was a photograph of Mrs. McCullough with her arm in a sling—the result, according to Cassini, of "strain." "Hundreds of protests poured in on the Columbia Broadcasting System today denouncing the appearance of dancer Paul Draper, cited as a leftist and Communist sympathizer, on the Ed Sullivan 'Toast of the Town' television program last night," the story began. It went on to note that the network, the sponsor, and the advertising agency concerned with the show had all graciously ceded to Sullivan sole responsibility for Draper's appearance on it. Sullivan was quoted as saying, "I've been battling Communism vigorously right along, but it would be awful if we reached a state of mind where performers were not hired because of unsubstantiated rumors." The following day, the *Journal-American* had another big front-page, double-bank headline on the matter, this time in black: "VETS JOIN PROTEST ON DRAPER TV ACT." The veterans were identified as the New York State Commanders of the Catholic War Veterans and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the New York State Adjutant of the American Legion, and the Queens County Commander of the Catholic War Veterans. Next day, the early editions of the *Journal-American* carried a four-column, two-line front-page headline: "FORD PROBES DRAPER APPEARANCE ON TV." Later editions had a red four-column, two-line front-page headline: "SULLIVAN MAKES DRAPER APOLOGY." Both editions mentioned further protests by veterans, most of them Catholic War Veterans from Queens. The commander of the St. Joan of Arc Post, Jackson Heights, announced that he was calling an emergency meeting of the Post that week to consider the situation, and he added, without waiting to learn the sense of the meeting, "We will be very careful in the future about watching C.B.S. shows." As for Sullivan's apology, it consisted of a statement to the press in which the most apologetic sentence went, "I am sorry if some people were offended by the appearance of

a performer whose political beliefs are a matter of public controversy."

When a big metropolitan newspaper features a news story on its front page three days running, under whopping headlines, one would expect the other city papers to do something about it, too. News is supposed to be news, after all. But while the hubbub was raging on page 1 of the *Journal-American*, the news desks of the other New York papers remained aloof.²² It was almost as if they had decided that the commotion was in large measure the *Journal-American's* invention. (It is a not uncommon journalistic trick to call up the head of an organization—a veterans' organization, say—and ask him if he has a statement to make, and then use his statement as the basis of a news story.) The *Mirror*, which is, of course, a Hearst paper, did carry a couple of small stories about the Sullivan-Draper affair, and muted mentions of it were tucked inside the *World-Telegram & Sun*, the *Post*, and the *Compass*, but the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* didn't consider it worth an inch of type. Neither did the *News*, Sullivan's own paper. An explanation for this reticence of the *News* was offered by *Billboard*, which, after reporting that C.B.S. and Sullivan "both appeared to be somewhat queasy this week, the result of eating a large portion of stuffed crow... prepared Hearst-journalism style, featuring a nauseating yellow dressing," said that the *Journal-American* had been flailing about the way it had in an attempt to lure circulation away from the *World-Telegram & Sun*. *Billboard* said the *Journal-American* figured that if it could get into a tussle with the *News*, maybe people who read about the *Journal's* anti-Sullivan crusade in the *News* in the morning would buy the *Journal* in the evening to keep posted.

²²All the columnists, naturally, remained unaloof. Cassini took Sullivan to task for his effrontery, and later wrote, after Sullivan apologized, "This should be a warning also to men like Sullivan that you can't try to shield or apologize for any of those fellows unless you want mud splashed in your own face. Sullivan, I'm sure, has learned his lesson and won't repeat the mistake." Up in Boston, Cunningham, who had seen the television show, wrote, "I felt a sense of personal shock, when the interior of my home was suddenly turned into a stage for a featured performance of this leaper to music, whose chief plea to fame so far as I'm concerned, is his legal effort to beat dead a young woman in whose sort of citizenship I believe, and whose fighting heart, I humbly, but fully, salute." Cunningham does not write as colorfully as Pegler and does not punctuate as well, either.

But the *Journal's* hopes were unfulfilled, added *Billboard*, because the *News* "didn't give the *J-A* so much as a rumble." Sullivan himself has never alluded to the episode in his column and since the night of the television program has mentioned Draper's name only once, in purely routine fashion.²³

WHILE the *Journal-American* was putting the screws on Draper in New York, Adler was in Chicago, about to begin an engagement, at a vaudeville house, on a bill that starred Hildegard. His presence out there did not escape Cassini's watchful eye. "Larry Adler . . . opens at the Chicago Theatre on Friday," he reported on the preceding Wednesday. "I wonder if the veterans there will do the same job of protesting that they did when Paul Draper appeared in New York." The Chicago veterans evidently didn't take the hint fast enough to please Cassini, for after waiting two days he wrote, "I hope the city desk of the paper which prints my column in Chicago, the *Herald-American*, will be as alert as the *Journal's*. It was the *Journal's* front-page stories which focussed public attention on Draper's appearance on Sullivan's show. The Chicago *Herald-American* can do the same good job with Larry Adler, who's opening to-night at a Chicago theatre, as we did with Draper." The *Herald-American's* city desk, its alertness having been challenged, ran a story that same afternoon signed by Cassini himself, under the odd headline "ADLER HERE AS TIDE OF DRAPER PROTESTS RISES." The following day, the *Herald-American* served up a news story that must have restored Cassini's ebbing faith in city desks and veterans. It began, "Hundreds of Illinois war veterans filed protests today against theatrical and other entertainment bookings" of Draper and Adler. The "hundreds" seemed to consist of "more than a score" of patients at an American Legion convalescent home, and of the commander of the Department of Illinois of the Catholic War Veterans. The convalescent men issued a statement saying, in part, "We expect the Legion and other veterans' groups to act in this emergency." By that time, Hildegard's manager, a lady, apparently felt she ought to make a

²³It was the announcement of the birth of a child to Draper's wife. Cassini said, possibly in jest: "Ed Sullivan said in his column that his pals, the Paul Drapers, had named their third youngster Kate. I should have thought they would have wanted to name her Hester McCullough."

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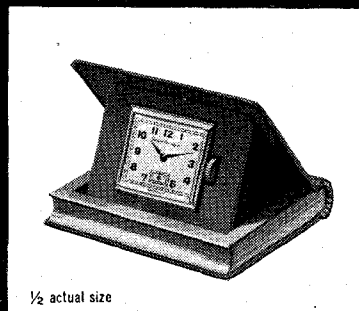
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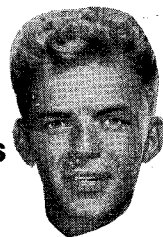
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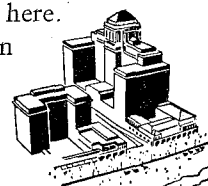
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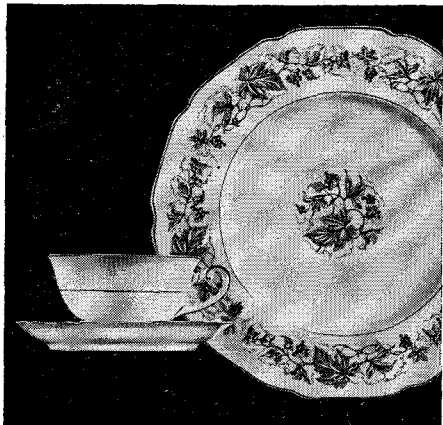
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statement, too, and she did: "This is an embarrassing situation."

The next day, the *Herald-American* ran a front-page story under the headline "LEGION URGES STAGE BAN ON DRAPER, ADLER." The story was less startling; it referred to the commander of the Cook County Council of the Legion, who had given out a six-paragraph statement. It concluded, "Adler should not be permitted before an American audience." Despite all this, Adler was permitted to finish his engagement without any emergencies' being declared. Nor was there any to-do back in New York when, two weeks after the Sullivan show, Station WPIX, owned by the New York News, televised an old motion picture, "Sidewalks of London," in which Adler had a part. Maybe the *Journal-American's* movie critic was napping. A week before that, and a week after the Sullivan show, Draper had appeared, without pay, on a radio program called "Rebuttal." The fact that he was going to be on it was announced to the press in advance, but the *Journal-American* didn't run a story about it, even on an inside page, and didn't call upon any veterans to protest, even Queens veterans.

A couple of weeks after the Sullivan show, Cassini himself participated in a radio program called "Something Ought to Be Done." He had a debate with Clarence Derwent, the president of Actors' Equity, on the question of whether Adler and Draper should be allowed to earn a living. Cassini must have been ill at ease in an unfamiliar medium, for after saying, "I do believe that if a man is a law-abiding citizen he has the right to perform," he also said, without demonstrating that Adler and Draper had been non-law-abiding, that he didn't think they should have that right. Finally, Derwent said, "Well, maybe really this discussion should have taken place after the court had decided." Said the announcer, thereby bringing the program to an end, "And perhaps that is true." And perhaps it is.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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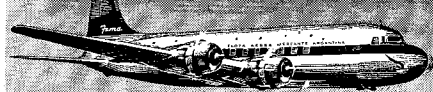
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OF ALL THINGS

THE embattled Senator McCarthy has been carrying on his fight in the good old American way. When Washington wouldn't believe his story, he went to New Jersey and told it to the Marines.

The President has appointed John Foster Dulles to act as an adviser on foreign affairs. Mr. Truman needs an able Republican to help make plans and to share the blame when they flop.

With the passage of the Kilgore bill, the Senate has cleared the way for a liberalized displaced-persons law. All bighearted citizens welcome this breach in Pat McCarran's iron curtain.

Spring housecleaning is the order of the day in Kansas City. Remnants of the Pendergast machine are observed wiping one another out.

New York is looking forward to an early visit from the famous battleship Missouri. The Big Mo is promised a hearty welcome and plenty of deep water.

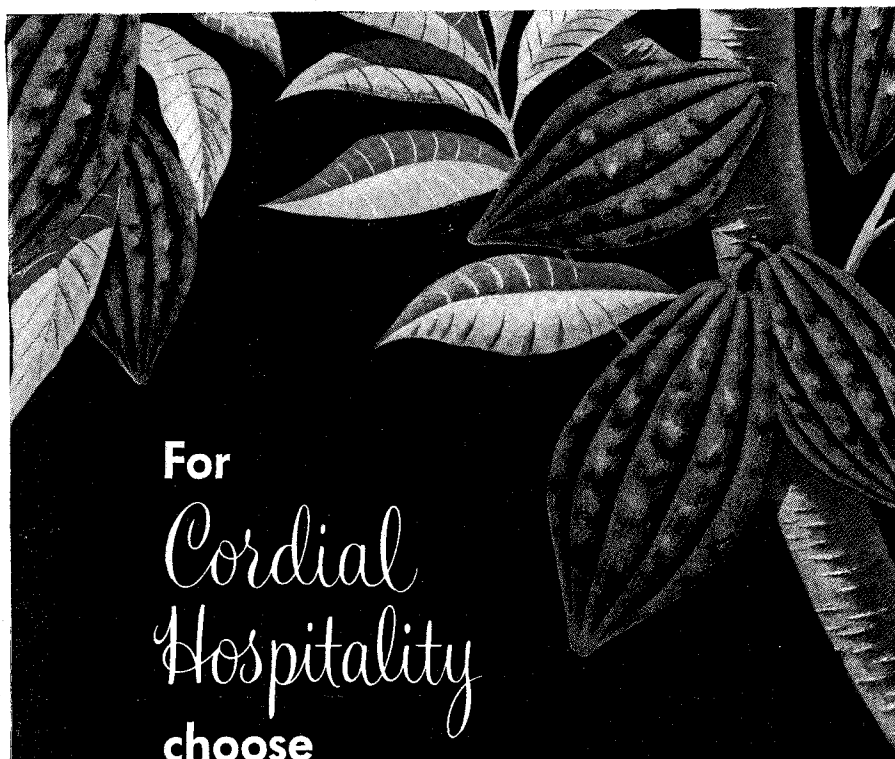
Despite Mr. Truman's plea, Congress has remained cool to the Brannan plan for letting the consumer share the benefits of farm subsidies. Some of the statesmen are afraid that the scheme would fail and others that it would succeed.

Chairman Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee has joined in the attack on the administration's budget, but with a refreshing difference. He says the thing is wildly economical.

A census-taker in Denver hit the jackpot when he found thirty-two people living in one cottage. He made a nice killing at the prevailing rate of seven cents per nose.

Spring may be a little slow, but the mating season is with us as usual. Gossip columnists tell us that the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. are holding hands.

The light snow that fell in this region last Sunday had not been predicted by the weather forecasters. It seems that they had not been dreaming of a white Easter.
—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Spot of Guinness



THE English comedy "A Run for Your Money" has in its favor the presence of Alec Guinness, the actor who has been creating such a stir as the mystical psychiatrist in "The Cocktail

Party." It is hardly likely that Mr. Guinness's role in this film will excite any speculation about what he is supposed to represent, but it should prove that he has a talent for slapstick rather rare in those who move on the tony intellectual tundras of T. S. Eliot. In "A Run for Your Money," Mr. Guinness is cast as the garden editor of a London daily who has taken on the responsibility of shepherding a pair of wild Welsh coal miners around the town. The reason for this guided tour is that the boys from Wales have dug more coal than anybody else in their area, and have thus won for themselves a newspaper prize, possibly modelled on the awards given the Stakhanovites in the Soviet Union. Fortunately, these workers don't spend their leisure time posing for inspirational billboards but get right down to drinking and carrying on with women, which makes their trip to collect their unexpected reward a lot more interesting than it might have been had it happened in the workers' fatherland.

Mr. Guinness's performance stands out not only because he is, by a wide margin, the best mummer on hand in the picture but also because his part, that of a man who prefers bulbs to human beings, is reasonably believable. The Welshmen in the piece suffer, I'm afraid, from having been regarded by the director as country jakes, as incessantly humorous as the Irish are supposed to be and as indefatigably lyrical as larks. The singing here is hardly up to the standard set by Evan Williams, and I guess the basic notion of the film—that there is something irresistibly amusing about a couple of lads from the hinterland getting their lumps in a big town—has grown a trifle stale with use. But, at any rate, Mr. Guinness never lets the thing down, and there are, periodically, episodes in dress shops, where modistes speak a lingo running to "quel perfect" and the like, and in subways, where passengers in spasms of helpfulness to strangers in town start bickering about how to get from here to there,

that are fairly diverting. Uneven, I suppose, would be the word for "A Run for Your Money," but maybe you'd better try it, on the theory that an occasional laugh is better than the so frequent groans that accompany most celluloid comedies today.

I WENT to "Love Happy," a Marx Brothers' film, with high hopes, but I came away feeling as despondent as if I'd attended a wake. Somehow, the Marxes just don't seem able to keep the ball in motion in this picture, and although Harpo is furiously antic, Chico sturdily logical, and Groucho determinedly cynical, "Love Happy" persistently misses its goal. The screen play is of hardly any help to the comedians, consisting, as it does, of a platter of leftovers by Frank Tashlin and Mac Benoff that includes among its morsels stolen jewels, a broke theatrical company, and a miscellany of cops and robbers. It is easier to make sense out of (although you wouldn't guess it from the foregoing) than the sort of thing S. J. Perelman used to cook up for the Marxes, but it certainly isn't anywhere near as funny. The Brothers, and I hate to say it, fail, even though they have the help of such fine people as Vera-Ellen, Ilona Massey, and Melville Cooper.

IN "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford plays a lady whose morals are as pliable as Atlantic City taffy. Her lovers—heels, one and all—range from a man who tells her to go out and flirt with a rival, on the ground that although the latter is a killer, "he's a man first," to one who soothes her, after she has accused him of extracurricular dalliance, by saying, "There have been others, but they were only women." In the long pull, practically all hands are dead or wounded—they seem to be struggling over a transcontinental chain of horse parlors—and I thought it was a very good thing to get them out of the way. Among the maimed or defunct, besides Miss Crawford, are David Brian, Steve Cochran, and Kent Smith.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

Gen. Graham, who likes to eat as well as any man, would like to see a bit more cor bread ad mustard greens served to the President at the "wite White House" at this aval submari statio.

"Don't get me wrong," he cautioned.
—The World-Telegram & Sun.

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FRANKFURT AM MAIN,
MARCH 20, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

IN a December issue of *The New Yorker*, I have just been shown a description by Jean Stafford of an incident that occurred at the Frankfurt Zoo involving a hippopotamus and a monkey. Miss Stafford misunderstood what happened, I'm afraid, and I ask that you set matters right. At the Frankfurt Zoo, it is wholly impossible that a young boy would stuff a monkey into the mouth of a hippopotamus and that the spectators would laugh at the sight. As the director of the Zoo, I myself was a witness to the incident that Miss Stafford observed. The boy with the monkey was my son, and the monkey, named August, is one we have raised from infancy. For a long time, he did not live at the Zoo but at home with us. I am also the man your reporter saw taking photographs of the proceedings.

August is a rhesus monkey and, like all rhesus monkeys, is extremely bold. He runs around with my son a great deal and is kept on a leather leash to restrain him from biting people in the legs. He considers it great sport to dive into the water and, from below the surface, pull ducks around by their legs. Also, whenever he encounters dogs, he loves to annoy them and then, when they attack him, jump over them and scamper away. The rhinoceros that Miss Stafford saw was a hippopotamus. Hippopotamuses are fed bread, fruit, etc. They do not eat monkeys, any more than rhinoceroses do. They have giant mouths lined with huge teeth, and they like to open their mouths toward onlookers. Our hippopotamus, Toni, is not dangerous. He is so good-natured that our keeper goes swimming in the same pool with him. August is so bold, however, that he tries to annoy Toni by jumping on top of his nose when his mouth is wide open. At such times, I occasionally take a snapshot of him.

There was surely no terrified expression on the face of the monkey. I am enclosing some photographs that will convince you of that, I am certain. I am sorry that Miss Stafford, who wrote so clearly about the Frankfurt Zoo in other respects, did not ask us to explain the meaning of the scene. She may rest assured that neither at the Frankfurt Zoo nor at any other German or American

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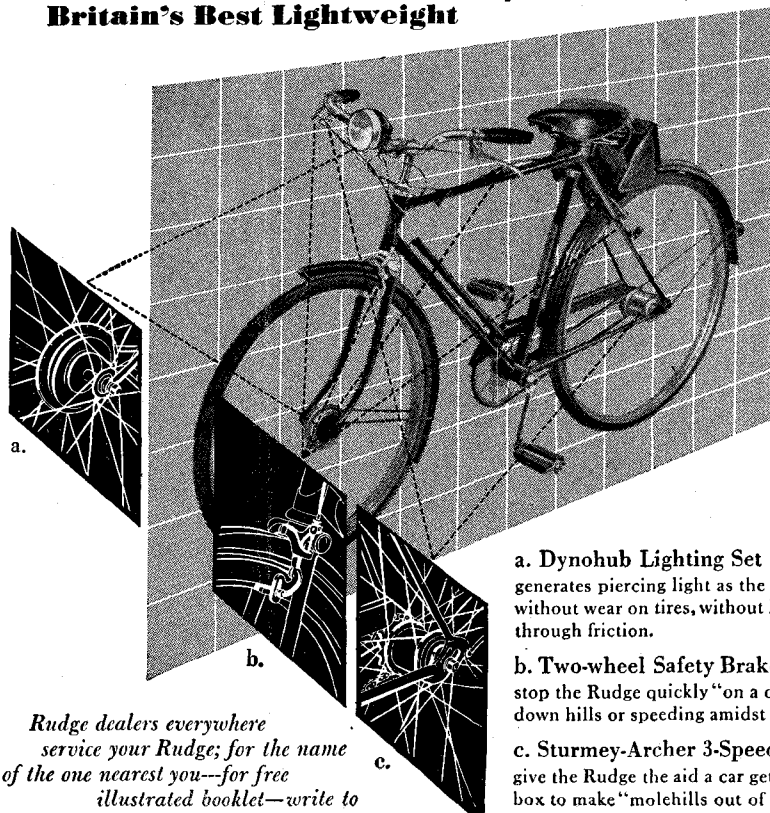
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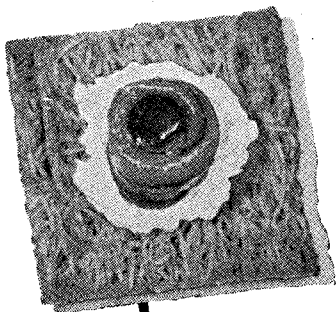
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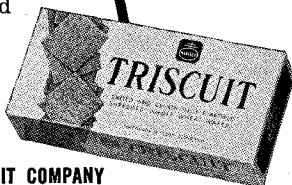
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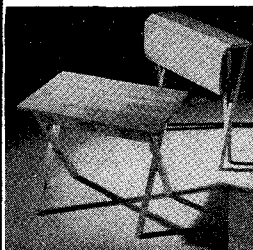
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THE TIDES AROUND THE SQUARE

Time like a sea has ebbed and flowed around this inland littoral under the elm trees' widening arc, leaving at each high-water mark sea wrack or driftwood, weed or shell, to show the margins of the flood.

Past houses built in 1810, time like a sea has ebbed and flowed: to guess their story is to trace the lost elm from its withering leaf. Where once the apple orchards stood, fifty years later wealthier men

built high, dark-browed Victorian homes that faced the square, as they still face to show the margins of the flood, with a strange rigid heavy grace—the fountain scrap iron now, the lawn shrunk to a patch, the stables gone.

Another tide is rising here. Around the corner, inch by inch, has crept the undertow of town. Time like a sea has ebbed and flowed: the elm trees shudder, root and branch, the current laps around the square, the mansard roofs look coldly down on filling station, grocery store, diner, Photographers' Supplies. The imperceptible waters rise to show the margins of the flood. The town is growing: trade is good.

And twice a day a wave is flung, flung and withdrawn along the square, breaking upon the schoolyard shore—the froth and ripple of the young, surging along the channels where time like a sea has ebbed and flowed.

Their only epoch is their own. They are compounded of that wave, its lime and salt their bone and blood. They move too swiftly to perceive tides, or to care what theirs may leave to show the margins of the flood.

—CONSTANCE CARRIER

"The Exile" scenarized and produced by Douglas Fairbanks, jr., concerns England's King Charles II, played by Fairbanks in the year 1660 when he was in exile.—*La Jolla (Calif.) Journal*.

That Fairbanks must be older than he looks.

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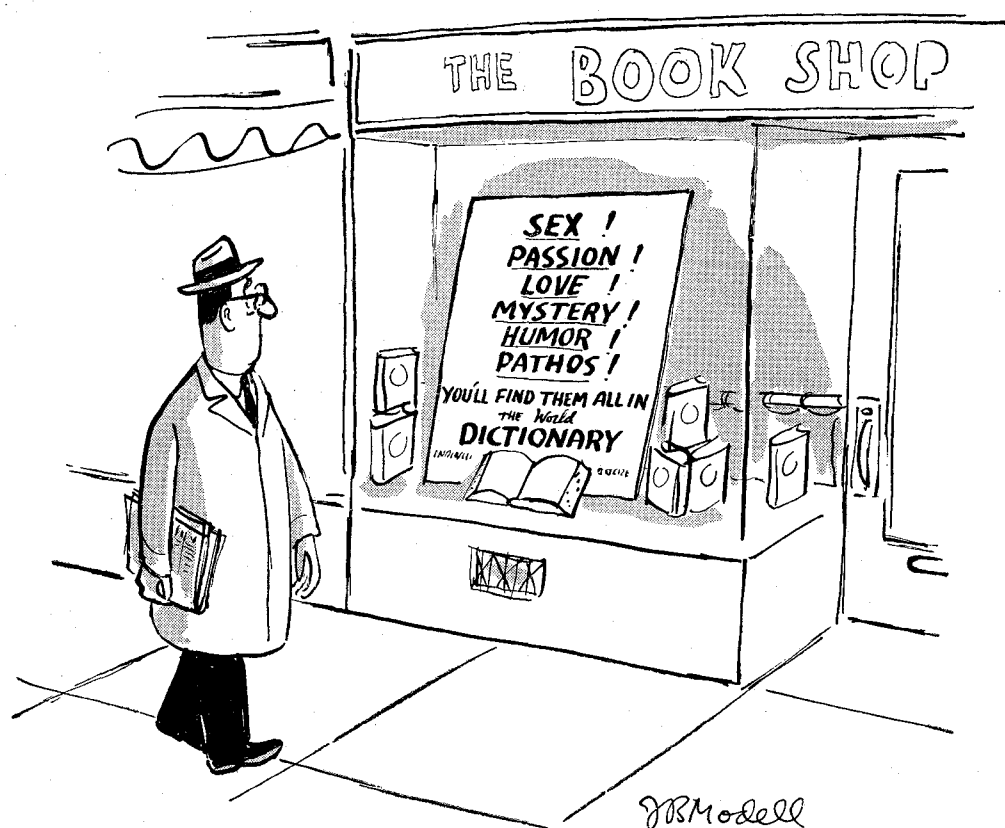


AFTER Evelyn Waugh, what? For anyone who has asked this question, the answer is Angus Wilson, whose first book, "The Wrong Set and Other Stories" (Morrow), has just been published over here. In the England of Evelyn Waugh, everybody had plenty of money or managed to get the benefit of other people's having money; one was free to be as dizzy as one pleased, and the incidental brutality and swindling were hardly noticed in the general hilarity. In the England of Angus Wilson, the money has been giving out, and the clever upper-middle-class people are struggling, with a somewhat damaged dignity, to get hold of or to hang on to whatever income or position is attainable. In this struggle, though they keep up certain forms, they are always jeering and jabbing; they do not flinch from frank hatchet work. All the people dislike one another, and the author dislikes the lot. It is hard to agree with the writer of the blurb on the jacket of this book that "beneath the surface brilliance of these stories there shines Wilson's deep compassion for humanity." Though he sometimes introduces a young person, unbroken to the ways of this world, who tries to take a stand against it, this character invariably turns out, like the girl in "Fresh Air Fiend," to have played the role of a clumsy prig or, like the young men of "Crazy Crowd" and "Mother's Sense of Fun," to succumb as helpless dupes. The gaiety is still going on that made the carnival of Evelyn Waugh—"Totentanz" and "Saturnalia" are among Mr. Wilson's titles, as well as "Crazy Crowd"—but, as the first of these indicates, it is now a dance of the dying.

This point is made by "Totentanz" explicitly, and the story differs somewhat from the others. (It seems to have been the last written, since it recently appeared in *Horizon* and has been added to those included in the English edition of the book.) Mr. Wilson has allowed himself here, with his vampires and ghosts and fantastic wills, a certain satirical and poetical extravagance. The other stories keep the rules of realism, and they almost achieve plausibility as pictures of certain strata of the England that has been trying to readjust itself after the efforts and privations of the war—for even when the stories deal

with earlier times, they seem to reflect the mood of the present, with its exasperated snapping and snarling disguised as exquisite malice, its vulgarization of the cultivated and learned (academic careerists and frauds are a specialty of Mr. Wilson's), its cruelty of comfortable people deathly afraid of losing their comforts, its sexual life turning sterile in the instinctive biological fear that the nation or the class may not survive. Yet these stories are fundamentally satirical. There is evidently in Mr. Wilson a strain of the harsh Scottish moralist who does not want to let anybody off and does not care if his sarcasm wounds. This is nowadays an unusual element to find in a British writer. The smart school of fiction in England, though it cultivates bitter implications and sometimes invokes religion, has come to perfect a cuisine of light, appetizing dishes, good for one dinner and easily digestible, which—much though it would have surprised George Moore or Henry James if anyone had prophesied it to them—almost rivals that of the French in the early nineteen-hundreds. It is true that these stories, too, from the point of view of neatness and brevity and of the avoidance of emotionalism, are products of the same cuisine, but they are carried to lengths of caricature that prevent

them from being so pleasantly assimilable as the usual British product. The book becomes a sort of thriller, for one goes on from one horror to another, beginning to hold on to one's seat as one wonders what uncomfortable, ignoble thing Mr. Wilson will think up next. Yet one shares in the malevolent gusto with which he invents detail, for he is a master of mimicry and parody and is as funny as anyone can be who never becomes exhilarated. It is rather like a combination of Sinclair Lewis with the more biting side of Chekhov, and Mr. Wilson's dreadful people may affect us in the long run a little like the caricatures of Lewis (the up-and-coming museum curator of the story called "Realpolitik" is an incipiently American type who might easily have been imagined by Lewis). We end by being repelled and feeling that it is not quite decent to enjoy so much ugliness. There ought to be some noble value somewhere. Sinclair Lewis at least opposes, and not always ineffectively, to his bugaboos of rascality and cheapness the good old American virtues, upon which he still counts. Chekhov, who, like Mr. Wilson, plays the clinician for a failing organism, is sad as well as sardonic and has some sense of a human dignity that he hopes will emerge from the mess. But the things worth saving in "The Wrong



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Set" have been degraded almost beyond recognition; the victims of the people who are getting on have sunk almost out of reach of pity.

This may seem too severe a line to take with a book of short stories, a first book by a writer of thirty-six; but the talent displayed seems so firm and bold, so rich in invention and wit, that it stimulates these comparisons. Mr. Wilson may be capable of a great deal more, and even in this little collection the impression he makes is formidable. He seems, for better or worse, to represent something that is quite distinct from the well-bred and well-turned entertainment that we have lately been getting from England.

MR. W. H. AUDEN has been running, in his prose writings lately, more and more to abstract formulations. In his new book, "The Enchafed Flood, or the Romantic Iconography of the Sea" (Random House), a series of three lectures delivered last spring at the University of Virginia, he reduces to outline form the symbolism of the imaginative literature that deals with long sea voyages, as exemplified especially by Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner," Tennyson's "The Voyage of Mael-dune," Lewis Carroll's "The Hunting of the Snark," Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and Melville's "Moby Dick," with sidelights from Byron's "Childe Harold," Poe's "Arthur Gordon Pym," Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Baudelaire's "Un Voyage à Cythère," Rimbaud's "Le Bateau Ivre," Edward Lear's "The Jumblies," and Hopkins' "The Wreck of the Deutschland."

The defect of Mr. Auden's method is that he is always elaborating rules and making out lists of categories into which his concrete examples turn out only imperfectly to fit. He might perhaps have come out better if he had taken up the voyages one by one and traced the recurrence of images while indicating the divergence of incident. And, as a writer who aims at and depends for his effectiveness on a rigorous exactitude, he occasionally creates confusion by producing ungrammatical sentences. But it is interesting to have these so diverse works, which range from the absurd to the tragic, brought together and studied as symbolic fables of the romantic hero's quest, and Mr. Auden turns up some curious parallels. He is particularly valuable on "Moby Dick," which he treats at considerable length, with an illuminating discussion of the respective relations of the various members of the

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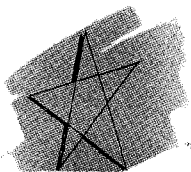
SEAN O'FAOLAIN calls this collection of short stories "one of the outstanding books of the last 20 years. A new writer of the first rank has appeared."

The Wrong Set
by ANGUS WILSON

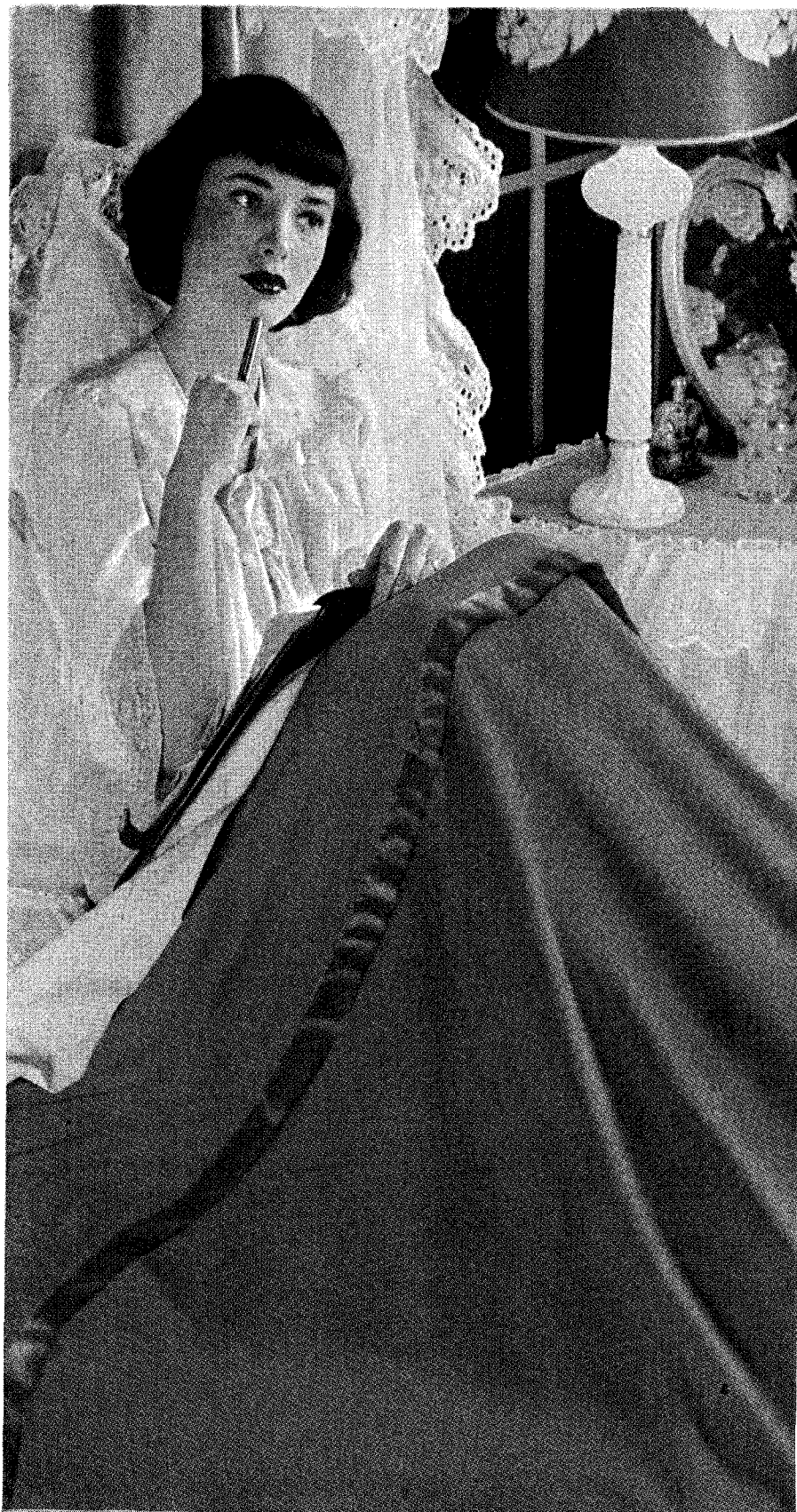
ROSEMARY CARR BENET (*The Saturday Review of Literature*): "Brilliant, bitter, sophisticated, sometimes horrifying."

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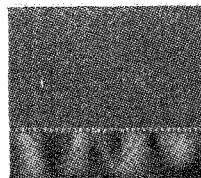


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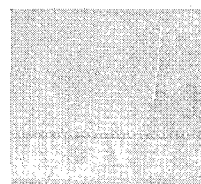
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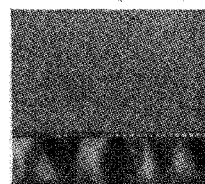
DESERT RED



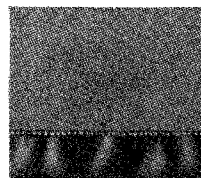
DESERT YELLOW



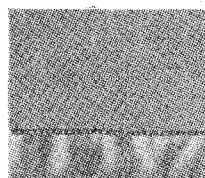
DESERT WHITE



DESERT BLUE



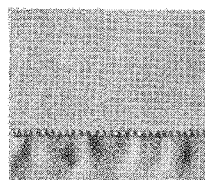
DESERT GREEN



DESERT ROSE



DESERT ROSE PINK



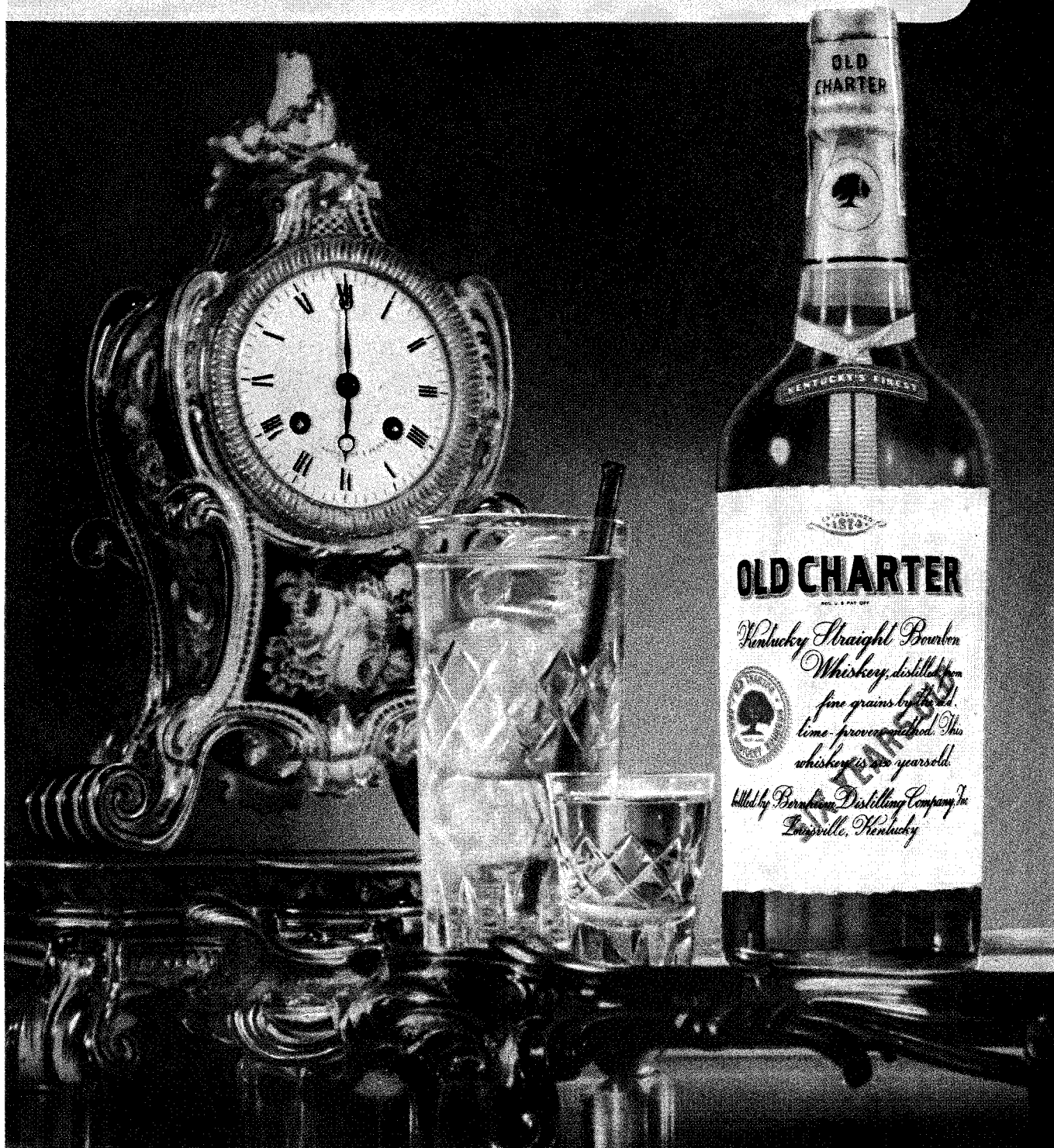
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crew to Captain Ahab's hunt and of the significance of the various ships encountered by the *Pequod* on its voyage, in relation to the White Whale. He makes, also, some very shrewd points about the egoistic psychology of the romantic, who, "in dread of not having a vocation," may, like Ahab, make a vocation of revenge or who, like the Ancient Mariner, may, even though repentant and pardoned, insist on impressing people in whom he takes no real interest by compelling them to listen to the story of his sinful and woe-ful past.

The "heroic image" today, Mr. Auden says in conclusion, "is not the nomad wanderer through the desert or over the ocean, but the less exciting figure of the builder, who renews the ruined walls of the city. . . . We are less likely to be tempted by solitude into Promethean pride" than into cowardice by a lying tyrant. "It is not madness we need to flee but prostitution." Let us, in reading the logs of these "fatal but heroic voyages," remember the romantic's courage.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MY TIME, MY LIFE, by George Camden (Doubleday). An ordinary young London factory worker named Bill tells how he and his wife and child existed during the war. Bill is not a particularly original man, but he and his little family are extremely appealing. The tragedy that destroys their lives at the very end of the book must be taken on faith as part of the fortunes of war; otherwise, it would seem to be merely a melodramatic caprice of the author, unforgivably pat and unprepared for. Mr. Camden, an Englishman, writes in a chipper, scrappy style that inclines to be tiresome in a long work like this, though it does express the personality of his hero accurately.

MAIN LINE, by Livingston Biddle, Jr. (Messner). Paul Brent, a wellborn Main Liner, falls in love with Cassandra Emerson, the wife of his best friend. After thorough discussion, the lovers decide to run off together, but their flight takes them only as far as Independence Square, where they rent a shabby flat (poor Brent has neither money nor dash to recommend him) and wait for Cassandra's divorce. Brent and Mrs. Emerson are well-meaning and properly conscience-stricken, but, like Mr. Biddle's prose, they are tremendously



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—BRENDAN GILL, *The New Yorker*

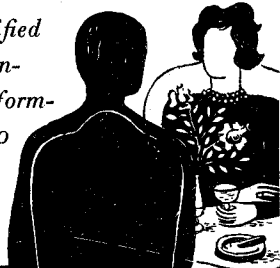
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dull and quite devoid of the power to make people care whether they sin sometimes, often, or not at all.

CLOAK OF LAUGHTER, by May Mellinger (Putnam). A half-whimsical, half-realistic novel of boarding-house life in San Francisco in the early nineteen-thirties. Most of the people involved are young and in love, and they are all very hard up and consistently gallant about it. Their collective smile in the face of great odds occasionally turns Miss Mellinger's prose to pure sugar, but as a rule she is sprightly and economical in her use of words, and rushes her book along to its somewhat preposterous conclusion as neatly as possible.

THE OBJECTOR, by Jeb Stuart (Doubleday). The Army career of Dan Heath, who is opposed to war on principle but who is such a dreary, sad young man that his affairs and opinions could never be of any conceivable interest to anyone except himself. After a series of ups and downs while training in this country, he is sent to Europe as a medical-aid man, and is finally killed in Germany. Mr. Stuart passes from one cheerless chapter to the next with a notable lack of enthusiasm, and his deadpan manner of writing does nothing at all to raise his hero above the level of an automaton.

GENERAL

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE AND THE FOUR KINGS, by Amy Kelly (Harvard). A study of the twelfth century, in which the author uses Eleanor of Aquitaine (c. 1122-1204) as the focal point—pretty much the role she played in the history of her times. Eleanor saw the happenings of her century at first-hand. She knew every important city in Europe; she went with her first husband, Louis VII of France, on the Second Crusade, which ended in a massacre and rout by the Turks; after her divorce, she became Queen of England as the wife of Henry II, to whom she brought a dowry that included half of southern France; and two of her sons, Richard Cœur de Lion and John Lackland, became Kings of England in her lifetime. Besides all that, she was an interesting and intelligent woman. Miss Kelly's biography is a busy account of a century that, with its religious and political (and personal) wars, its changing manners and cultural institutions, and its ferment of ideas and movements, left a lasting mark on European history. The book

is based on sound scholarship and written with selective skill and with considerable style, and it makes even the best historical novel seem like pap.

ROOSEVELT: FROM MUNICH TO PEARL HARBOR, by Basil Rauch (Creative Age). A history of the collective-security policy of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal that seeks to vindicate the late President's conduct of foreign affairs and confound his isolationist and Leftist critics. Professor Rauch, a good writer with a hard, logical mind, selects the late Charles A. Beard as his chief antagonist, and his counter-thesis—to the effect that the Roosevelt administration, far from "maneuvering" the United States into war for its own, never quite specified ends, sought by every honorable means to preserve the peace—is well documented. The author has had access to state papers, particularly Japanese ones, that Professor Beard never saw, but even without this new evidence he makes out a strong case for Roosevelt's statesmanship and honesty.

MAX D. STEUER: TRIAL LAWYER, by Aron Steuer (Random House). A biographical study of one of the last of the great courtroom masters by his son, a justice of the Supreme Court of New York. There is little straight biography; Justice Steuer's method is to reveal his father's personality and talent by transcribing passages, with explanatory text, from five of the most famous cases the elder Steuer won in the course of his long career. This, somewhat surprisingly, makes exciting reading, partly because of the dramatic elements in the cases—the Triangle Shirtwaist fire trial and the trial of Tex Rickard for statutory rape are among the five—and partly because each of them hinged on the testimony of a lying witness. As Justice Steuer remarks, his father was a representative of a breed of lawyer that is vanishing under the increase of legal specialization and of the cost of litigation.

BRICKS AND FLOWERS, by Katherine Everett (Constable). Rummaging through her past in an attempt to recapture for publication the details of her distinguished career as a house-builder and landscape gardener, Mrs. Everett apparently unearthed such a wealth of family lore that she became somewhat distracted from what she had set out to do. As a result, she presents the reader with a wonderfully diverting gallery of titled Irish

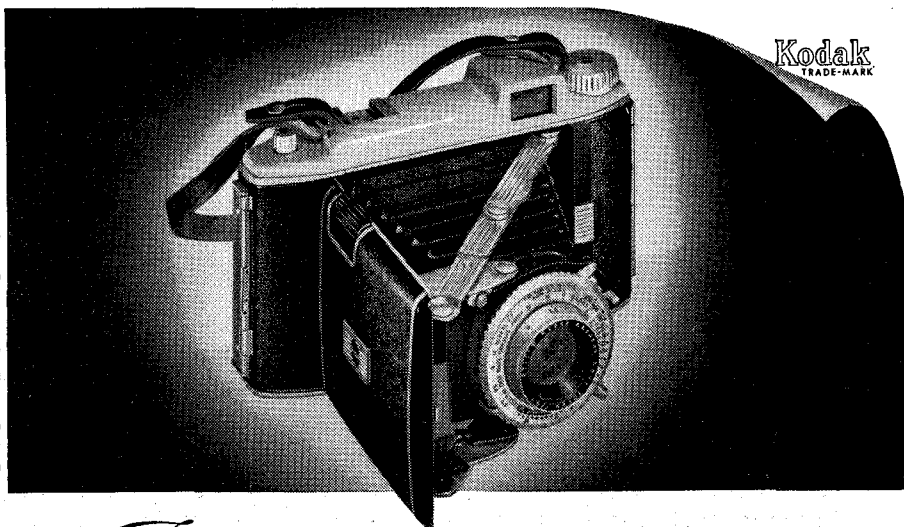
eccentrics who lived, around 1900, in castles and mansions that defied all efforts at rehabilitation, and whom she was able to observe, in her role of a poverty-stricken visiting relation, with shrewdness and a touch of malice. Her most telling portrait is that of the only other indigent member of the clan (an aunt who later became her mother-in-law), whose deportment reached such heights of oddity that she was banned, without much success, from family gatherings. Mrs. Everett is a talented enough writer to make the addled lady both believable and appealing, and, in the process, to cast a good deal of light on her own unsnobbish, forceful, and delightful personality. Photographs.

FRIAR FELIX AT LARGE, by H. F. M. Prescott (Yale). Frater Felix Fabri was a fifteenth-century German monk of noble birth, with a wide curiosity about the world and a lasting wanderlust. He made two pilgrimages to the Holy Land and wrote a travel book about them in which he included accounts of things both pious and gay. H. F. M. Prescott has boiled down Frater Felix's original work, which runs to around fifteen hundred pages, and has annotated and interpreted it. The result is a lively travelogue that is interesting mainly because of the Friar's eye for detail and his passing comments on such incidentals of fifteenth-century travel as the rascality of ships' captains and man's lamentable habit of writing his name on monuments and shrines.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (Harper). A "Coming of Age" edition that the publishers have issued to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the original one. Mr. White has provided a new introduction, in which he describes his and Mr. Thurber's decision, back in the late twenties, to rescue sex from the psychiatrists and other writing scientists and handle it their own way, and he includes in it a couple of paragraphs by Mr. Thurber, bringing the whole subject up to date. As for the book proper, the case histories and the illustrations seem no less startling and the authors' conclusions no less valid than they did when they first appeared.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

NIGHTMARE IN MANHATTAN, by Thomas Walsh (Little, Brown). Because Henry Murchison's secre-



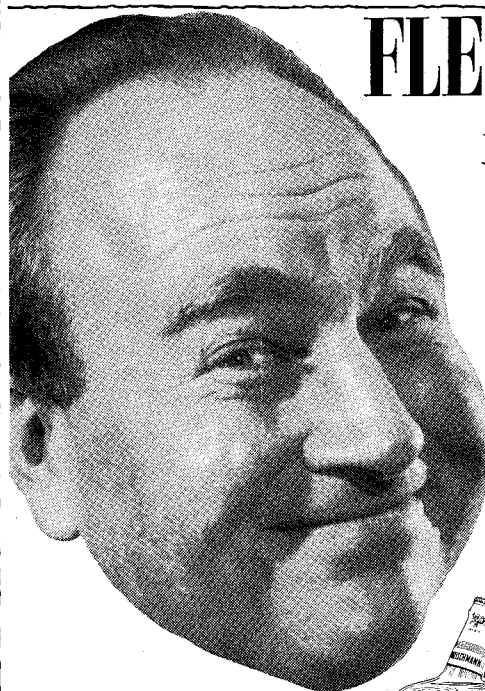
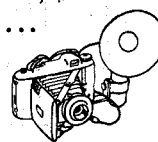
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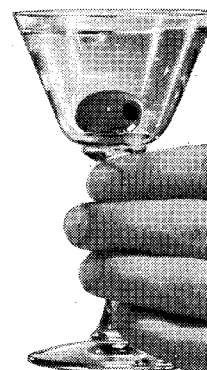
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tary was an unusually observant girl, she was on to his little son's kidnappers almost before they had him, but even with this head start and the help of all the terminal police in a great New York railway station, the boy isn't rescued a moment too soon. Mr. Walsh has created three excellent characters in the secretary, the vicious and cunning leader of the kidnappers, and a more or less tough cop named Willie Calhoun. Manhattan Depot, which seems to be another name for Grand Central, is as novel and fascinating a locale for violence as this kind of fiction has produced in a long while. Altogether, a fast and ingenious book that maintains its suspense from beginning to end.

MURDER'S WEB, by Dorothy Dunn (Harper). When a charred corpse turns up in the carriage house of a prominent St. Louis family, there seems a good chance it may be that of the missing father, who, incidentally, controls a two-million-dollar fortune. Someone is so anxious to get the X-rays of the dead man's teeth that he kills the dentist's secretary, and that's only the beginning. It is the author's contention that the people involved in a murder are the real victims, and she argues the point quite persuasively, since almost every character in the book suffers acute mental or physical pain before the police finally catch up with a murderer who is as clever and as crazy as they come.

BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT, by C. W. Grafton (Rinehart). Mr. Grafton examines the case of a young lawyer who, after confessing to the murder of his brother-in-law (highly justified, by the way), changes his mind and decides to plead not guilty and to defend himself. This is a thorough but not too interesting account of the falsifying of evidence, the misleading of witnesses, the discrediting of the prosecutor, and the gradual influencing of the judge. The young man is triumphantly acquitted in a miscarriage of justice that seems to please everybody except his girl.

The picture looked anything but promising for the nation's No. 1 basketball team when St. John's left the floor at the half leading 37-36, and Bradley went to intermission with its stellar floor man, Gene Melchiorre, holding four girls.

—Worcester Daily Telegram.

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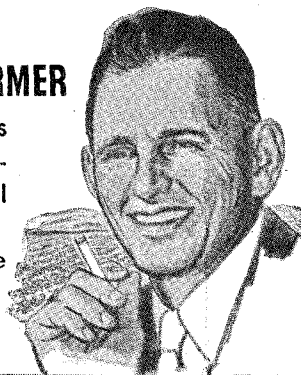
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